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A MONTHLY REVIEW

TED BY H·L·MENCKEN

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XII — December 1927 — NUMBER 48

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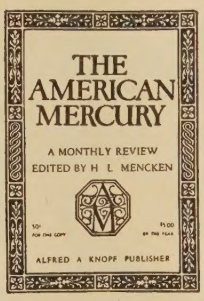

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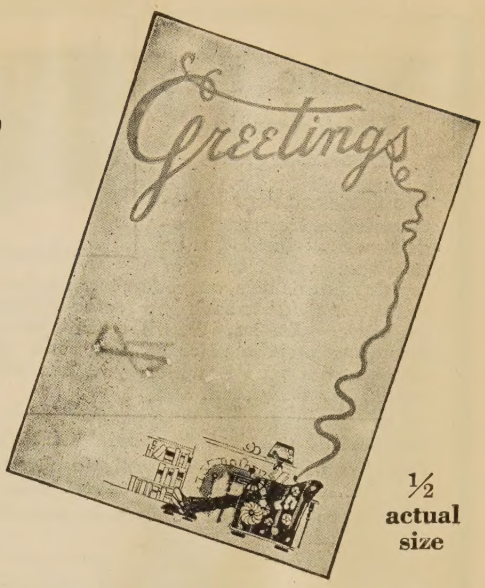

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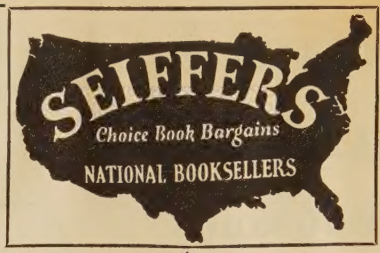

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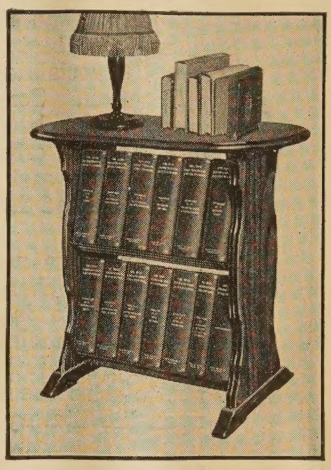

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'Comment ça va?' she said, with a laugh

—and I astounded her with my reply

GY took great delight in jollying me. ne day, when I was calling on her, she d me in French. "Comment ça va?" id.

ow, Peg," I warned, with a grin, "no h. You know I can't understand it."

gy chuckled. "Oh, yes, I keep for- g," she apologized.

was a habit with Peggy to break ntly into French. Sometimes I half ted she did this intentionally, because ew it embarrassed me.

u know, Bob," remarked Peggy, after I chatted awhile, "it's a pity you didn't rench at school."

odded, feeling rather small. "Yes, I had taken French, Peg, I certainly feel outsider nowadays among some of my s who speak French."

re was a pause. "I suppose it's too learn now," I added, looking at her ningly.

gy shrugged her shoulders. "Yes, I e so," she agreed.

chatted a while longer. Finally I rose

od-bye," I said, as I was leaving.

revoir," replied Peggy, with a faint

* * *

A Big Surprise

ral months passed before I saw Peggy Once more she greeted me with her "Comment ça va?" She was not pre- for my reply.

me porte très bien," I answered, in French.

y's eyes opened wide. I rattled on in —talked about the weather—the shows, anything I could think of. To s amazement, I talked only in French.

lly I said in English, "Don't you with me, Peg?"

y's face was a blank. "Wh-where on lid you learn to speak French?" she

ughed. "Remember the last time I re, Peg? . . . Well, after I left I began thinking. I realized that a foreign language is part of every cultured person's education. I determined I would learn French. But how, was a problem. I didn't have time to go to school. I couldn't afford to engage a private teacher. I didn't know what to do.

"But one day I heard a fellow at the office talking about a marvelous new way to learn French! I asked him about it.

"He told me that it was a course by mail —a course of lessons that you studied at home.

"He told me how his sister had taken the course—how she had actually learned to speak French in a short time.

How I Learned French Without a Teacher

"Well, I sent for the course. . . . Have you ever heard of the Hugo Language Institute, Peg?"

Peggy nodded. "It's located in London, isn't it?"

"Yes," I replied, "it's one of the oldest, most conservative language institutes in the world. They recently made a remarkable achievement in the teaching of languages. They put their expert knowledge of language instruction—their years of experience in teaching French—the secrets of their quick, accurate method—into a set of printed lessons—*lessons which anyone can study at home.*

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It has been praised for almost as many reasons as it has found readers, but all come away from it with the feeling that here is something genuinely new, significant, and provocative. Thus Gide has been compared variously to Balzac, Fielding, Dickens, Thackeray, Flaubert, Proust, Tolstoy, and Dostoevsky. It is a sufficiently Catholic assortment, but it is indicative of the respect in which suddenly he is held and of the diversity of the effects he has on his readers.

Gide's earlier books have had to face an almost complete indifference in America. *Strait Is the Gate* (*La Porte étroite*), one of the most delicate and searching analyses of the Puritan conscience that have ever been written, has been available for three years; *Lafcadio's Adventures* (*Les Caves du Vatican*), a fantastic romance which combines the elements of a detective story with the salt of penetrating satire, was published here in 1925. Neither book has as yet made any great impression on the American reading public, although both stand in the very front rank of Gide's work, as does *L'Immoraliste*, soon to be translated. It is to be hoped that the public which now accepts *The Counterfeiters* will extend its curiosity to embrace these former products of the same pen.

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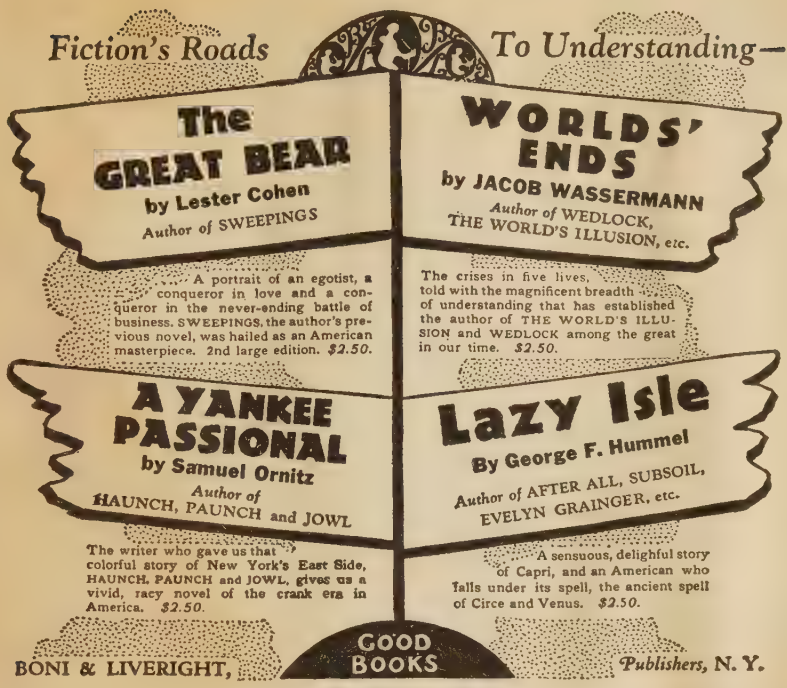
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CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

THE SCIENCES

SEX AND REPRESSION IN SAVAGE SOCIETY.
By Bronislaw Malinowski. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3.50 8⅝ x 5½; 285 pp. *New York*

There is some unevenness in this interesting and important work. When he wrote the first part Dr. Malinowski was still under the domination of Freudian ideas; he has now cast most of them off. But that unevenness does not destroy the value of his investigation. His subject is the origin of ideas, and especially of cultural ideas, in primitive man, and to its elucidation he brings an immense mass of first-hand knowledge and a profound understanding of the savage mind. The volume belongs to the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method, edited by C. K. Ogden.

SCIENCE: LEADING AND MISLEADING.
By Arthur Lynch. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$3 7⅜ x 4⅞; 376 pp. *New York*

Col. Lynch is by no means hostile to the scientific point of view; on the contrary, he favors it. But he is convinced that even the greatest scientists are fallible like the rest of us, and he here attempts to prove it by rehearsing grimly a long list of their errors. His moral is that scientific "truths," even when they have won universal acceptance, had better be accepted with caution.

DREAMS.
By Percy G. Stiles. *The Harvard University Press*
$1.50 7⅝ x 5; 80 pp. *Cambridge, Mass.*

Dr. Stiles, who is a physiologist, here recounts some of the dreams he has had during the past thirty years (with drawings to illustrate them), and then attempts a discussion of the psychology of the dream state. His conclusions, in the main, agree with those of Havelock Ellis. His little book contributes little that is new to knowledge of the subject, but it is interesting throughout, and sometimes very amusing. His drawings are crude, but they really illustrate.

FURTHER CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE THEORY AND TECHNIQUE OF PSYCHOANALYSIS.
By Sándor Ferenzi. *Boni & Liveright*
$5 9¼ x 6; 461 pp. *New York*

A collection of Dr. Ferenzi's scattered papers, running from 1908 to 1923. Many of them are very brief notes, and there is nothing of much novelty in any of them. The author is one of the most indefatigable writers on psychoanalysis: the bibliography at the end of the book lists no less than 173 papers. T present volume was compiled by Dr. John Rickm an English disciple, and the translation was made Jane Isabel Suttie, Cecil M. Baine, Olive Edmon Edward Glover and the editor.

HEREDITY AND HUMAN AFFAIRS.
By Edward M. East. *Charles Scribner's S*
$3.50 8¾ x 6; 325 pp. *New Y*

Dr. East, who is professor of experimental pl morphology at Harvard, believes firmly that human stock may be improved by devices not unl those that have been employed with success in deal with animals, but he is by no means a eugenist the familiar romantic sort. His book thus present moderate view of the matter, and much of its inte and value lie in that fact. What he has to say ab such things as racial traits, immigration, and problems presented by the moron and criminal sound in information and reasonable in thesis. book has an excellent index, but lacks a bibliograp

THE A B C OF PSYCHOLOGY.
By Vance Randolph. *The Vanguard P*
50 cents 7¼ x 4½; 137 pp. *New Y*

This book is clearly written, and contains far m information than many bulkier volumes. But it suf greatly from the complete lack of illustrations, esp ally in the chapter on the nervous system, whicl quite unintelligible without them.

THE HUMAN HABITAT.
By Ellsworth Huntington.
The D. Van Nostrand Comp
$3 8¾ x 5⅛; 293 pp. *New Y*

In this excellent book Dr. Huntington, who research associate in geography at Yale, attemp brief but comprehensive account of the geograph factors that bear upon the life of man. His exposi is admirably succinct and clear, and his example point are always apposite and interesting. At the he applies the principles that he has laid down to solution of two typical problems—that lying in peculiar social and economic conditions observe the Black Belt of Alabama, and that presented by striking contrasts between the prosperity of two joining Virginia counties, Albemarle and Buck ham. The book has many illustrations, but som them scarcely illustrate. It has a good index, bu bibliography. It belongs to the Library of Mo Sciences, edited by Edwin E. Slosson, M. Luck and H. E. Howe.

Continued on page xxx

VIKING BOOKS

Chosen by
THE LITERARY GUILD
OF AMERICA
as its
November Book

Selecting Committee
CARL VAN DOREN
ELINOR WYLIE
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Primitive woman possessed a mysterious force, known as *mana*. She was feared for her powers of harm and exalted for her power of fertility. See pages 79-145.

In ancient Athens women were slaves in a slave state. Men's worship of reason lessened their worship of women as goddesses of fertility. See pages 158-168.

THIS book, a study of women in every phase and sphere of life through the ages, belongs to the new type of literature which has been called "The Humanization of Knowledge." Women, since primitive times, have been the victims of taboos handed down from generation to generation. As a result of these taboos and superstitions women have become an eternal enigma to man. John Langdon-Davies, eminent scientist and writer, has constructed a plain road through this wilderness of distortions. He has shown why we behave like men and women.

BEGINNING with the biology of sex the book presents an absorbing parade of scientific facts ending with the emergence of the woman of tomorrow. $3.

In Queen Elizabeth's reign there came a golden period of emancipation for women, but it was shortly ousted by puritanism and the licentious court of Charles II. See pages 310-315.

What will the woman of the future be like? What will become of the man of the future? Read the prophecy in this book. See pages 360-382.

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxviii

THE PROBLEM OF LAY-ANALYSES.
By Sigmund Freud. *Brentano's*
$2.50 7⅝ x 5; 316 pp. *New York*

Freud argues in this tract that the practice of psychoanalysis by laymen of proper equipment and discretion should be permitted—that quacks are just as apt to appear within the fold of medical men as outside. The question is a live one in Austria, where the medical practise laws are very strict. In the United States, as in Germany, anyone is free to practice psychoanalysis. Along with the principal essay there appears in the volume an autobiographical study, first published in "Die Medizin der Gegenwart in Selbstdarstellungen," in 1925. There is also an introduction by Dr. S. Ferenczi, Freud's chief Hungarian disciple, in which it is argued that Freud does not attach as much importance to purely sexual matters as is commonly assumed.

THE STANDARDIZATION OF ERROR.
By Vilhjalmur Stefansson. *W. W. Norton & Company*
$1 6½ x 4¼; 83 pp. *New York*

An amusing essay upon the tendency of human beings to embrace and cherish what is not true. It is full of instructive examples. Unfortunately, Dr. Stefansson comes close to falling into the bog that he warns against. On page 47, though he does not state it as a fact, he makes use of the hypothesis that the bathtub was not invented until 1842, and that several States passed laws forbidding its use. This is precisely as true as the ancient belief, still held almost universally in Mississippi, that a horse-hair put into a bottle of water will turn into a snake. But his book is capital reading.

HISTORY

WAH-TO-YAH AND THE TAOS TRAIL.
By Lewis H. Garrard. *The Harlow Publishing Company*
$1.50 6½ x 4; 320 pp. *Oklahoma City, Okla.*

Garrard was born in 1829 and made the trip from Westport (now Kansas City) to Taos in 1846 and 1847. His narrative, first published in Cincinnati in 1850, has been out of print for many years. It ranks with Parkman's "Oregon Trail" as a classic of the old West. In this edition it is admirably edited for the use of Western schoolboys by Professor W. S. Campbell, of the University of Oklahoma. Unfortunately, the reprint is defaced by a number of bad typographical errors, and the press-work might have been much better.

THE FREEDMEN'S SAVINGS BANK.
By Walter L. Fleming.
The University of North Carolina
$2 *Chapel Hill,*
8½ x 5¼; 170 pp.

The Freedmen's Savings Bank forms one o most tragic chapters in the history of Afroam It was founded in 1865 in Washington, wit purpose of helping the freed slaves in their ne vironment. Before long it developed thirt branches, extending from New Orleans to delphia, and money flowed into its coffers b millions. Growing rich, it built a tremendou gaudy central office in the capital, with the sv furnishings, and then, due mainly to dishonesty part of some of its officials, it collapsed on Ju 1874, with nearly three millions owing to depo and practically nothing in ready assets. There been several efforts to have the Federal gover make good the loss, since it took a direct inter the enterprise, but they have all been in vai Fleming is professor of history at Vanderbilt, a discussion of the subject is comprehensive and oughly documented.

THE PLAGUE IN SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON
By F. P. Wilson. *The Oxford University*
$4.25 9 x 5⅞; 228 pp. *New*

The plagues dealt with in this book are th 1603, 1603–1624, and 1625. Mr. Wilson dis minutely their extent, probable causes, and temporary "cures."

THE LEGACY OF ISRAEL.
Edited by Edwyn Bevan and Charles Singer.
The Oxford University
$4 7¾ x 5⅜; 551 pp. *New*

This is a symposium on the contributions of to world civilization. Those participating are le English and American scholars. The nature of essays is indicated by the chapter titles: "The of Christianity to Judaism," "The Influence of ism on Islam," "The Jewish Factor in Me Thought," "The Influence of Judaism on W Law," "The Influence of the Old Testame Puritanism," "The Influence of the Bible on pean Languages," and "The Legacy in M Literature."

TURNPIKES AND DIRT ROADS.
By Leighton Parks. *Charles Scribner'*
$3 9 x 6; 334 pp. *New*

A series of sketches, mainly autobiographic

Continued on page xxxii

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxx

life in the South prior to and during the Civil War. They are all very feeble, and of little historical value or literary merit.

OUR TIMES: *America Finding Herself.*
By Mark Sullivan. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$5 9 x 6; 668 pp. *New York*

The first volume of this intimate history, "The Turn of the Century," was published rather more than a year ago. Mr. Sullivan devotes the first half of the present volume to a "survey of the average American's stock of ideas, so far as those ideas came to him through his early education." Much space is devoted to the public schools of the 80's, and to the school-books used in them. The author, as in his first volume, has unearthed an immense mass of interesting and amusing material, and it is presented very effectively, with many illustrations. The second half of the book covers the political and social history of the United States between 1900 and 1905—the gaudy Roosevelt era. There is an especially good chapter on the long fight for pure food laws.

RELIGION

THE NEW REFORMATION: *From Physical to Spiritual Realities.*
By Michael Pupin. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2.50 8 x 5⅜; 273 pp. *New York*

After a chapter on scientific method and four on the gradual development of the fundamental theories of physics, Dr. Pupin proceeds to argue that "our Christian faith sees in the life and teaching of Christ the highest spiritual reality which our belief in God, the fountainhead of all spiritual realities, planted in the soul of man." What this "highest spiritual reality" may be he does not explain. He is, indeed, somewhat vague about the whole matter, as physicists always are (consider the cases of Millikan, Lodge, Crookes, etc.) when they deal with religious concepts. Dr. Pupin thinks it is improbable that anything "resembling this spiritual world exists also in the consciousness of lower animals," for the reason that "man worships, animals do not."

GOD AND PAIN.
By George Stewart *The George H. Doran Company*
$1.35 7½ x 5; 130 pp. *New York*

A vague and somewhat mushy discussion of the problem of evil. The author resorts to poets for his materials, and is apparently unfamiliar with the vast literature on the subject by professional theologians. Nevertheless, it will make a useful book for clergymen in search of matter for reassuring sermons.

THE RADIANT STORY OF JESUS.
By Alphonse Séché. *The Century Com*
$3.50 8⅛ x 5½; 381 pp. *New*

M. Séché starts off with the astounding theory least to English-speaking persons) that the four pels are "redundant" and that reading them is some." Obviously, he suffers, as a Frenchman, the fact that there has never been a decent transl of the Bible into French. In English there is no difficulty: the Authorized Version is one of the gl of the language. Thus M. Séché's laborious effo put the Four Gospels (with some help from Apocrypha) into a continuous narrative goes naught: the original is much better. He attempt revision of that original, but accepts all its staten as fact. He even puts down unblushingly the alogy of Jesus in Matthew 1. The translation English is by Helen Davenport Gibbons.

THE FORGOTTEN BOOKS OF EDEN.
Edited by Rutherford H. Platt, Jr. *Alpha*
$2.95 8⅛ x 5¾; 262 pp. *New*

A collection of apocryphal and pseudepigrap writing, hitherto unobtainable in a single volu a moderate price. It includes the first and second b of Adam and Eve, the Testaments of the Tw Patriarchs, the fourth book of Maccabees, and Psalms and Odes of Solomon. The last-named, kn only in a Syriac text, was discovered so recent 1909 by J. Rendel Harris, a Cambridge scholar. T is a preface to the volume by Dr. William N. Gut rector of St. Mark's in the Bouwerie, New York

BIOGRAPHY

PORTRAITS IN COLOR.
By Mary White Ovington. *The Viking*
$2 8 x 5½; 241 pp. *New*

Twenty sympathetic sketches of Negro men women, all of them living. Those dealt with James Weldon Johnson, Marcus Garvey, Max Ye Mordecai W. Johnson, Lucy Laney, Robert R Moton, W. E. Burghardt DuBois, Scipio Afric Jones, Walter White, Robert S. Abbott, Maggie Walker, Eugene Kinckle Jones, Louis Tom Wright, Ernest Everett Just, George Washin Carver, Janie Porter Barrett, Langston Hughes, Robeson, Meta Vaux Warrick Fuller, and R Hayes. "I have written of no one," says the au "whom I have not met and seen at work."

ALFRED E. SMITH: *A Critical Study.*
By Henry F. Pringle. *Macy-M*
$3 9 x 5⅞; 402 pp. *New*

This is by no means a campaign biography, b

Continued on page xxxiv

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Check List of NEW BOO

Continued from page xxxii

attempt at an accurate and impartial estima
Governor of New York. Mr. Pringle, it is
admires him, but in that admiration there is
adulation. The book is full of unfamiliar fact
very entertainingly written.

BOSS TWEED: *The Story of a Grim Generation*
By Denis Tilden Lynch. *Boni &*
$4 8⅝ x 5¾; 433 pp.

This is more than a biography of Tweed
careful and well-informed history of that
appalling corruption which straddled the Ci
All the great figures of the time move thro
chronicle. It makes instructive and fascinating

TRANSITION: *A Sentimental Story of One M*
One Era.
By Will Durant. *Simon &*
$3 7⅛ x 5¼; 352 pp.

Born in Massachusetts, of French Canadian
Dr. Durant started out in life as a pious Catho
to Darwinism and the service of the Ne
Journal, reverted to his ancestral faith an
studying for the priesthood, backslid again
excommunicated, and finally devoted hi
philosophical studies, teaching and journa
year or so ago his "Story of Philosophy" mad
success, and now he tells the story of his l
told very well, and it is intrinsically very int

REMINISCENCES OF ADVENTURE AND
ICE.
By A. W. Greely. *Charles Scrib*
$3.50 8¾ x 6; 356 pp.

General Greely was born in Massachusetts
the son of white Nordic Protestant parents
listed as a private in the Union Army at the b
of the Civil War, and thereafter rose gradually
the ranks to the dignity of major-general. H
nearly all the Union generals, from Grant do
has been a personal friend of all the Preside
Johnson. Beside, he has known lots of coun
and barons of foreign parts, and has been
with hundreds of public dinners. In this book
up, and lets the people of the country know
been going on in his mind throughout all th
About the Civil War he has nothing of impo
say. He frequently talked to Grant, Sherman,
and others high in command, but apparen
made no impression on him. Of the long line
dents, he remembers only how kind their w
to him. He remembers especially that he w
master at a meeting of distinguished Unitari
years ago, and that he introduced the then

Continued on page xxxvi

SELECTED LIST OF **DUTTON BOOKS** which have been well reviewed, which are among the best sellers, which are being discussed everywhere.

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Check List of NEW BOO

Continued from page xxxiv

Taft. During the Boston police strike he volu his services as a cop, and was commended by t Legislature.

LETTERS OF RICHARD WAGNER.
Edited by Wilhelm Altmann. *E. P. Dutton &*
$10 8⅞ x 6; 2 vols.; 358+333 pp. N

This collection goes up to December, 18 months before Wagner died. It is especially for its liberal selection of letters after 1864, a date Wagner's autobiography stops. But, as th himself points out, the present edition is by n complete. The letters to Nietzsche, for exam omitted entirely, and so are those to the Philh Society of London. There are several facsimi reproductions of photographs. The translatio the German is by M. M. Bozman.

NAPOLEON AND HIS WOMEN FRIENDS
By Gertrude Aretz. *The J. B. Lippincott*
$5 8¾ x 5½; 375 pp. *Phil*

A translation, by the indefatigable Eden an Paul, of "Die Frauen um Napoleon," by G Aretz, a specialist—like her husband, Paul A feminine biography. The book is not confined love affairs of Napoleon, but also deals w political relations with women. There is nothi in it, but the materials are assembled in an e way. At the end there is an elaborate bibliog but no index.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE.
By R. Macnair Wilson. *The J. B. Lippincott*
$5 9¾ x 6; 304 pp. *Phil*

Mr. Wilson is less a biographer than a eulog admires Northcliffe excessively, and takes h tensions quite seriously. That the man ever h motive save Service never apparently occurs The book lacks an index.

THE LETTERS OF BAUDELAIRE.
Translated by Arthur Symons. *Albert & Cha*
$4 9⅛ x 6; 259 pp. N

Baudelaire's life was one long calamity, an letters his chief discourse is of illness and debt make rather depressing reading, but they throw a clear light into the mentality of on most singular and curious men of the Nin Century. Mr. Symons' translation, as usual, lent, as is his brief preface. The book ought an index, but hasn't.

Continued on page xxxviii

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Continued from page xxxvi

COMMODORE VANDERBILT: *An Epic of ... Achievement.*
By Arthur D. Howden Smith.
Robert M. McBride &
$5 9⅜ x 6⅛; 339 pp. M

This is less a formal biography than a cl sketch. It suffers from a somewhat ove manner: Mr. Smith frequently attempts to rec whole dialogues, and so gives his narrative t of romantic fiction. He is obviously a great ad Vanderbilt, and will have it that the old bo man of great rectitude. The book should be connection with the Vanderbilt chapters in tory of the Great American Fortunes," by G Myers.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

HOME-MAKING: *A Profession for Men and W*
By Elizabeth Macdonald and Forrester Macdonald
The Marshall Jones
$2 8¼ x 5¾; 267 pp.

The authors start out with the thesis that making is a vocation like other vocations. Th point out that "for the first time in recorded [it] is brought squarely into competition wit callings." This, obviously, is bad for the futur country, and something must be done to mak making more desirable than secretarial work, selling or transatlantic flying. The solution simple. It is the duty of society to see to it tha making "offers superior hours of labor, finan ward and social prestige." This matter settl authors plunge into the body of their work, a scientific discussion of the "professional standa ideals" of the home. There are chapters on "Qu tions and Results," "Clothing Selection and "The Conduct of Personal and Social Relation "The Child as a Social Investment," "Men velopment," "Home in the Creative Presen "Home and the Law." The book is full of sp wisdom, especially the chapter on "Mental D ment." Here are two typical observations: (*a*) use of leisure will include both fun and self-i ment," and (*b*) "Both work and play must ductive. . . . Pleasure is not an end in itself. means to an end and the objective is the growi ception of the good life." Elizabeth Macdonal fessor of home economics at the celebrated University, and Forrester Macdonald has two denoting that he is a master of arts and of edu

NEW GOVERNMENTS OF EASTERN EU
By Malbone W. Graham, Jr. *Henry Holt &*
$5 8½ x 5½; 826 pp. N

This is a companion volume to the same

Continued on page xl

GEORGE SAND—

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By Marie Jenney Howe

graphy of one of the most gifted and contradictory figures of modern times. The n who, as Heine said, "set the world on fire" is portrayed as lover, as pioneer of ine freedom and as woman of genius in a book which promises to reverse the tradi- judgment of her character. Illustrated. $5.00

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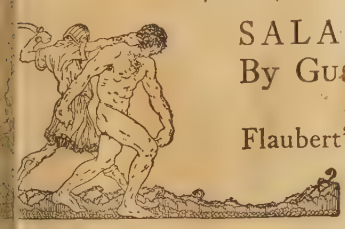

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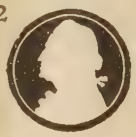
1762  1777

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unusually rich appendix, containing, amon
things, the constitutions of all the states di

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Irving Fisher," and in form it is an elaborate
tion of the arguments he advanced in "Prohibi
Its Worst." Most readers of these lines, in all pr
ity, will decide that he is disposed of com
Messrs. Darrow and Yarros do not believe
repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is p
"The Anti-Saloon League and similar agencies
say, "are undoubtedly able by coercion and
dation" to prevent it. But the choice thus left
the government and the people is not betw
complete enforcement and nullification, but b
nullification and the "reasonable modificat
repeal" of the Volstead Act. The Volstead Ac
stands, can never be enforced.

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By Henry F. Grady. *The Columbia Universi*
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was American Trade Commissioner at London
part of the period he deals with, thinks that
London has at the moment relinquished the fi
leadership of the world to New York, it wil
ably regain it as soon as the labor situation
dustrial technique of Great Britain are broug
to their normal state.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF SACCO AND
ZETTI.
By Eugene Lyons. *The International P*
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an attempt to put down a class movement
majeure, and so describes it, and the antecedent
hearings. Of particular interest are his chapter
early life of the two men in America—a grim
pictures of the depressing handicaps that
penniless immigrants.

Continued on page xlii

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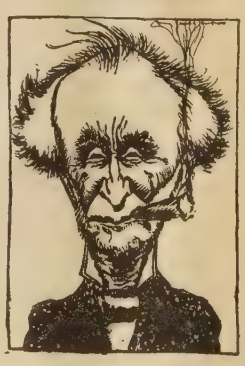

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BALLYHOO: *The Voice of the Press.*
By Silas Bent. *Boni &*
$3 8 x 5½; 398 pp. N

This treatise on current American journ good journalism, but not much more. Mr. Be up a large mass of immensely amusing facts, discussion of causes and motives is usually so vague. His best chapters deal with the Was correspondents and their imbecilities, the g doings of the tabloids, and the influence agents. At times he is singularly uncritical. H to believe, for example, that the course of the *Herald* in the Sacco-Vanzetti case was co frank and courageous. He has apparently nev of the efforts of the Baltimore *Sun* to resto pendence to journalism and improve news rep

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By Robert W. Dunn. *The Vangu*
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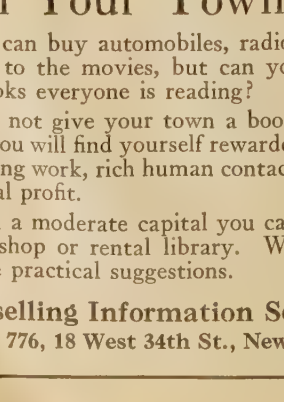

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Continued on page xlvi

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though he argues that it will cease to be so failure of that amendment is obvious and for the Volstead Act, he is in no doubt. W tions of it, he says, are "neither morally bi morally valid." He also discusses birth co war debt question, Fascism, equal suffrag ownership, divorce, and other such current n

THE WAR ON MODERN SCIENCE.
By Maynard Shipley. *Alfre*
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DO AMERICANS REALLY VALUE EDU
By Abraham Flexner. *The Harvard Univ*
$1 7 x 4½; 49 pp.

This is a lecture delivered on the Inglis Fo Mr. Flexner, who is director of the division and medical education of the General Board, argues eloquently for a better appre the social value of the scholar, and in part better support of him. In one of the leading universities, he says, there is but one profes faculty of arts and sciences receiving $10,0 The salaries of the other teachers of full p rank range from $3000 to $8000. Associate are paid an average of $4000, assistant $3000, and instructors $2000.

THE CITY MANAGER.
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The author began this work in 1920, when s 69 years old: the period it deals with seems al remote today as that of Beethoven. What gi book its value is her intimate and charming of the life of her mother, one of the most sinc lovable artists who ever lived. Her father, wh when she was five years old, is necessarily sor shadowy. But her brothers and sisters, who were mainly tragic, come out of it brilliantly, does Brahms. It is apparently her belief that was in love with her beautiful sister Julie, who another in 1868 and was dead in three years.

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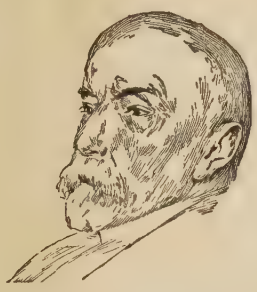

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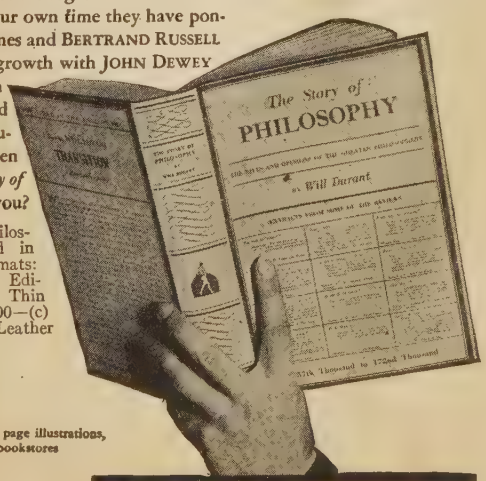

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OUR WHITE FOLKS

BY GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

NUMEROUS and ponderous tomes have been written about Negroes by white folks. With a pontifical air they rush into print on the slightest provocation to tell the world all about the blackamoor. These writings range all the way from alarmist gabble about the Black menace or the tragedy of the dark brethren suffocating in the midst of white civilization to sloppy sentimentalities by the erratic fringe of Liberals and the mooney sons of Southern slaveholders who deplore the passing of Uncle Tom and Aunt Mammie, who knew how to "act properly" and did not offend them by being self-respecting or intelligent. This fervent scribbling has been going on for a dozen decades and more, until today the libraries and attics of the country are crammed with more books and papers on the Negro than on any other American group. With so much evidence of what the Nordic thinks of his black brother, no one need remain ignorant on the subject. And if one doesn't read he may learn his attitude and opinion by observing the various Jim-crow laws and other such exhibits throughout this glorious land.

The Ethiops, one gathers from this mass of evidence, are a childish, shiftless, improvident, primitive, incurably religious, genially incompetent, incredibly odoriferous, inherently musical, chronically excitable, mentally inferior people with pronounced homicidal tendencies. We are incapable of self-government or self-restraint, and irresponsible except when led by white folks. We possess a penchant for assaulting white females and an inordinate appetite for chicken, gin and watermelon. While it is finally and reluctantly admitted that we belong to the human race, we are accorded only the lowest position in the species, a notch or two above the great apes. We make good domestics but hopeless executives. Even at this late date, all coons look alike to the great majority of Nordic Americans, and even the highest type of Negro is under no consideration to be accorded a higher position than the lowest type of white. In short, from examining the bulk of the evidence, the impartial investigator must conclude that the Negro has almost a monopoly of all the more discreditable characteristics of mankind. But at the same time one is effusively informed that he is deeply loved and thoroughly understood, especially by his pork-skinned friends of Southern derivation.

As a result of this attitude of his pale neighbors, the lowly moke has about ten times as many obstacles to hurdle in the race of life as the average peckerwood. It is difficult enough to survive and prosper in this world under the best of conditions,

but when one must face such an attitude on the part of those who largely control the means of existence, the struggle is great indeed. Naturally there is deep resentment and bitterness among the more intelligent Negroes, and there always has been. Nothing else could be expected from a people who confront a continuous barrage of insult and calumny and discrimination from the cradle to the grave. There are Negroes, of course, who publicly claim to love the white folks, but privately the great majority of them sing another tune. Even the most liberal blacks are always suspicious, and have to be on the alert not to do or say anything that will offend the superior race. Such an atmosphere is not conducive to great affection, except perhaps on the part of halfwits.

Is it generally known that large numbers of Negroes, though they openly whooped it up for Uncle Sam, would have shed no tears in 1917–18 if the armies of the Kaiser had by some miracle suddenly swooped down upon such fair cities as Memphis, Tenn., Waycross, Ga., or Meridian, Miss.? The Negro upper class, in press and pulpit, roared and sweated to keep the dinges in line by telling them how much the white folks would do to improve their status after the war if they would only be loyal, but the more enlightened Ethiops were frankly skeptical, a skepticism justified later on. On several occasions during that struggle for democracy I sounded out individual Sambos here and there, and was somewhat surprised to find many of them holding the view that it made no difference to them who won the war, since the Germans could hardly treat them any worse than the Nordics of the U. S. A., and might treat them a lot better. Any number of intelligent Negroes expressed the opinion under the breath that a good beating would be an excellent thing for the soul of America. Even some of the actual black soldiers were observed on occasion to indulge in cynical smirks and sarcastic exclamations during the reading of tracts from Mr. Creel's propaganda mill.

II

Of course the attitude of the Negro to the Nordics varies with the locality lives in, the conditions under which lives, and the class to which he belo Traveling in the South, it is difficult to the truth about race relations in a g community unless one is very painstak This is due to the fact that among whites and blacks down there, there great deal of local patriotism, no m how bad conditions may actually be. whites will claim that their niggers are best in the world and that those in a the surrounding towns are gorillas, w the Ethiops will speak highly of their white folks, but heap maledictions u the heads of the crackers further down line. It is always wise to let them themselves out of breath in praise of t particular community, and then inq discreetly about the schools, the cou the franchise, economic opportuni civic improvements, health conditions, so forth. As the Negroes discuss s things one begins to get an indicatio their real feelings, which are seldom tering to their townsfolk of paler hue.

Curiously enough, the majority Nordics seem to believe that all Negr look upon them as some sort of demig —as paragons of intelligence, efficien refinement and morality. No doubt t have arrived at this curious conclusion observing how the blackamoors ape th appearance with skin whiteners and h straighteners, and how they are given disparaging the efforts and attainment other Negroes. They have probably he such Negroisms as "A nigger ain't nuthi "What more can you expect from a nigge and "Why don't you be like white folk

The Negro, it is true, is cynical skeptical about his own, and often castigations of his brethren are more e astating than any administered by white folks. In this respect, he resem his Jewish brother. But the crow is critical of his red-necked com

requently do the white folks perceive
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ciency, his honor, or his morals. The
cks haven't been working with and for
white folks all these decades and cen-
ies for nothing. While the average
ordic knows nothing of how Negroes
ually live and what they actually think,
e Negroes know the Nordics intimately.
actically every member of the Negro
istocracy of physicians, dentists, lawyers,
dertakers and insurance men has worked
one time or another for white folks as
domestic, and observed with cynical de-
chment their orgies, obsessions and im-
cilities, while contact with the white
oletariat has acquainted him thoroughly
ith their gross stupidity and often very
rident inferiority.

Toward the white working classes, in-
eed, there is a great suspicion and ill-
eling among the Negroes of the United
tates, much to the discomfiture of labor
rganizers and radicals. The superior
osture of the poor whites is based on
othing but the fortuitous circumstance
hat created them lighter in color. The
Negro puts this down to mere ignorance
nd a fear of competition for jobs. He be-
s that the white workers would have
to lose by ditching their color
and
ligning themselves with
-called Civil War,
make the white
t the mudsill
think far
more of an empty color superiority than they do of labor solidarity. Even the Jewish working-people, of whom solidarity might be expected, are far from being free of color prejudice.

Quite naturally, the Negroes feel far more kindly toward the whites of wealth and influence. From them they have obtained quite a few favors and largesses, but they do not lose sight of the fact that in the face of a group crisis, such as a lynching or a race riot, they cannot depend upon these upper class Nordics, who invariably desert when the mob heaves into sight, if indeed they do not join it. Directing and controlling the social and economic life of the country, they have allowed to go almost unquestioned all sorts of legislation inimical to the Negro's advancement. Toward individual Negroes they may be kindly and helpful, but except in the case of those who support Negro colleges and schools, they do not seem to care a rap about how the mass of blacks gets along. They allow gross inequalities in the appropriation of school funds; they allow Negro residential sections to go without adequate health inspection; they allow the compulsory school laws to remain unenforced in so far as the blacks are concerned; they make little or no protest against peonage and the horrors of Southern prisons and chain-gangs; they allow petty officials to make a mockery of the judicial system where Negroes are involved; and they refuse to see to it that the Negro is given the means to protect himself, if possible, through the franchise.

These upper class white folks contend that the workings of democracy prevent them from forcing the poor whites to toe the mark, but the Negroes observe that when it is desired to put over anything else that is deemed important, some way is always found. It seems to the thinking black man that, even granting that the white ruling class is incapable of assisting the masses of his people, they could at least openly enlist themselves on the side of honesty, fairness and square dealing,

and thereby set an example to the others. But in the main they prefer to remain silent, and so leave the Negro to the mercies of the white rabble. Is it any wonder that he views them with distrust?

The attitude of the Northern white folks, in particular, puzzles and incenses him. Very often he feels that they are more dangerous to him than the Southerners. Here are folks who yawp continuously about liberty, justice, equality and democracy, and whoop with indignation every time a Senegambian is incinerated below the Potomac or the Belgians burn another village in the Congo, but toward the Negro in their midst they are quite as cruel as the the Southern crackers. They are wont to shout, in their liberal moments, that the Negro is as good as they are—as if that were a compliment!—and to swear by all the gods that they want to give him a square deal and a chance in the world, but when he approaches them for a job they offer him a mop and pail or a bellhop's uniform, no matter what his education and training may be. And except in isolated instances they see that he remains permanently in the lowly position they have given him.

The majority of them are almost as prejudiced as their Southern brethren, as any Negro knows who has ever attempted to enter a public place or to attend their social gatherings. Unlike the crackers, they only grudgingly give him a chance to earn a living, even as a menial. The restriction of European immigration has helped the Negro in the North considerably in the field of industry, but in the marts of commerce there seems to be an impression that he is incapable of functioning in the field of general business. At present, in the city of New York, which is considered a heaven for Negroes, and the tolerance and liberality of which are widely advertised throughout the nation, it is harder for a capable young Negro to get a decent job in a business house than it is for a comely Negro girl to escape being approached by white men in a Southern town.

To the intelligent Aframer[illegible] ca[illegible] dividual who has color pre[illegible] ad[illegible] manifestly to belong in the sa[illegible] tual class as the Holy Rollers [illegible] Kluxers. To judge an individua[illegible] the basis of his skin color and h[illegible] is so obviously nonsensical, help classing the bulk of Nor[illegible] inmates of an insane asylu[illegible] with mingled amusement and[illegible] the stupid reactions of white[illegible] black skin. It excites his bitter r[illegible] observe how his entrance into alm[illegible] public place is sufficient to spoil th[illegible] ing of the majority of the proud Cau[illegible] present, no matter how intellige[illegible] may claim to be. Nor is this insa[illegible] stricted alone to Anglo-Saxons, fo[illegible] Irish, Greeks, Poles, Russians, I[illegible] and Germans, even those who kno[illegible] of the American language and less[illegible] national customs, grow quite as apo[illegible] at the sight of a sable countenance.

III

Because the whites bellow so much[illegible] their efficiency and thrift, the Negr[illegible] vels that they go to the expense of[illegible] school system, Jim-crow railroad c[illegible] and waiting-rooms, separate cem[illegible] and segregated parks, libraries and[illegible] cars, with the obvious economic wa[illegible] tailed, when the two peoples are s[illegible] mately associated all day, not to m[illegible] at night. Indeed, an examination of[illegible] trees will reveal that a large numbe[illegible] whites and blacks are really related[illegible] cially in the land of cotton, where [illegible] the hue and cry is raised about[illegible] Saxon purity. The South, the Negr[illegible] not fail to note, has actually retar[illegible] own progress by maintaining this[illegible] critical double standard. And no[illegible] threatening the standards of living[illegible] New England mill towns and N[illegible] coal fields by offering cheaper lab[illegible] lower taxes,—an offer that it can[illegible] only because of the ready accepta[illegible] low living standards by the [illegible]

white mob out of fear that Negroes will take its poorly paid jobs. Thus the results of the stupid system are felt in sections where hardly any Negroes live at all.

Almost every thoughtful Negro believes that the scrapping of the color caste system would not hinder but rather help the country. In their zeal to keep the black brother away from the pie counter, the whites are depriving the nation of thousands of individuals of extraordinary ability. The rigid training and discipline that the Negro has received since his arrival on these sacred shores has left him with a lower percentage of weaklings and incompetents than is shown by any other group. He has always had to be on the alert, ever the diplomat and skillful tactician, facing more trying situations in a week than the average white citizen faces in a year. This experience has certainly fitted him for a more important position than he now holds in the Republic. He is still imbued with the pioneering spirit that the bulk of the whites have had ironed out of them. He has energy and originality, the very qualities being sought today in business and government. Yet narrow bigotry and prejudice bar his way.

When the Southern white man asks the liberal Caucasian, "Do you want your daughter to marry a nigger?", he is probably hitting the nail on the head, for that is the crux of the entire color problem. Fear of economic and political competition is a factor, but above it is the bogey of sex competition. Equality in one field will unquestionably lead to equality in the other. And yet there is no law compelling blacks and whites to intermarry, and if the natural aversion that the scientists shout of really exists there need be no fears on that score. The Anglo-Saxons will retain their polyglot purity if they wish to do so—and if they actually find the Ethiops as repellant as the authorities on the subject allege.

But there is considerable doubt in the mind of the Negro as to whether this aversion actually exists, and whether the Anglo-Saxons actually *think* it exists. He tries to reconcile the theory that it does with the fact that nearly thirty States have laws prohibiting intermarriage between the so-called races, and with the additional fact that half of the Negroes in America obviously possess more or less Caucasian blood, thus being neither black nor white. The dark brother is convulsed with mirth over the famous one-drop theory, that distinctive American contribution to the science of anthropology which lists as Negroes all people having the remotest Negro ancestry, despite the fact that they may be, and often are, indistinguishable from the purest Nordic. He whoops with glee over the recent incident in Virginia, where the workings of the new Racial Integrity Law caused fifty white children to be barred from the white schools and ordered to attend Negro schools on the ground that they were Negroes, although no one knew it except the official genealogists, whereas all the while, in the States of Texas and Oklahoma, dark brown Mexicans and Indians were listed as white, and their children attended white schools. Knowing how much racial intermixture has been going on in this country since the Seventeenth Century, he is eager to see racial integrity laws passed in all of the States, as has been done in Georgia and Virginia, so that the genealogists may get busy on a national scale and thus increase the "Negro" population to at least four times its present number.

The Negro listens with a patient tolerance born of much knowledge and observation to the gabble of white gentlemen concerning the inferior morality of black women. These chivalrous folk, in some sections, do not hesitate to discuss these illicit amours within hearing of their Negro servitors, who boil within as they listen to the racy conversation of the advocates of racial separatism. The whites, of course, never hear the Negro's side of the story. Indeed, it is doubtful whether they realize that he *has* a side. For many and obvious reasons, he keeps his very

interesting information to himself and grins along his way. He knows that no one group in this country monopolizes sex morality. Some day a black American Balzac is going to gather material for another volume of Droll Stories that will be quite as interesting and entertaining as the original.

The attitude of the whites toward the Negro's participation in politics seems very absurd to the contemplative dinge. He is a part of American life and he knows very well what is going on in politics. If his sooty brethren are not yet ready to be trusted with the ballot, neither for that matter are the ruck of peckerwoods. He has heard the yells and moans of the ex-Confederates about the alleged horrors of the Reconstruction period, when Negro legislators (who never controlled a single Southern State) are said to have indulged in graft on a great scale and squandered the public funds, but after careful investigation he has failed to learn of a single State or community in the whole country in which precisely the same thing is not true of white politicians. If Negroes sell their votes for a quart of corn liquor and two dollars, they are, he observes, by no means alone. Surely, he concludes, no Legislature composed of Negroes could pass more imbecile legislation than is the annual product of every legislative body in the land, not by any means excluding Congress. He concludes that he is barred from the ballot in the South only in order to keep capable Negroes from competing with broken-down Nordic lawyers for political sinecures. The excuse that his inability to use the ballot intelligently is the cause of his disfranchisement is highly amusing to him after a glance at the national scene.

The amazing ignorance of whites—even Southern whites—about Negroes is a constant source of amusement to all Aframericans. White men who claim to be intelligent and reasonable beings persist in registering surprise whenever they hear of or meet a Negro who has written a novel, a history, or a poem, or who can work a problem in calculus. Because of this r
ïveté, many mediocre Negroes are prais
to the high heavens as geniuses of t
first flight, and grow sleek and fat. Su
fellows are frequently seized upon by g
lible whites and labeled as leaders of t
Negro race, without the Negroes bei
consulted on the matter. It seems incredi
to most white folks that within the Neg
group are social circles quite as cultu
and refined as those existing among whit
I recall with amusement the story c
culating the rounds of Aframerica c
cerning a wealthy white woman in
Southern city who asked her Negro m
if it was true that there were Negro hor
in New York City such as those descri
by Carl Van Vechten in "Nigger Heave
and who was quite astonished and
credulous when the girl informed her t
not only were there such homes in N
York but also in that town as well.

IV

Those Negroes who have entrée to w
intellectual circles do not return to
own society with regret, but rather
relief, for they rightly observe that
bulk of the white intellectuals have
form than content; that they have a
deal of information but are not so lo
common sense; and that they lack
sense of humor and gentle cynicism w
one expects to find in the really civ
person, and which are the chief char
istics of even the most lowly and mis
Aframerican.

These so-called sophisticated whit
from one fad to another, from mah j
"Ask Me Another," with great fa
and are usually ready to embrace an
that comes along thirsting for supp
They are obsessed by sex and dis
interminably, with long dissertati
their moods and reactions, comple
sublimations. Life to them seems t
perpetual psychoanalytical clinic
appears to the Negro observer as
sign of sexual debility. The lusty

llow, such as is the average shine, is too usy really living to moon overly much bout the processes of life. It is difficult to agine a group of intelligent Negroes prawling around a drawing-room, con- ming cigarettes and synthetic gin while scussing their complexes and inhibitions. The Negroes have observed, too, that ey know how to have a good time, spite all their troubles and difficulties, hile the majority of white people cer- inly do not. Indeed, the frantic efforts of e crackers to amuse themselves is a ever-ending source of amusement to the lacks. The Nordics take all amusements o seriously! They cannot swim without ttempting to cross the English Channel or e Gulf of Mexico; they cannot dance ithout organizing a marathon to see hich couple can dance the longest. They ust have their Charleston contests, golf ntests, coffee-drinking contests, frank- rter-eating contests. In short, they always o to extremes. The Negroes, on the other and, have learned how to enjoy them- lves without too much self-consciousness d exhibitionism.

The efforts of the Nordics to be carefree e grotesque; the so-called emancipated hites being the worst of the lot. No oup of Negroes anywhere could be louder rowdier than they are in their efforts to press the neighborhood with the fact at they are having a good time. Look, example, at their antics in Greenwich llage. It is not without reason that those ite folks who want to enjoy themselves ile in New York hustle for Harlem. The s emancipated ones go to the cabarets, ere they can sit and watch Negroes ce and caper; the more sensible go to Negro dance-hall, where they can par- pate in the fun. It is not uncommon to r them say that the only time they roughly enjoy themselves is when they ney to the so-called Black Belt, where is not shackled or saddled.

This is probably the reason why, to the te brethren, the blacks are supposed to appy-go-lucky children, with never a serious thought in their polls. But the Negro, recalling how the white folks swarm to hear such mountebanks as Billy Sunday, Krishnamurti, Conan Doyle, Imperial Wizard Evans and William Hale Thompson, and eagerly swallow all of the hokum flowing through the Republic, concludes that the Sambos have no monopoly on intellectual infantilism.

The Negro is a sort of black Gulliver chained by white Lilliputians, a prisoner in a jail of color prejudice, a babe in a forest of bigotry, but withal a fellow philosophical and cynical enough to laugh at himself and his predicament. He has developed more than any other group, even more than the Jews, the capacity to see things as they are rather than as he would have them. He is a close student of the contradictory pretensions and practices of the ofay gentry, and it is this that makes him really intelligent in a republic of morons. It is only during the last few years that the cracker *intelligentsia* have begun to sniff suspiciously at the old Anglo-Saxon slogans and concepts of justice, democracy, chivalry, honor, fair play, and so forth. The Negro has always been skeptical about them, knowing that they were conditioned by skin color, social position and economic wealth.

He is sick and tired of the holier-than-thou attitude of the white folks. On what, he inquires, do they base the contention that they are superior? He puts the history of the blacks down through the ages alongside that of the whites and is not ashamed of the comparison. He knows that there is as much evidence that black men founded human civilization as there is that white men did, and he doubts whether the occidental society of today is superior to the monarcho-communist society developed in Africa. He knows that neither intellectually nor physically is he inferior to the Caucasians. The fact is that in America conditions have made the average Negro more alert, more resourceful, more intelligent, and hence more interesting than the average Nordic. Certainly if

the best measure of intelligence is ability to survive in a changing or hostile environment, and if one considers that the Negro is not only surviving but improving all the time in health, wealth, and culture, one must agree that he possesses a high degree of intelligence. In their efforts to fight off the ravages of color prejudice, the blacks have welded themselves into a homogeneity and developed a morale whose potentialities are not yet fully appreciated.

V

They laugh to themselves when they hear white folks refer to them as ugly and black. Thanks to the whites who are always talking about racial purity, the Negroes possess within their group the most handsome people in the United States, with the greatest variety of color, hair and features. Here is the real melting-pot, and a glorious sight it is to see. Ugly people there are, certainly, but the percentage of beautiful folk is unquestionably larger than among the ofay brethren. One has but to venture abroad in a crowd of whites and then go immediately to a fashionable Negro thoroughfare to be impressed with this fact. Black? Well, yes, but how beautiful! How well it blends with almost every color! How smooth the skin; how soft and rounded the features! But there are browns, chocolates, yellows and pinks as well. Here in Aframerica one finds such an array of beauty that it even attracts Anglo-Saxons, despite their alleged color aversion.

The dark brother looks upon himself as an American, an integral part of this civilization. To him it is not a white civilization, but a white and black civilizat
He rightly feels that it is partially
because for three hundred years he t
to make it possible. He wants no more
an equal break with everybody else, bu
feels that he has much greater cont
tions to make to our national life tha
has so far been allowed to make. T
is hope among the more enlightened
groes that the similar group among
Nordics can be educated to see the s
value and necessity of removing the l
ers that now hamper the black citizen
country can lose nothing and may
much by a step. Strange as it may s
many Negroes look to the enligh
Southern whites as the force that will
bring about the change. While these
do not understand the blacks as we
they think, they do at least know
fairly well, and there is, propaganda t
contrary, some good feeling betwee
two groups. This emerging group of S
ern whites is gradually becoming s
enough to make its voice heard an
spected, and in the years to come it
have more and more influence.

The Aframerican, being more tol
than the Caucasian, is ready to admit
all white people are not the same, a
is not unusual to read or hear a wa
from a Negro orator or editor against
demning all crackers as prejudiced
although agreeing that such a descri
fits the majority of them. The Ethi
given to pointing out individual
who are exceptionally honorable, tol
and unprejudiced. In this respect, I ve
to say, he rises several notches higher
the generality of ofays, to whom, ev
this day and time, all coons look ali

PHILOSOPHERS AS KINGS

BY LOUIS LEFEVRE

Democracies are inevitably ruled by second-rate men. While democracy is under fire on many counts, this is the most persistent charge in the indictment. The democratic politician, so the argument runs, must lack both intelligence and dignity to make a successful appeal to the masses. Obviously, the ideal state should be ruled by its wisest and best citizens. Therefore, democracy is, and always must be, a failure.

This argument, I believe, arises from a fundamental misconception of the nature of government. The regulation of the lives of others is far from the highest of human activities. To devote the best men to the task is not only wasteful but dangerous. The anarchist doctrine, to be sure, is fatally Utopian; as long as our behavior shows its present patterns, the policeman will clearly remain a necessity. But nobody argues that we must select our ablest leaders for the police force. Nor do I see why the directors of the police should represent the loftiest summit of intelligence and ability. If we believed that the government should regulate in detail everything that we do or say or think, it might be desirable to have the most capable men rule. But as long as we accept Thomas Jefferson's principle that the best government is that which governs least, the devotion of the greatest possible ability to the purpose is a plain waste of energy that might be more fruitfully applied elsewhere.

Indeed, the ideal which Plato expresses in his "Republic" might well be the most disastrous of all governments: "Until, then, philosophers are kings, or the kings and princes of this world have the spirit and power of philosophy, and political greatness and wisdom meet in one, and those commoner natures who follow either to the exclusion of the other are compelled to stand aside, cities will never cease from ill—no, nor the human race." Countless other sages have written in the same strain. Carlyle speaks of the "dire necessity of Nature's to bring in her Aristocracies, her Best, even by forcible methods"; and Nietzsche hails the coming supermen, who shall be "the law-givers of the future and the lords of the earth."

These ideals, of course, have never been fully realized. The only authentic philosopher who ever became a king was Marcus Aurelius, the last of the succession of the "five good emperors" of Rome, who were the nearest approach to Plato's philosopher guardians of the state that have ever held actual power. Is it not significant that the reign of Marcus Aurelius was one of the most turbulent in Roman history, and was followed by a complete collapse?

It is true that his government can hardly be blamed for some of the calamities which befell the empire. There were several attacks by foreign enemies and a devastating pestilence. But there were also internal revolts and famines, which were probably caused, or at least aggravated, by an overwhelmingly top-heavy bureaucracy. It seems very unlikely, indeed, that the foreign wars which gave Marcus so much trouble would have proved serious had the empire been in good condition.

During the whole period of the good emperors there had been a constant process of centralization. In the early days of the empire, a great deal of power was left to

local governments, especially in the cities. But the city governments were often inefficient and corrupt, and the emperors were always receiving appeals to straighten out difficulties. As the good emperors were conscientious and able men, they devoted much attention to these problems. They appointed numerous inspectors to check up on the local authorities, and as they found continual evidence of serious deficiencies, the functions of government were gradually swallowed up by the more efficient but expensive imperial bureaucracy—which became less efficient and more expensive as its duties increased.

Under the rule of Aurelius, the most conscientious of the line, this process reached a point where the emperor worked from early morning till long after midnight. His duties included "the registry of the citizens, the suppression of litigation, the elevation of public morals, the care of minors, the retrenchment of public expenses, the limitation of gladiatorial games and shows, the care of roads, the restoration of senatorial privileges, the appointment of none but worthy magistrates, even the regulation of street traffic." It is little wonder that the empire groaned and staggered under the burden, and that the death of Marcus was followed by a century of chaos.

Another series of remarkably able rulers appeared in the Mogul emperors of India. In this case, also, the life of the last great emperor, Aurangzib, was filled with sedition and all manner of calamity, while after his death came the utter disintegration of his empire. Nevertheless, he was a man of extraordinary ability, energy, and devotion to the improvement of his people.

His father, Shah-Jahan, had neglected the duties of government for pleasure, built the Taj Mahal, and had a prosperous and tranquil reign, till he fell gravely and scandalously ill, and was deposed by his sons. In a letter to the fallen monarch, Aurangzib observed: "He is the truly great king who makes it the chief business of his life to govern his subjects with equity."

In accordance with this principle, Stanley Lane-Poole, "Not an officer a government clerk, was appointed v out his knowledge, and the conduct c whole official staff was vigilantly scr ized with the aid of an army of sp

The religious zeal of Aurangzib led to seek to abolish the privileges o Rajputs, who constituted the best pa the imperial army, and to interfere Hindu religious ceremonies. He laid cial taxes on his non-Moslem subject spite of the disaffection caused by policies, he extended the boundaries o empire well beyond their previous li But the last thirty years of his life spent in the vain effort to suppress wild Maratha tribes of bandit freeboo When he died, the Maratha power stronger than ever, and his empire wa the verge of its final downfall. His c is thus summed up by Lane-Poole:

> Aurangzib's life had been a vast failure, indo but he had failed grandly. He had pitted his c science against the world, and the world triumphed over it. He had marked out a path duty and had steadfastly pursued it, in spite of utter impracticability. . . . The great Puri of India was of such stuff as wins the mart crown. His glory is for himself alone. triumph of character ennobled only himself. his great empire his devoted zeal was an unm gated curse.

II

The theory that the state should be r by its ablest men is, however, so fi entrenched that such cases attract l attention. Though the disasters w followed Marcus and Aurangzib clearly foreshadowed during their lives, these misfortunes are usually at uted to the weakness of their succes But if we consider government primari its function as the police power, the of the best appears in a new light. A ra lazy, mediocre policeman may be co to prevent people from cutting each ot throats. But obviously, this is altoge too simple a business to satisfy our s men-philosophers. The ablest men d

most of all to magnify the importance and scope of their activities. They will see dozens of ways in which the conduct and habits of their subjects may be improved. To believe that they will not use their power to make these improvements is to expect that one of the strongest human instincts will cease to operate. It is no accident that in Plato's ideal republic every phase of life was strictly censored. Food and drink, occupation and marriage, love and art, music and poetry were all to be doled out to the citizens in rigidly prescribed doses.

It may be argued that we could afford to surrender our liberty if we were really governed by wise and capable rulers. But the best men have seldom been free from the most fatal prejudices of the crowd. Let anyone who doubts this consider the history of the Salem witchcraft trials. As Nathaniel Hawthorne observed, speaking of a victim of Massachusetts justice two hundred years ago:

> He was one of the martyrs to that terrible delusion, which should teach us, among its other morals, that the influential classes and those who take upon themselves to be leaders of the people, are fully liable to all the passionate error that has ever characterized the maddest mob. Clergymen, judges, statesmen—the wisest, calmest, holiest persons of their day—stood in the inner circle round about the gallows, loudest to applaud the work of blood, latest to confess themselves miserably deceived.

And Massachusetts still remains faithful to her traditions.

The Holy Inquisition was operated for centuries in the name of religion by men who were often highly intelligent and had the loftiest of good intentions. I see no reason to think that an all-powerful Eugenic Tribunal, operating in the name of science, would show greater wisdom or self-restraint. It might begin with the sterilization of friendless unfortunates, but it would doubtless end with the elimination of anybody who disagreed with the learned members as to the merits of Shaw's plays or the proper design of girls' bathing suits. For anyone who differs from an omniscient tribunal is by definition wrong and a menace to society. And no tribunal long escapes the irresistible conclusion that it is omniscient.

Furthermore, if the ablest men run the government and impose their ideal way of life on the whole population, any important changes will meet the strongest possible opposition. The rulers, like all governing classes, will identify their own prestige and self-esteem with the regulations they have made. Any attempt to modify the ordained laws of diet or of marriage, for example, will be treated as an assault on the very foundations of the state. Not only liberty but progress will be impossible except through a revolution.

Instead of making our philosophers into kings, therefore, let them continue to philosophize. Let the most capable men do work of genuine importance—scientific research, education, medicine, music, engineering, what you will. And let the policemen and their bosses be recruited as they now are, in order that they may remain relatively harmless.

The objection that education is also a governmental function confuses teaching with educational administration. The only proper concern of the government is to find good teachers, give them adequate equipment, and let them alone. The attempt to prescribe in detail what shall be taught leads to such farces as the Dayton evolution trial and to the suppression of all effective teaching under mountains of red tape. Most of our school administration needs to be abolished, not to be done by men of greater ability.

III

It is true that democracy is not the only method of securing mediocrity in the rulers of a state, nor is its operation in this respect infallible. Pericles and Thomas Jefferson were very successful democratic politicians, and yet they surely did not lack either intelligence or dignity. In our own day, the late Senator Robert M. La Follette was not conspicuous for the spineless

timidity that is sometimes declared to be essential for success under democracy, yet he controlled the politics of Wisconsin for many years. On the whole, however, the democratic politician is certainly not the type of man likely to dominate the life of the country he infests by any force of native ability.

Nevertheless, a government need not be composed of men of exceptional brilliance to dominate a nation, if the rulers have a continuous and stable tenure of power. Generally speaking, the government of a privileged class can count on remaining in office long enough to carry through its plans. Democracies, on the contrary, are notorious for their frequent changes of administration and the discontinuity of their policies. As all governmental policies tend to magnify the power of the rulers, this is an important advantage to the citizens of a democratic community.

Unhappily, we have drifted a considerable distance from the true democratic doctrine of Andrew Jackson. His war-cry, "To the victors belong the spoils," insured a clean sweep of all government officials at least once every eight years. The advance of civil-service reform has created a bureaucracy whose tenure of office is unaffected by changes of administration, and whose power is consequently fast increasing. Doubtless this reform was desirable in the case of such office-holders as research chemists, who have no authority, but its extension to men in positions of power over their fellows was and is a much more dubious matter.

It must be admitted that neither mediocre leadership nor frequent shifts are advantages in time of war. For this reason democratic government is easier to maintain in America, or in England behind her Channel barrier, than in an unprotected nation surrounded by enemies. When a democracy engages in a serious war, it is almost inevitably compelled to establish a dictatorship. The dictator may be a fool or a tyrant, but this seems to be an unavoidable war risk. If the people have any strong desire to recover their liberty, t will probably be able to deal with t leader as all the victorious nations after the late war was over, and another victim of "the fickle mob" join Lloyd George and Wilson. If not, are predestined to tyranny in any ev

IV

Another characteristic of democracy is enormous obstacles it sets up to enfor any law strongly opposed by a reason large minority. If the rulers are aristoc with a reputation for wisdom and sistency to maintain, they will be obl to enforce their laws to the bitter enc on the other hand, they are officials sul to frequent removal by popular vot will not take them long to forget existence of unpopular legislation.

The Volstead Act is an obvious i tration. Long ago Mohammed discov the idea of Prohibition, and under a cratic governments the extent of enf ment in the nations of Islam has relatively high. The contrast with domain of American democracy is stril Whatever measure of success Prohib enforcement has gained in this count largely due to the efforts of appo Federal judges with a life tenure of c and employers anxious to keep alc from their workmen—activities obvi irrelevant to a discussion of democ government.

The Prohibition law is no isolate ample. The American Constitution contains a clause that theoretically req the return of fugitive slaves to their ow In 1850, Congress passed a law fo more effective execution of this provi the efforts to enforce which beca burning issue in the decade before Civil War. The advocates of Law Enf ment spoke out with passionate eloqu A Brooklyn Presbyterian minister, Ichabod Spencer, in reply to an edi on "How to Oppose the Fugitive Law," delivered an especially fiery ser

I never read more wicked and abominable principles! They deserve not only the reprehension of every Christian, but the entire indignation of *all civilized mankind!* . . . Be obedient to the laws of your land! Do not resist these *ordinances of God!* Stand by the Constitution of your country! If that die, *the most* of your happiness and your hopes die with it!—yea, it would be a calamity to the civilized world! Christianity herself would be hindered a whole century in her march! Respect your rulers. Frown indignantly upon the low and vile abuse now heaped so liberally upon the great men of your country! Be peaceful citizens! Be a *law-abiding people*, with all your sentiments opposed to violence, bloodshed, and confusion; and aim to allay all the excited and angry feelings that may come up around you.

In spite of this appeal and many other qually cogent arguments, the opponents f slavery refused to return fugitives to hains and possible death by flogging. nstead, they openly resisted all efforts to nforce the law. A regular system, the amous Underground Railroad, was es-blished, by which it is estimated that at ast two thousand slaves annually escaped Canada. At first the national govern-ent made spasmodic attempts to seize and turn the runaways, but after several ots, including one in Boston which called ut a considerable force of regular army oops and cost $100,000, the law in many ctions became practically a dead letter. ne of the principal grievances alleged by he seceding States in 1860 was the non-nforcement of this law, in spite of its xpress sanction in the Constitution.

After the downfall of the South, the orthern States hastily enacted constitu-onal amendments providing that the eed slaves should at once possess full ghts of suffrage, while many of their rmer masters were barred from political fice. The effort to enforce these amend-ents embittered the decade following the ar, and lasted precisely as long as North-n armies occupied the South as a con-uered province. The effective enforcement the Fifteenth Amendment in States un-illing to accept it ceased when the oops withdrew, while the Fourteenth was roitly turned from the protection of outhern Negroes into the chief shield of e privileges of great corporations.

There is no evidence that in any of these cases the majority of the people throughout the nation were opposed to the law in question. It is, therefore, perfectly clear that neither ordinary laws nor the express provisions of the Constitution itself can be enforced in America against the will of a determined minority. It is sometimes said that this fact is due to the innate lawlessness of the American people. But precisely similar instances are found in the history of other democracies. The British are held up as the model of a law-abiding nation. But trade-unions were forbidden by British law until 1824, while strikes or any other combined effort to raise wages, reduce hours, or accomplish any of the usual ends of labor unions were illegal till 1875. Nevertheless, these laws did not in the least prevent the unions from existing, or from striking.

Since it may be accepted as axiomatic that all governments will enact foolish legislation, this difficulty in law enforcement under democracy is a real advantage. It is true that the breakdown may extend to such generally approved laws as that against murder. Lynching has become a fairly regular institution in some parts of America. This, however, is by no means an inevitable result of democracy. In highly civilized countries like England or France, mob violence is rare, but it was common in autocratic Russia under the Czars, and it is common in present-day Italy. Herrin, Illinois, is the product, not of any form of government, but of a barbaric stage of culture.

To sum up: A democracy is governed by men of ordinary ability, who lack the capacity to dominate the life of the nation, while the ablest men are free for more important activities. The rulers are frequently changed, and are therefore unable to consolidate and extend their power. Laws opposed by a vigorous minority it is almost impossible to enforce. For these reasons, and not because of any magic wisdom in the masses, democracy is the best form of government yet discovered.

NIGHT-THOUGHTS

BY VIRGINIA MOORE

If I could walk behind you, years,
And drive you up a stony hill
Like pitiful sheep before my fears
Are known to you—before the shears
Have cut to kill.

And down again. And out of sight.
How good when you are cleanly gone!
For many and many a sleepless night
When only sheep are colored white,
And many a dawn,

I lay and listened, bleat on bleat,
And counted numbers, up and back;
I heard the little running feet
That come like memories and retreat;
I saw the track;

I felt the burry, matted wool
And shivered at the touch,
I tried to wind it on a spool,
Remembering a beautiful—
It was too much!

O years, O little crying sheep,
Go where the darkened otter delves,
Go nibble at the meadow-sweet
That cannot know a man's defeat—
Go lose yourselves.

And I shall sleep the long night through
And think that I am tardily brave,
Because I closed my eyes to you.
And bleating never, never blew
Beyond the grave.

LADIES OF THE MOB

BY ERNEST BOOTH

Once when I was very young I saw a newspaper picture of a lady. "Beautiful Accomplice," it was captioned. My interest was aroused. In various books I had met beautiful heroines, but that was my first knowledge that a woman who associated herself with a thief could be—and authentically was—beautiful! Clipping the picture, I sought for a secure place to hide and preserve it. Opening the large dusty family Bible, I inserted it between two pages containing the Canticles! But my sudden and intense interest in Biblical lore provoked an investigation. The picture was discovered, I was told I had committed fifty-seven varieties of desecration, and, after being paddled, was consigned to punishment in the clothes-closet.

I carried the memory of that picture with me through all the years I was stealing for a living. An accomplice, beautiful, fascinating, and loyal! For a decade it was the paramount desire of my life to find her. During my quest I met many ladies of the mob who actually seemed to possess some of her high qualities. Beauty—often! Fascination—until I knew them! Loyalty —Ah, yes! But there were others, alas, lastly different. They were the girls who made their livelihoods "off" thieves: never definitely entering into crime, but helping to spend a major portion of the money stolen. Their usual prey was the more egotistical sort of thief; with a skill rivaling Lorelei Lee's they devoured him. Others stole from thieves. Yet others practiced a polite form of blackmail: they would possess themselves of all possible information concerning the activities of a thief, and draw dividends from it in the form of clothes and jewelry. Theirs were not crude, open threats, but veiled insinuations. How often have I heard the complaint, "Sure, I'd like to ditch her—but what the hell can I do? She knows *everything!*"

One girl that I recall was typical of this class. Not beautiful, she yet possessed a fascination which brought her the plunder of several thieves. One after another they were drawn to her, abode their destined hours, and then vanished into prisons, to live for years in memory of the time when Florence was their divinity. The daughter of a small Pacific Coast town, she had been adopted in infancy by a Baptist preacher. Some indefinable, inherent quality had enabled her to weather his imprecations, and she emerged with a personality all the finer for the heat of the flames that had tested it. Although I knew her when she lived with one thief or another, at different times, she ever preserved her separate entity. She was only with them—not of them.

Our acquaintance began when she was about twenty years old; we intuitively sensed sympathetic traits in each other. There was a brief period of antagonistic probing, and then a truce was agreed upon, and we respected it for ten years. Thus, after ceasing to be "possibilities" to each other, we became fast friends.

During a lull in the trial of her latest devotee, we were in her apartment one evening. Although she had by then passed the Rubicon beyond which women no longer count birthdays, she still preserved the air and appearance of unconquerable

youth. Reclining upon a sofa, her slender body relaxed in a careless and ingratiating attitude of repose, she was floating tiny wreaths of cigarette smoke to the ceiling. The impression she would have made upon fresh eyes was that of an ingenuous creature who must be protected against the devastating assaults of reality. Her short, attractively-bobbed hair showed faint glints of red-gold. She released each word slowly, hesitantly, as though it were too fragile, too precious to send unprotected into the air.

"I hope," she said, and her eyes avoided mine. "I hope Johnnie gets another disagreement from that jury. . . ." Her voice trailed off.

I glanced meaningly at the vanity-case atop a nearby stand. The key to a safe-deposit compartment lay concealed within that case. A fair portion of the unset gems from Johnnie's last raid upon a jewelry store was cached in the vault.

"Yes," she continued, "I hope he is freed." Our eyes met. "Oh! but I've given over *half* of them to the attorneys. I can't do more—what would happen to *me* if he goes to prison?"

After Johnnie was convicted, Florence introduced me to another chap who was guarding her from the cruel world. She assured me that she had done rightly by her own interests when Johnnie went to jail.

II

Another—Marie—was the antithesis of Florence. Action was the word emblazoned upon her face. Marie possessed vast aggressiveness. Her presence in a group—at an apartment, a "scatter," or a roadhouse—set up a liveliness which even the varnish-removing beverages could not rival. She was ambitious to engineer a bank raid. She spent several weeks "casing," that is, becoming familiar with the habits and locations of the employés, the hours that money arrived, and so on. Then she attempted to enlist three experienced men to rob the bank with her. We enjoyed Mar she was so refreshing, and we respe her ability to keep her mouth clo should she be arrested, but we laughe her efforts to blossom out as a leade bandits. Exasperated, she sought out s foppish drugstore cow-boys, drove t to the bank, and filled them with the tion that they could rob it. She almost to shout to get them through the d way. Then the force of her dynamic sonality died, and they bungled the af disgustingly. Two of them were kil the third, wounded, gained the mach Marie pulled him across the side door, held him there with one hand as she pilo the car through the traffic. She ministe to him, and borrowed money from us pay the doctor. Later he recovered, a visiting his old haunts, was arrested.

Marie reaped her reward for stepp out of her class by being brought to t with him on the stand against her, a State's witness. It came near breaking rest of the outfit, "squaring her" out that "rap." Now she is content to h her man count his money after he retu from "working."

III

Another, Madge, was young, pretty, of Iowa stock. She caught Red's fa when he and I arrived in Los Angeles a a forced trip from Denver. She wa waitress, and covered a dearth of bra with a recently-acquired line of sna chatter and a white uniform pleasan charm-revealing.

Red's regular lady, the volatile V was spending a month at Hot Springs the rôle of a wealthy oil-land owner, soon convinced Madge that as a pro sion, "dealing 'em off the arm" was so much. Two weeks later, when I ca at their bungalow, she naïvely infor me that they were married. I exten hearty congratulations.

Red was rough, abrupt, and reputed be vicious. That reputation was meri

n he was "working." Madge, believ- implicitly his tale of oily wealth, er questioned the truth of his explana- ns for his absences. I think it was that id, trustful belief in him which divested l of his usual hard exterior.

"My God! I'm hooked for that little ad," he confided to me one day. "But at the hell am I going to do when Vera ws up? She's due any day next week." "Can't you give Madge carfare back to va?"

"Sure," and Red offered a curiously pish grin. "Sure I *could*, but I don't nt to. I'm telling you she's the kind of ad every thief ought to have. She likes ook, and she's crazy about that flop of s—even had a guy come out and make ures of it, garden, car, everything. nted to send 'em to her folks. Say! I'm g to root for some real big dough—ry her—and get off this racket!"

"Steady! steady!" I cautioned. "You've n drunk before—and got sober." I had ons of an efficient partner gone to seed. Madge was crying next afternoon when admitted me. She was crying as a child s—from its heart.

"S-s-some policeman took Reddy away." natching up a coat, I wrapped it about and quickly bundled her into the car. 's arrest might be only a routine one, it might be—any one of several un- santly definite things. There was no for consolation when policemen were t.

he accompanied me without question ve drove to a beach town. She sobbed frequently as the rush of air struck her . Gone was all her snappy chatter: she an eighteen-year-old baby knowing t grief for the first time.

lvation Nell Murray's home was a -roomed apartment on the second floor building she owned. She had be- nded thieves and their girls for a score ears. Her place was an exchange for s and messages. A large, overripe an, with a sparkle in her eye and a gh and ready humor, she had simpli- fied the problems of life into eating, drinking and loving.

"This is Madge," I told her. "Her husband has had some difficulty. You know how these officers are." Nell nodded. "I don't want to see Madge arrested. Can she stay with you for a few days?"

Nell opened her arms to the girl and enfolded her to an ample breast. I watched the scene with pleasure, for in her movement was the gesture of one who welcomes with the soul. It was like the embrace of some great divinity. She could welcome and embrace Madge in particular, and yet seem to include scores of others at the same time.

Vera read of Red's arrest, and the news of his "wife." She rushed to Los Angeles, visited him at the jail, and then, unable to get a satisfactory explanation, she sought me. Of course I knew of no girl in connection with Red! Vera was unconvinced. Information she held, if revealed to the police, would have resulted in sending Red to prison for a longer time than he could hope to live. She never once intimated that she contemplated such a course —she knew of other girls' "suicides," and so I did not believe she entertained the idea.

But Red was held for investigation. The police, aware of his prison record, believed that he had been at work in the State, and continued to show him up to bank employés, messengers, and payroll carriers in the hope that one would recognize him. Before I could return to tell Madge that she had best remain quietly with Nell, she had returned to the bungalow, and there Vera met her.

The indignant Vera disillusioned her quickly concerning Red. The discussion brought on a fight, and Vera lost. She rushed to Nell's to get a gun. There I encountered her. Madge was packing when we returned. A newspaper, folded open at the want-ad column, lay atop her wardrobe trunk.

"I don't care," she said with some return of her former bantering attitude. "Redheads was *always* fickle."

IV

There comes now the memory of Dale's girl, Yvonne. She was French and she had come to this country as the wife of a patriot who had fought to make the world safe for democracy. Shortly afterward, he relinquished the charms of Yvonne for the more substantial ones of a Kansas corn-fed.

Though unable to speak American as it is gargled in a Kansas City dance-hall, Yvonne was yet able to get a job as a hostess. I danced with her one night, waiting to meet Dale. When he came in they danced. After that she danced no more with me, or anyone else—except Dale. From that moment there ceased to be a Dale or an Yvonne; they were inseparable and almost indivisible.

An attractive pair. Wrapped in their peculiar interests, they would be absent from the city for days, and offer no excuse to anyone when they returned. Dale was teaching her English, and acquiring some French for himself. Their jumbled conversations, particularly during dinner at some restaurant with the rest of us, were filled with a happy carelessness. Yvonne laughed often, but she had eyes for none but Dale. So evident was her devotion that when he suggested bringing her with us when we "went against" a large down-town bank there was but a momentary dissension. She could already handle a shotgun or a pistol with a skill bespeaking volumes for his training.

I was the last man out of the bank. The others were in the car. Yvonne, behind the wheel, snatched us away from the curb with a rush almost breath-taking. I caught a glimpse of her eyes in the rear-view-mirror, and they were dark and intent. There was nothing of fear or terror in them. Rather they held calm determination and cold resolve. The infrequent seconds during which she was not busy with the car were used to snatch melting glances at Dale by her side.

That night the house was surrounded by police and sheriffs. We had remained too long in one neighborhood. The c on the beat had developed certain picions, and having unusual intellig for a cop, had kept his ideas to himse stead of coming to the house to mak quiries. Finally, calling in help, he s street urchin to the door with a telling us we were under arrest. T message named several thieves whom cops believed were with us in the h Anticipating a battle, they had wa us with the note, and when we dic reply they opened fire. Yvonne displ the same countenance she had worn d the afternoon's drive.

"This is it—of which you told she whispered to Dale as he and I s irresolute.

"Yes," he replied. "It's a case o out—we can't surrender."

"Sell out?" Yvonne wrinkled her h "How is that?"

"You wouldn't understand." Dale je out. Already the police had fired a shots into the house.

"I do!" she exclaimed, quickly ta a place behind a trunk, and preparin reload guns for us.

"I can send you out. They won't s a girl—I don't *believe* they will sho girl," he amended.

"Give her a white handkerchief to and let her go before they start po slugs into the house," I suggested.

"White kerchief—wave—out?" looked quickly from Dale to me, her wide and accusing. "Leave *you?*"

"Better—if you stay you'll get k and—"

"No!" She stood erect, and swept me as though I had ceased to exist. chérie! My little cabbage!" and a lot Dale gathered her to him. The pose h have been directed by a movie dire but it was really instinctive, unaffe Faced with the fear of separation, clung tenaciously to each other. I ha impression of two people trying to stall the inevitable by the strengt their arms.

But it was not a moment for drawing anciful conjectures. We needed an "out" —and needed it immediately. The firing vas desultory—only the pistols and rifles ad been used. The machine guns and tear- as bombs were held in reserve. Leaving Dale and Yvonne for a moment, I scanned he shrubs alongside the house. Auto- nobile lights and a couple of searchlights vere being employed to illuminate the remises, but there was a dark strip where wo lights failed to overlap. Returning to he kids, I brought them to the window nd showed them the only possible chance f escape. In a few minutes it would be overed. But at the moment the siege had ot been thoroughly organized.

Yvonne wore a light dress, and Dale rced her into a drab duster. He contented imself with turning up his coat-collar to onceal the white of his shirt. Swiftly he opped to the grass. I lowered Yvonne. hey crouched and scampered through the rubbery. I saw them emerge at the farth- t end. A man accosted them. In the ight light there I discerned them, with- t coats or hats: they had discarded them attempt a desperate ruse. They clung to ch other as though frightened. Yvonne as speaking to the man, who, incident- ly, held a rifle in one hand. I crawled up the grass close enough to hear the con- rsation. She pleaded that they be al- wed to go home. They had been for a alk, she said, and they lived but a few ocks further. The officer accepted their planation, because he could not reconcile e two apparently scared youngsters with e bad men he had been sent to apprehend. ordered that the lights be thrown on e garden. In the confusion of the adjust- nt I gained the sidewalk and a moment er mingled with the crowd.

Yvonne and Dale left the city that night. e house was riddled, two officers were led in the cross-fire, and when it was nd empty about noon the next day, the lice were baffled to explain the escape of bandits! But from the laundry marks napkins in the house, the police estab- lished past residence and soon had our pictures identified. Yvonne was linked to Dale by some of the loose-mouthed gentry of the dance-hall. Her picture was unearthed in some manner, and with its publication, Dale and Yvonne were unable to remain in the State. They headed toward the Pacific Coast. At Colorado Springs they were stopped for questioning. An officer attempted to arrest them. Yvonne shot him through the head.

Westward they drove until they reached Glendale, a suburb of Los Angeles—Tristram and Isolde seeking a haven of safety for their love. Faced with the ocean, they drove back a few miles and rented a furnished home. From there they seldom ventured. Dale had a great sum of money from the Kansas City robbery, and there was no reason for further stealing just then.

There were frequent rumors that they were in Southern California, but the police could get no definite report. Eager to rejoin some of the outfit, Dale risked a visit to Salvation Nell's. He had no other means of establishing communication, and he wanted someone to go with him on a reckless robbery that would result in making him independently rich, and enable him to return to France with Yvonne. This much he told Nell before a chance visit from a detective forced him to leave. In the exchange of shots Dale was struck in the arm. With his identity established, and his presence positively located in that part of the State, the police posted bills like circus plasters for his arrest. It was impossible for him to undertake a lengthy drive in his condition, but Yvonne insisted that she could hold the wheel for the five hundred miles necessary to bring them into San Francisco. First they alternated in making trips from the house to different gasoline stations. At each they would fill the car tank and a five-gallon can with gasoline. With thirty gallons in reserve they could make the dash without stopping. They were set to go one evening about dark, and in an expensive, closed car they drove to the outskirts of Glendale.

Stopping long enough to fill the tank again was a fatal mistake.

Dale had been at that station two days before. The clerk had recognized him and reported to the police. Four detectives were waiting, concealed in the shadows. Into the light Dale drove. While he was instructing the attendant an officer stepped into view, and, leveling a gun at him, he called for surrender. Dale leaped from the car and shot the man. Another opened fire from one side. Yvonne shot at him as he pumped the contents of an automatic into Dale. In the light, Dale whirled about, fired at the officer, and then collapsed. Yvonne lifted a rifle and fired at the third officer again. The fourth raised a shotgun and blasted away half her head.

V

Mae had married Art within a week after he had got seventeen thousand dollars for his end of a robbery. She was past forty, and had served several terms in the county jails, yet she had preserved some of the charm that gave Ninon de Lenclos the power to attract homage until the day of her death. Mae had a passion for marrying young thieves. Art was aware that she had not been divorced from the others, who were all in prison; one of them he knew. But when she insisted that he observe the legal rituals before being granted her debatable favors, he acquiesced.

Mae had a code, and followed it. She handled Art as a veteran trainer handles a fighter. She instructed him in what parts of town to avoid. She labeled for him the questionable characters among the thieves in her extensive acquaintance. And when he was arrested she used her peculiar knowledge to get him a disagreement in the first two juries. At the third trial she bribed the bailiff and secured an acquittal. Together they knew a few hysterically happy weeks. Art swore that she was the finest and most loyal of all women. What was a difference of twenty years in age?

When he was again arrested following a robbery in a different part of the St Mae arranged a quick straw-bond for h The investigation that followed his fai to appear for trial caused the State to come too small to contain him. So went into an adjoining State and "work with a group on a night raid. He arrested on a chance recognition, and arranged a fight against extradition him. When that seemed likely to fail, climbed to the top of the jail, sa several bars from a skylight and low hacksaws into the corridor. After Art sawed his way out of his cell, she low a rope and he climbed safely up be her.

When they had escaped to another of the country, Mae drove a car while held up and secured from two employ large payroll. When he was subseque arrested for that robbery, and Mae held as a suspect-accomplice, Art confe and exonerated her.

"No, I never visit Art," she told "It would be cruel. I can't help him n But you can't hold that against m stuck to him as long—and did as muc him—as anyone could."

She had a code—and she followed

VI

But to return to Vera—Red's girl—the curious mixture.

We were casing a large bank, and ne a house to work from. Red was well kn to the police of that city, so the pr inary work devolved upon me. Certai periences of the past had instilled in distrust of women as partners. If I g get a girl like Vera—fine! But I pref at that time to have only the passing tacts with women that I had known b serving my first prison term. Vera against this.

"What you need," she said, "is a so girl. I think I know one for you. You have to get married. Not right at fi but you will after a while. It's the right way to live. I've been a thou

imes happier since Red and I were narried."

We were seated about the dinner table, nd she leaned over to touch Red's freckled nand. He grinned. I mused on the incongruity of her logic. Happier since they had ielded to a legal requirement? Happier in is profession of robber because he had tood before a justice of the peace and numbled a formula? . . .

Vera was against Red's continued stealng. She wanted him to make enough noney in one raid to buy an apartmentouse and then live within the law. She ad found the germ of that idea, perhaps, n her belated observance of the marriage ows. Red was not exactly against the dea, but he had a great many friends who ere constantly needing help. Frequently e had to pay attorney's fees for thieves who had been caught broke. Once he had osted fifteen thousand dollars for an ppeal bond. When the case was decided dversely by the Appellate Court he urged he chap to run away, and forfeited the ond with a smile. But Vera became inistent that his constant risks were too reat. He treated her pleas lightly, and it as that fact which first gave her the idea hat she was not completely understood y her husband.

Thus Vera grew in the belief that Red id not appreciate her. She nagged him onstantly. She wanted him to quit, and ave the city with her. Her intuition *told* er there was something wrong. . . . I was t the house often in the days that followed. Vera threatened to kill herself if ed did not leave with her. He offered to nd her halfway across the continent to sit some friends while he and I completed our business. But she insisted that e would remain rather than go away id be prey to her imagination. She anted to know precisely what chances he as taking. She had to have something worry about—and Red supplied it.

She and I were waiting for Red. It was out eight o'clock and he had not yet me home for dinner. She became as nearly hysterical as a woman can go without screaming. She pulled at a pillow on the lounge until she tore it to shreds. Then, in odd contrast to her appearance, she spoke quietly. "He just *has* to come before another hour or I'll go crazy—I can't stand this!" There was nothing dramatic in her voice. She made the statement so calmly and judiciously that the words seemed to send a chill about the room. There was an ominous note of finality in them. She had mounted to the heights of anxiety and there concluded that she must have relief from the constant strain. Though she had stolen often herself, and taken her chances many times with Red, she yet retained some saving quality which would not allow her to enter completely into the life. Whether the marriage ceremony had released that quality, I can only guess; but I know that after it she more than ever desired to have her man with her—that she was made frantic by the fear of receiving a 'phone call from an attorney, to tell her that Red was in jail. I thought her rather selfish at that moment. As I saw it, Red was taking chances for her daily. He was risking long years in prison to gain for her the home she had so often pictured to him.

Again she grew restless. Her calm determination now deserted her. She plucked the shredded pillow case with increasing nervousness. As her eyes encountered mine I saw they were wide, and she blinked rapidly. Ever acutely conscious of others' moods, I tried to calm her, despite the fact that I was fighting a battle to retain my own composure. I succeeded only in adding fuel to the flame rising within her.

"It's not worth it!" she exclaimed. "All the money in the world isn't worth this worry."

"It'll be all right," I offered. "He'll be home soon. Probably he's only busy, and—"

"Oh! you *don't* understand!" She stood erect and crossed to the window. "It isn't only now—it's always! Can you imagine what it means to have the one you love

better than life constantly away from your side?" I thought I could, and again I assured her that he would come soon.

"Yes," she said with an odd catch of her breath, "yes, I believe he will. But in the morning he'll be gone again—for the whole day, maybe half the night. And then this awful worry! When he's here, everything is all right—but when I'm alone—oh, I can't explain it! Please, please! Make him stop! won't you, please? Ask him to stop and let's all go away! You don't know how much it would mean to me, away from here. Please make him stop, won't you?"

She was rapidly losing every vestige of control.

"Of course I will," I assured her. "There's no reason why you and he can't take a train out tonight. I'll talk with him, Vera—but sit down and don't be worrying so. It'll be all right."

"If it only *would* be all right." She returned to the lounge, and grabbing the torn pillow she shook it as though to relieve her excitement in physical exertion. "I've heard that so often: 'It'll be all right.' It's a thieves' phrase that gets on my nerves. I can't stand it! I can't stand this—I've got to do something!" At the ringing of the telephone she uttered a sharp cry. "Oh, what has happened? I know that's him."

Racing into another room I answered the call. It was Red. He told me to take a certain suitcase containing a new Thompson automatic from the closet, and put it in a "plant" in the cellar. He believed that he was being followed and had decided not to chance a raid if he could not shake off "the tail."

Hastily I hid the suitcase.

Returning to the room, I told Vera that Red was all right. I found her lying with her face buried in a pillow, her toes beating a tattoo on the end of the lounge. Her body quivered as though in the toils of some tremendous convulsion. I touched her shoulder and she turned a face so distorted with weeping that I was startled.

"I can't s-s-stand this any longer," sobbed. "You don't know! Oh, he doe love me or he wouldn't treat me this wa

Again she pounded the pillow. I trie reason with her. She repulsed me. " leave me alo-o-one—" and she was terical again.

She had extinguished the light in room. A shaft from the adjacent hall cut sharply into the darkness and illu nated her form. I stood so that the glar it would not strike her eyes as she twi and wiggled about. An anguish so deep profound, seemed to possess her that ceased to be herself. She became the syn of all thieves' girls—of all the wo who have lived, loved, and worried thieves. Always theirs has been the of sustaining a silent grief transcendin its horrors the most ignominious ho ever suffered by the martyrs.

A Eurydice in Hell, awaiting the m of her Orpheus. Yes—a thousand E dices! And in a Hell such as Dante n imagined.

VII

Her frantic struggling mounted unt approached the point where it must b —either in great comedy or great trag I was holding her in a futile attempt t duce a return of sanity. Then Red ent He had opened the door so quietly th was unaware of his presence until his shut out a portion of the hall light.

"What the hell's the matter?" Ho proached and I caught the odor of whis

"She's worried," I explained. wants you to quit the racket and—"

Vera sat erect. Red dropped down side her. They faced the light. Her were distorted and her hair hung b her eyes. Encircling her with one arm, brushed back the locks from her forel

"What's it you want?" he as thickly.

"O-o-o-o!" She tried to free herself him. Together they stood up. Red's were hostile, uncomprehending.

Disengaging herself she faced him. "I n't stand this! I can't stand this! I can't and this! You've got to quit now—or—" e strove desperately for some control of er mounting voice and failed—"or I'll ill myself!"

"Say!" Red spoke sharply. "Cut that ut! What do you think this is? Think I'm oing to duck because you have a fit?"

"Don't! don't!" She shrank from him as ough he had struck her. "Don't talk ke that, Red. You don't love me—oh! m better dead!"

"Aw, Vera—you know I can't quit ow. C'm on—be a regular fellow. Have a rink and you'll feel better." Red was less ngry then, but his irritation was evident. e bent over her and attempted to kiss her. e interposed her hand so suddenly it emed like a slap on his face.

"Oh, I'm better dead! I can't go on!" e almost shouted it.

Stung by the unexpected slap, Red jerked himself from her. "Stop talking like that! Stop saying you're better dead. What in the name of God is the matter with you? Ain't I giving you all I can?"

"Ple-e-ease promise me you'll stop stealing."

"Sure—when there ain't anything more to steal," Red snorted.

"Oh-h-h, if I had a gun I'd kill myself!"

Angrily, Red snatched a revolver from his pocket, and held it before her.

"Here's a rod. Blow your brains out if you want to—or else shut up and have a drink."

With a movement so quick I could scarce believe it had occurred, she caught the revolver from his hand, put the muzzle into her mouth and pulled the trigger. Glass from a shattered picture on the wall behind her tinkled on to the floor as she collapsed on the lounge.

HEARTS AND FLOWERS—AND CASH

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

THAT the latter-day American business man is fundamentally, and not merely for the sake of window-dressing, filled with sweetness and light is demonstrated by a study of his trade journals and the voluptuous literature of his sales campaigns. In the old days, before psychology was as necessary to every high-powered executive as a beautiful private secretary and a row of push-buttons on his desk, the standard advertisement was simple and concise. "Juicy Plug is the Best Chewing Tobacco," "Glob's Hair-Tonic Grows Hair": such austere statements, in good, heavy black type, were the last word in commercial seduction. But now an expensive magazine-cover artist is hired as the first step. If, for instance, the master-mind is selling cigarettes, he orders the creation of a canvas showing a girl seated in the moonlight with a young man. She is a very pretty girl, and she is posed so that her silk stockings gleam alluringly. The young man is incredibly handsome. A variation of this shows a bathing beach whereon the maiden exhibits her lovely curves and the young man is tanned like a life-guard. Still another picture shows a bridle path, with the girl smartly patrician in a riding habit. Whatever the scene, the two make a Fine Young Couple. Quite incidentally, or so it seems, the young man is smoking a cigarette, and so the work of art gives the impression that less dazzling lads may also pal around with beautiful ladies—if only they will switch to this particular brand. It is all very romantic, and it results in enormous sales.

The realtors were the pioneers in this poetical school of advertising. Inherently romantics, it was easy for them to p enticing pictures. The ill-fated Flo boom inspired their copy readers to zling efforts, and every stretch of hot along that depressing coast was depi as a Park Avenue resident's idea of Hea Now that the investing public is mor tarily nervous about Florida, some of t masters have turned their talents to North. I quote from a recent blurb ab a Long Island resort.

> At night, stars gleam like lanterns swinging the sky. And the refreshing tang of salt sea rides in on the lap of a gentle breeze. Softly con the lulling roar of restless surf. And when t hills have cast long shadows in the slantin silver path of the moon, you can sleep as you never slept before.
>
> Each golden day leaves you drowsy and co tented. For at your manor door your slighte whim is gratified. It's a glorious land of sport which to live. A precious bit of Kentish co perched on the slender tip of Long Island.

Some of the automobile men have a adopted this lascivious form of addr changing the style to suit their produ Once they dwelt exclusively on carbu ers, springs, upholstery, balloon tires a miles-per-gallon and frowned upon fa writing. But lately many of them h been saying it with elegant hand-pain oil paintings. One lay-out shows a sma excellently drawn picture of a boo damsel casting for trout in a mounta stream. Accompanying it is the caption

> Hip boots—flaming colors—a flying line and flash of silver scales. The thrill of winning—th joy of living. And waiting at the mountain lodge a clean cut little custom car for the fascinating journey home.

But the romantic streak in the Americ business man goes much deeper, it is c

lious, than mere advertising. He permits imself to be worked up to private fren-ies, passes them on to the consumer, and reates, thereby, what the psychologists all the Desire to Buy. Emotion, as he arned in the war, selling Liberty Bonds, the best stimulus for getting things one. And so, in the sometimes balmy ays of peace, he captures such sentiments s filial affection, love, friendship, hero-worship, and loyalty, and bends them to is uses. To stimulate the mass mind he rganizes special Days, Weeks and Months; arying from National Canned Goods Week to National Music Week. His cash egister clinks to an obligato, rendered ery *piano*, of "Hearts and Flowers."

The first great Buying Festival, aside om such ancients as Christmas, was Mother's Day. This holiday was founded, ithout the slightest notion that it had ommercial possibilities, by Miss Anna arvis, of Philadelphia, in 1908. Since then he has been standing on the sidelines, pro-esting in vehement disgust while the lorists, confectioners, telegraph companies nd cosmeticians have appropriated the ay to their private ends. On one occasion, n 1923, she was goaded to the point where he invaded a candy men's convention and erated the learned delegates, to their hocked surprise, for working and gouging he public. So remunerative did Mother's ay become in a few years that the haber-ashers and tobacconists began to reflect hat fathers were also entitled to some ecognition. Having hired public relations ounsel, they accordingly launched Fa-her's Day, and soon the slogans "Buy ad a Tie" and "Give Pop a Box of igars" were sounding through the land. ne of these merchants burst into verse:

To Dad

It's not because you pay the bills
Or the other things you do,
But the reason why we love you, Dad,
Is just because you're YOU.

Unhappily, this humane campaign has o far met with only scant success. Its unching was greeted with jeers by the ribald editorial writers of the land, who in many cases themselves enjoyed the honors and horrors of parenthood. Father already had a day, they protested. He had, in fact, twelve every year: the first day of each month, when the bills come in! Many a dad was thus led to regard unsympathetically the efforts made to do him reverence at his own expense; even some of the haberdashers themselves have been shaken by qualms, and one or two have expressed momentary fears that they were commercializing a holy sentiment. Thus Mr. LeGrand A. Gould, president of the Associated Men's Neckwear Industries, Inc., meditated on "The Deeper Significance of Father's Day" in the May, 1927, issue of *Neckwear*, the *War Cry* of the trade:

> About five years ago the first thoughts of Father's Day started percolating through my mind; at the start I rather resented the idea of commercializing Father's Day, as I have a dear old dad and also three children. But soon afterwards I happened to read an article on the crime wave that existed at the time, and the article gave statistics which proved that over 80% of the arrests were among boys and girls below the age of twenty-one. The article remained in my mind and began to associate itself with Father's Day.
>
> When Mother's Day came along I went over to the main street of Stamford, Conn., with my two boys to buy flowers for their mother. And when I saw all the people buying flowers, I realized the wonderful happiness that the florists of the country had created for millions of mothers by causing the public to pause and pay homage to the mothers of the country. In that moment I became sincerely convinced that any effort, regardless of the motive in back of it, which will bring the boys and girls of the country to a point where they will honor their mothers and fathers to a greater degree is a worthwhile step in the right direction.
>
> When the merchants of the country foster Father's Day, they are making a patriotic move, for the finer and nobler the ideals that are inculcated in the minds of the young, the greater and better will be the present and future generations.

"This," commented the editor of *Neckwear*, deeply moved, "shows the true spirit of Father's Day." "No one," he added, "can read these lines without a slight tightening of the throat, without experiencing the realization that Father's Day is a character molder of limitless possibilities, a true heightener of morale."

II

These ingenious philanthropists naturally reach their highest pitch of altruism as the third Sunday in June, now the officially designated Father's Day, draws near. Each year they perfect their organization to a greater degree, and there is now no more danger of a disaster like that of a year or two ago, when the necktie men announced that June 14 was the date and the tobacconists nominated June 21.

For months prior to Father's Day, the trade journals carry inspirational articles suggesting ways and means of putting it over with a bang. The *Haberdasher and Clothier and Furnisher*, a Munseyized publication of the retail trade, opened the columns of its May, 1927, issue to Mr. Gilmour F. Parker, sales manager of a chain of hat stores, for a warning to those sensitive souls who still felt they were cashing in on an artificially stimulated sentiment. Mr. Parker pointed out that Mother's Day had made vast sums for the florists, but that Father's Day was, as yet, a flop. He said:

> A retailer of men's clothing here and there got behind the idea half-heartedly. A goodly number of retail clothiers, without sufficient vision to recognize a great thing when they saw it, or sufficient energy to capitalize on a great thing when they recognized it, turned over sleepily and said: "Oh, well, let's let it pass. We don't want to capitalize on mawkish sentimentality, anyway."
>
> Which is just so much poppycock and twaddle. Father's Day, with the proper energy behind it, might easily be responsible for ten million dollars of additional business to the retail clothiers and haberdashers of America.

Mr. Parker went on to rebuke his guild-brothers for offering the wrong type of merchandise on Father's Day. The previous year, he said, the following articles had been among those most advertised as suitable gifts: two-pants suits, overcoats (reduced for next Winter), Palm Beach suits, socks, straw hats, underwear, garters, suspenders, bedroom furniture, ginger ale, and trousers. This was a grievous error, he continued. He could not vision Dad dancing with delight over a pair of garters. Father's Day, he said, "means enough in doll[ars] and cents to be taken seriously." Pri[ces] should not be reduced. Sales should [be] avoided, and only high-class goods offer[ed]. "BE CAREFUL," he warned, upper ca[se]. "NOT TO MAKE THEM TOO CHEAP."

The picture of Father, as it is held for[th] by the neckwear dealers, is that he is a tottering old ruin who never has any f[un] and whose entire function in life is to sweat cash. He always gets a dirty de[al]. Life, for him, is a vale of tears. This *mo[tif]* they sound repeatedly. I again quote fro[m] the throbbing columns of *Neckwear:*

> In the old days Father was just the crabby man who left early in the morning and came home for supper. He used to get sore when someone gave him a present because he had to pay for it himself.

But all this, the editor insists, thou[gh] he does not explain just how the Father Day bills are to be met, has changed:

> Father takes courage when he looks at the new calendar which gives him one bright Sunday in June. Does anybody disappoint the child who expectantly awaits a toy at Christmas? Will anyone disappoint Dad when the dear old man really becomes aware that for one day he is the King Pin?
>
> We guess not!

In another issue of *Neckwear* Mr. I. A. Ullman gives practical hints on how t[o] make Father's Day a roaring success. It is now firmly established, he says, and "will grow in spite of those who are still pessimists." Put half the energy into it that is burned up at Christmas and "in less than five years, the event will be as great if not greater." He proceeds:

> Put stuffers in your packages. Try and reach the school children, either through their school publications or some other method best suited to your community. Get your ministers, priests and rabbis to talk on the subject a week before. Use your head, and do everything to "put it over." It can be done.

Mr. Louis Freedom, writing in another issue, also felt that great moral importance attached itself to the day:

> To impress upon the youth of America, the necessity of observing the 4th commandment—HONOR THY FATHER AND MOTHER—is the duty of every good and well-meaning citizen.

Although it may appear on the surface as the commercialization of a beautiful tribute, what better means can you employ to do your share than the use of attractive displays that "Make Dad Glad?" And what makes a man feel younger than a natty tie to spruce up his entire appearance?

The members of the Associated Neckwear Industries are doing their part by supplying you with unlimited quantities of display matter, free of charge, to enable you to do your part in this wonderful tribute. The observation of Father's Day, while primarily to uplift the ideals of young men and women of the community, will also react to your benefit in the increased sale of men's neckwear.

But probably the high spot was a verse published in one of the trade journals. It was written by Miss Clara S. McCully, a previously unknown lady poet:

ONE FOR DAD

We write much of mother
And tell how we love her,
We offer our hearts at her shrine;
We praise her ornately,
(She takes it sedately)
Hereafter it's FATHER FOR MINE!

The tobacco men, meanwhile, were not idle. Acknowledging their debt to the necktie profession, which had first conceived this wow of an idea, the cigar manufacturers kept the presses humming with posters and window-trims. "A Cigar, a Smile, Makes Life Worthwhile" was one of the nifties. Wives and children were notified, by form letter, that their husbands preferred cigars to anything else and were assured that a pleasing brand could be found.

"Be very particular," warned one of the trade papers in suggesting circular letters to be mailed by neighborhood dealers, "not to send them to homes where the father is dead, or is, for some reason, not living with his wife. This might cause hard feeling."

The credit for the inauguration of all such Days and Weeks should go, I think, to the enterprising apple-growers of the Northwest. Having first broadcast the slogan, "An Apple a Day Keeps the Doctor Away," they organized National Apple Week, with appropriate civic exercises, and the crowning of pretty girls as "Miss Apple." The celebrated Mayor Hylan of New York City was among the first American statesmen to endorse Apple Week. The paint and varnish manufacturers followed with a Paint-up Week, and the realtors, ever up and coming, with a Better Homes Week. Canned Goods Week was then established to convince housewives that tinned stuffs were just as healthful as fresh vegetables. Thrift Week has been celebrated for several years in the name of Benjamin Franklin, but with the canny savings banks contributing their share of the expense. Last year the eminent Otto H. Kahn, LL.D., accepted the chairmanship of the committee in charge of National Music Week. He did it, apparently, to give dignity and prestige to the idea; in previous years it had been subjected to carping criticism. In 1924, for example, Deems Taylor wrote in the New York *World* that he could appreciate the value of National Prune Week—to the prune growers—but what, he asked, did Music Week have to do with music? It would result, he argued, only in booming the sale of radio sets, saxophones and talking machines.

Some of the special weeks are yet in their infancy. Among these is Jewish Book Week. The shoe men have, too, much work still to do to perfect National Shoe and Leather Week, and the Walk-a-Mile-a-Day movement. They find consolation, however, in the success of their motto, "Walk and Be Healthy." It has inspired numerous Y.M.C.A. athletic directors to lecture on the value of wearing out shoe leather. The shoe men launched the idea because a nation addicted to automobiles was buying fewer shoes. Sauerkraut Week represents an effort to heal the wounds of the late war. So does Pretzel Week.

III

Even the great public service corporations, pictured by cartoonists in the radical press as beefy old gentlemen smoking fat cigars, have demonstrated that beneath their rough exteriors their hearts are soft. In May of this year, as a proof of it, the cele-

brated Western Union Telegraph Company printed, at great expense, a monograph describing the boyhood home of John Howard Payne at Easthampton, L. I. This, as is the custom of the company, was distributed to the newspapers, with the notation that editors were at liberty to reprint all or any part of it. One section read:

> Nothing of a formal nature has been done to connect the author of "Home Sweet Home" officially with Mother's Day, yet many people feel that there is an inescapable appropriateness in such connection. What could be more fitting, they ask, than to associate with that day the song that is perhaps the best known in America, and which more clearly than any other gives expression to the thoughts which observance of that day engenders? With Mother's Day recognized officially throughout the United States, and with millions of Americans observing it in *telegrams* or letters, why shouldn't recognition be accorded the author of the song which has fixed the sentiment imperishably in the minds of Americans?

The italics are mine.

On Mother's Day the windows of the company's offices throughout the Republic were decorated with reproductions of Whistler's familiar portrait of his mother. The blanks on which messages were received and delivered that day were embellished with a drawing of the Payne house at Easthampton and the words "Mother's Day Greeting." On the counters were booklets with an assortment of refined sentiments for the benefit of customers unable to compose their own. The sentiment factory of the Western Union has, in fact, become a very vital part of the system, and soon, no doubt, another vice-president will be elected and placed in charge of it. Booklets containing suggested messages have been prepared for Christmas, New Year, Easter, St. Valentine's Day, Thanksgiving Day, Mother's Day and Yom Kippur. Another pamphlet, available at all hours of the day and night, has an assortment of ready-to-serve sentiments for every conceivable purpose; births, deaths, weddings, christenings, birthdays and miscellaneous anniversaries. There are messages to be sent to public men elected to high office and to other public men booted out to make places for the... There are pep messages for despatch... members of the varsity eleven preparing... die on the gridiron for Dear Old (*in... name of college or prep school here*). And th... are, of course, messages of joy (or gloo... to facilitate the work of plastered alum... after the game.

Certain vile words, such as "damn" a... "Hell" are barred from the wires of t... telegraph companies. Sweet sentimen... however, speed over them like arrows... flight. Following are two of the gems p... pared by the gag-men of the Western Uni... for the St. Valentine's Day rush:

> Thinkin' a little, wishin' a little,
> Far off and blue;
> Hopin' a little, sighin' a little
> Lonesome for you.

> Not from the whole wide world I chose thee;
> The wide, wide world could not enclose thee,
> For thou art the whole wide world to me.

The Postal Telegraph-Cable Compan... less of a pioneer in the field than th... Western Union, is now also providin... form telegrams. Both companies, it d... velops, are earning extra dividends becaus... they have kind hearts. The records of th... Western Union show that in 1926–2... 175,476 residents of New York City use... the wires to convey Christmas and Ne... Year messages, most of them from th... booklets of the company. This was a... increase of 17% over the previous year an... an increase of 86% over 1925. The gai... throughout the country has been 200% i... the last five years. The St. Valentine's Da... business of 1926 leaped 47% over the peal... of 1925. Clerks are still tabulating th... returns for last February.

Many of the messages turned out for th... benefit of those to whom original com... position is a strain are longer than th... standard ten words. But the companies... with a magnificent gesture of generosity... charge no more. One understands thi... generosity better on learning that eac... greeting in the booklet has a number, s... that nothing but that number, with th... name and address of the recipient and th... name of the sender, has to be transmitte...

over the wires. This explains also, how such fancy sentiments in verse as "Thinkin' of little" can be despatched without getting all snarled up.

Probably the smartest idea that the Western Union's sentiment factory has yet evolved was to offer a set of congratulatory messages to the nation, swept as it was by an unprecedented enthusiasm, to send to Col. Charles A. Lindbergh upon his arrival in Washington. These sentiments, often exceeding ten words in length but offered at the base rate, were available in every telegraph office in the United States, with delivery guaranteed on the day that the young flier landed from the *Memphis*. A total of 55,000 of them piled up at Washington. They were loaded on a truck, taken down to the wharf when the cruiser docked, and trundled after Lindbergh in the parade to the White House. If the Colonel ever read them, which is extremely unlikely, he must have been startled by the fact that there were no more than ten varieties among the 55,000. One telegram, from Minneapolis, had 17,500 signatures and was on a scroll 520 feet long. Ten messenger boys staggered under it.

The Postal Telegraph Company also provided predigested messages for Col. Lindbergh. Thereby, alas, it injured the feelings of its rival, for its sentiments were, almost word for word, identical with those of the Western Union.

IV

The ramifications of this new heart-throb industry are, it is obvious, unending. But no account of them can be even partially complete without credit to the small and select group of men who manufacture and sell greeting cards. Prior to 1918, according to an article written for *Printers' Ink* by Mr. J. W. Hicks, secretary-treasurer of the Greeting Card Association, comparatively few messages of cheer and good-will were introduced in America. Most of them, used chiefly at Christmas, New Year and Easter, were imported from Germany and England. Then came the World War, the transformation of the Christmas card factories abroad into poisoned gas and bomb plants and a shut-down in importations. Rallying in this crisis, the alert entrepreneurs of America began manufacturing on their own account. Things were just going well when the United States got into the scrap, and the more passionate patriots began saying that the money being spent for these baubles might better be used to repel the Hun. Says Mr. Hicks:

> Manufacturers seized on this argument however, and turned it in their favor. They felt that cards could play a part in keeping up morale and they decided to do something to combat comment unfavorable to the industry. The Greeting Card Association planned to show that cards could do two things; First, keep up the spirits of the people at home, and second, they could be used to remember the boys in service and keep up their spirits, too.

And so the boom was born, with the approval, no doubt, of the Hon. S. Stanwood Menken, of the National Security League, and Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer. To-day, encouraged by the slogan, "Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards," the infant industry includes 35 to 40 manufacturers, employs 5,000 workers and brings in about $55,000,000 a year. Through the efforts of the Greeting Card Association the kindly ear of Congress was reached, and now a 45% *ad valorem* duty removes the possibility that the English or Germans will ever recapture the field. Like the telegraph companies, the greeting card men take care that their fellow-Americans remember all appropriate days of felicitation. A statement of the aims, accomplishments and ideals of the Association, also prepared by Mr. Hicks, says:

> Not only are his [the potential customer's] affections properly budgetted, but his days as well. Indeed, so rapidly are the days of the year being appropriated by mothers, fathers, babies, grandmothers, homecomings, graduations and all sorts of hails and farewells, that the wonder is how long will our 365 days remain with us, and what shall we do then?

Going frankly into the secrets of the trade, Mr. Hicks reveals the fact that "to

manufacture a successful line of greeting cards, the very best artists and verse writers are an absolute necessity, and the manufacturer has consciously developed into an Art Publisher." The heavy advance work for the Christmas trade is done from February to August and artists sweat over snow scenes during the dog days.

> One frequently hears questions as to what has become of the valentines and Christmas cards of years ago, with paper lace, doves, opening doors and other frills. They are gone, definitely gone. There has entered in their place the Greeting Card with its bustling self-confidence and efficiency.
>
> The individual, romantic or otherwise, who now wishes to send any sort of message whatever to any person may go into a store and obtain his sentiments all ready, printed and waiting for him, his ardor no longer determined by the prosperity of his Muse, but of his pocketbook.

The Greeting Card Association, with its eye on vastly increased sales, has been energetic in calling the attention of the public to persons previously unsuspected of a weakness for greetings. It persuaded Miss Elsie Ferguson to pose for an advertisement in which she said:

> How happy we stage folks are when we know that people appreciate our efforts. It repays us for all the hard work, the long hours of rehearsal and the tiresome travel.
>
> And by appreciation I don't mean just applause in the theater. I mean also the greetings we receive from people. I treasure these expressions of appreciation among my most beloved possessions.
>
> Believe me, nothing is so heartening as to learn that someone, somewhere, believes in you enough to send you a card.

Many other actors and actresses, some of them of the screen, have also voiced their yearning for greeting cards, and no doubt they now receive large numbers of them from their admirers. Other great public figures, also in advertisements, have likewise consented to endorse the plan. Dr. Frank Crane, for example, urges the public to "spread good will at Easter." Miss Julia Hoyt says it is well to "cherish friendship as one of life's greatest joys." Similarly lofty ideas are expressed by Dorothy Dix, "a mother to millions," David Belasco, "who never forgets a friend," and Dr. Henry van Dyke.

So numerous have become the days a propriate for greeting card deluges and complicated the problems relating to th proper observance that the Greeting Ca Association has published a guide-bo entitled "Greeting Cards: When and Ho to Use Them." This volume, written Miss Anne Rittenhouse, a student etiquette, is sold at the nominal price twenty-five cents. Miss Rittenhouse gro poetic as she developes her happy them

> How cheerily the postman's whistle echoes through the street! Thrillingly and happily it heralds friendliness, the friendliness of greetings from far-off folks who, though half a world apart yet companion us in all our greatest hours.
>
> Like shuttles flying back and forth, cards of greeting weave the fabric of friendship, and as they fly they flash reflections of sunshine into many shaded hours of life.
>
> For friendship is one of the greatest things in the world—it is the silver lining that lightens the cloud of sorrow, the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow.
>
> In these hurrying times, we need frequent reminders of those quiet friendships that lie to windward of our souls, like anchors of steadfastness. The busiest people most appreciate that "a man should keep his friendships in constant repair."

Abandoning her lyre for a moment, Mi Rittenhouse then gives a short history her subject. From "the dawn of histor when stone-age men chiseled upon pro inent boulders the first intelligent messag of the adolescent world, until now, gree ings of one sort or another have chang the whole tenor of history," she writ Runners passed between "king and kin and chief and chief, carrying the greetin of kings." The Apostle James (who oug to be enshrined as the patron saint of t Greeting Card Association) wrote: " the twelve tribes, which are scatter abroad, greetings." The first Christm card of the modern type came much late though. It was designed, Miss Rittenhou has discovered, by J. C. Horsley, R.A., f Sir Henry Cole. That was in England a in the year 1846. She goes on:

> It might be far easier to list the people to whom you should *not* send greeting cards. Every friend of yours is delighted to be remembered and many acquaintances who are not within your intimate

circle are pleased to hear from you. All greetings are appreciated, no matter by whom they are received, but probably the most appreciative are the aged, the sick, and the lonely.

Children, of course, are always delighted to have letters or cards come through the mails. And shall we not speak of mothers who think constantly of absent children separated from them by space but not by interests? And fathers? Of course they are just as delighted as mothers to hear from the boys and girls who have gone away from home.

Of all greetings the one most welcome is the unexpected greeting—the one that comes on some day of gray disillusionment with a gay little chuckle of its own. Laughter and cheeriness are contagious.

But I must not give the impression that the Greeting Card Book of Etiquette offers nothing but poetic thoughts. Those who spend their two bits in the hope that it contains hints on how to do the correct thing receive, at the least, full value for their money. One of the "first courtesies in the sending of greeting cards" warns Miss Rittenhouse, "is to be sure that the name and address are correct." Greeting cards "should never be addressed by typewriter." No card should be mailed "on which either the signature on the card nor the address on the envelope is blotted." They are "entitled to the same respect and dignity" as are letters.

Minute directions are offered by Miss Rittenhouse for sending cards to the President of the United States, the Vice-President, the members of the Supreme Court, the gentlemen of Congress, and officers in the Army and Navy. Careful distinctions are drawn between "formal and informal" cards. It is possible, one finds, to use cards for many hitherto unexpected purposes: for wedding announcements, to acknowledge week-ends, and to express gratitude for gifts. Miss Rittenhouse is an honest expert, however, and demonstrates in the volume that she is in no way under the thumb of her employers. For some purposes, she admits, personal letters should follow the greeting cards.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

A CORRESPONDENT of the Sylacauga *Advance* tackles and disposes of a difficult subject:

> Death is a sting, because we do not understand it. It is also a privilege, because while those who pass through its vale can not come back; those left behind can go to those gone before. Therefore, it would seem at least that its sting is lost in the revelation of its privilege. We cannot call back those who are left on to the life eternal, that they enjoy in the presence and fellowship of the Master while we mourn, as is but natural, the passing of their dear little friend, faithful over a few things here; we cherish the fact that she has but recently been made ruler over many, and that we, like her, if we profit by His example, using the Christian virtues and ideas as our criterian, that we, too, can welcome the grim tyrant (death) as a kind messenger, sent to translate us from this imperfect to that all-perfect, glorious and celestrial, beyond where cares and troubles are not known, where partings do not come, but to live for ever in the joys of our Lord.

CONTRIBUTION to Alabama folk-lore by the editor of the eminent Athens *Courier:*

> A Negro, when asked what he thought of the drink just given him, said: "Just right, boss; just right! Ef it had been any worse it would have kilt me, and ef it had been any better I never would have gotten it."

CALIFORNIA

TRIBUTE to a holy man in the *B'nai Brith* of Los Angeles:

> Sinai Congregation of Los Angeles
> Is enjoyed and elates,
> That her leader, Rabbi Mayer Winkler,
> Became a citizen of the United States.
>
> Being in America only 5½ years,
> He masters the language so well,
> His speeches are very enjoyable,
> Those who heard him will tell.
>
> He is an ornament to the community,
> Has a high and brilliant mind,
> Such a man as Rabbi Mayer Winkler
> Is not so easy to find.
>
> Sinai Congregation is very fortunate,
> Such a leader to possess,
> In every way and manner,
> He is a perfect success.
>
> May he live many years,
> The leader of the Congregation to be,
> May he and his family,
> Have a life full of glee.

PHONOLOGICAL note by the music critic of the *Herald,* of the same dreadful town:

> Miss Elsa Alsen was in the city today, completing arrangements for her appearance with the Los Angeles Civic Opera Company. She is a lively woman, with mischievous brown eyes, and a rich Nordic accent.

ANTHEM of the Fresno Rotary Club, sung to the tune of "Oh, It Ain't Gonna Rain No More":

> Oh, there ain't no flies on us.
> There ain't no flies on us:
> There may be flies on some of you guys,
> But there ain't no flies on us.
> Oh, there ain't no crumbs on us.
> There ain't no crumbs on us:
> There may be crumbs on some of you bums,
> But there ain't no crumbs on us.
> Oh, there ain't no bugs on us,
> There ain't no bugs on us;
> There may be bugs on some of your mugs,
> But there ain't no bugs on us.

THE Hon. Samuel G. Mortland, speaking before the leaders of the furniture profession assembled in convention in San Francisco:

> The newspaper is the finest institution of learning in the United States today. Four years of conscientious and thoughtful study of the papers will give a young man a broader education than can be gained in any university.

CONNECTICUT

THE Hon. Louis M. Pawlett, secretary of the Bridgeport Rotary Club:

> I believe that in back of Rotary there is something bigger and broader and finer than anything that has ever been given to mankind before.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

SPECIMEN of the confidential information sent out to the gaping Babbitts of the Republic by the Hon. Fred H. Marvin, head of the Key Men of America, an organization of patriots:

The division which has come in the Protestant churches of the world between those called Fundamentalists and those called Modernists is a clever Socialist-Communist movement. The Fundamentalists, who remain strict in the creed, likewise refuse to be swept off their feet by the emotional cries of "no more war" or the more subtle, but none the less deadly slogan, "production for use, not for profit." The inception, the dictation, the suggestions for Modernism, as it is expressed in the Protestant churches today, will be found in the literature of the Socialist-Communist groups.

THE principles of Hearst Journalism, as set forth in a memorandum for the reporters of the Washington *Times:*

The Washington *Times* should be full of bright, snappy, interesting local stories.

We have a natural tendency to place emphasis on matters which are ponderous, dull and uninteresting. We must resist this tendency.

We must consider that the COMPOSITE newspaper reader does not care a hang about tax rates, budgets, insurance, disarmament, naval appropriations, public utilities policies, municipal improvements, or scores of other subjects which may appear to be important.

Newspaper readers are most interested in stories which contain the elements most dominant in the primitive emotions of themselves, namely:

1. SELF-PRESERVATION.
2. LOVE, OR REPRODUCTION.
3. AMBITION.

Stories containing one of these elements are good; those which contain two of the elements are better; those which contain all three elements form first-class newspaper material.

SELF-PRESERVATION—Under this heading come stories of murder, suicide, rescues, accidents, fights, facts as to health, food, liquor, etc.

LOVE, OR REPRODUCTION—This element is contained in stories of marriage, scandal, divorce, human triangles, romances, unusual acts done with love motive, jealousy, sex attraction, etc.

AMBITION—The ambition element is contained in articles tending to stimulate the reader to emulate the activity of a character in the story. Sports come under this classification.

The ambition element is aroused, also, by the mystery factor in a story. Mystery forms a challenge to the intelligence, and it thus stimulates the reader to buy further editions to note whether his solution, perhaps unconsciously made, is verified.

For example: The Hall-Mills story contained all three major-interest elements. The killings provided the self-preservation element. The intimacy of the preacher with Mrs. Mills introduced the love element. The mystery of who did the killings, why and how, challenged the intelligence and fired the reader's ambition to solve the problem.

Let us write our stories for the COMPOSITE reader.

Let us minimize stories which do not carry the major-interest elements. Let us disregard, or cover perfunctorily, subjects which are merely important, but not interesting.

Let the same principles apply to headline writing, selection and editing of telegraph news and departmental features.

A bonus of $5 will be paid for the best written local story each week, until further notice. The city editor will be the judge.

A bonus of $5 will be paid the copy desk for the best headline of the week. This will be awarded by a vote of the copy editors, the head of the desk to cast two votes if necessary to break a tie.

AVERY C. MARKS, JR.

FLORIDA

THE state of civilization in this incomparable commonwealth.

"Obscene, vile and vicious" books are being kept in the libraries of the Florida State College for Women at Tallahassee and the University of Florida at Gainesville, in violation of the State's criminal code, it was charged by a citizens' committee headed by L. A. Tatum, an elder of the Presbyterian church of this city, and A. Pichard, deacon of the First Baptist Church, before the State Board of Education, in session here yesterday.

The committee had prepared a typewritten report of seventeen pages containing quotations of objectionable passages compiled from books in use in the two institutions. Many of the passages relating to sex were highly obscene, the committee charged.

Among the authors mentioned in the committee report were Freud, Van Teslar, F. H. Allport, Edward A. Ross, G. Stanley Hall, Bertrand Russell, George Bernard Shaw and Upton Sinclair.

GEORGIA

THE Hon. Morgan Blake, sports editor of the celebrated Atlanta *Journal:*

Jesus Christ was the Greatest Sportsman Who ever lived.

THE editor of the Dahlonega *Nugget* tells his woes to his readers:

The doctor said we didn't have enough teeth to chew our food properly. So after due consideration we decided that a metal food chopper would be more serviceable and cheaper than a set hammered out of a gold nugget by a dentist, and now have one on hand, fastened to the table by our side and by turning the crank can grind our beans, chicken and dumplings in any quantity desired without tiring our jaws the least bit, or having any pain in our head, body or toe nails.

ILLINOIS

EXTRACT from an article by the Hon. Roger Sherman, president of the Illinois

State Bar Association, in the *American Law Review:*

> Successful lawyers, in the last analysis, are nothing but good salesmen. That statement may shock some of us, but it is a fact. Life itself, from the cradle to the grave is nothing but salesmanship in the last analysis. The baby sells its parents at the outset. That is an easy proposition in most cases. They are usually sold in advance. Nevertheless he does sell them and sell them completely; the child comes along and he sells his companions. He tries to make them think that he is a pretty agreeable kind of a boy, if he is a boy. Then he must sell his teachers, and he usually does sell them. When he gets a little older, and picks out some particular girl, he has the task of selling himself to her. Practicing law is practicing salesmanship.

YELLS prepared for the use of pupils in Daily Vacation Bible Schools by the national headquarters of the W. C. T. U. at Christian Evanston:

> Down with the bootlegger!
> Up with the law!
> Vote for Law Enforcement!
> Rah! Rah! Rah!
>
> Beer and wine—never, never, never!
> Boys and girls—ever, ever, ever!
> Beer and whiskey—both a curse!
> I drink water—safety first!

KENTUCKY

THE Hon. Clarence C. Hieatt, of Louisville, president of the National Association of Real Estate Boards:

> I always insist that the business of the realtor in all of its many phases is the most complex and difficult, and therefore the most interesting activity of man—that because of this, the appeal it makes should attract the interest and stir the ambition of the finest brains in the world. In no other field of human endeavor is there the same opportunity for the application of high vision, ripened judgment and tireless energy.

MARYLAND FREE STATE

REASSURING card in the celebrated Crisfield *Times:*

> COMMUNICATED
>
> To whom it may concern:
>
> We, the undersigned, who have been guests at the Rectory of St. John's many times, wish to state:
>
> *First*, That there has been no gambling, or crap shooting.
>
> *Second*, That any curious person may come and visit the Rectory and investigate for themselves.
>
> *Third*, Persons circulating any such malicious rumors are either mistaken or deliberately misrepresenting conditions.
>
> *Signed:*
>
> WILSON WARD,
> L. JEFFERSON FIELDS,
> ROGER RIGGIN,
> NORMAN BELL,
> MELVIN E. TULL,
> CLAYTON TYLER,
> LITTLETON T. DRYDEN,
> THOMAS LANDON,
> LEROY HINMAN,
> TOM RIGGIN,
> NORRIS ENNIS,
> R. G. SOMERS,
> JOHN HOLLAND.

REASSURING words from a correspond of Hearst's Baltimore *American:*

> I wish to state that local Law Enforcement has been a success. Baltimore is now as dry as it was before Prohibition.

MASSACHUSETTS

EXULTANT dithyrambs printed on front page of *Industry*, the organ of Associated Industries of this great Sta five days after Sacco and Vanzetti w bumped off:

> Old Massachusetts, there she stands!
> A flaming sword within her hands—
> A beacon light to other lands,
> Massachusetts, there she stands.
> The citadel of Liberty,
> Home of the brave, State of the free—
> The Shield of true democracy,
> Massachusetts, there she stands.
>
> O Massachusetts, loved and fair!
> To thee allegiance now we swear;
> For law and order still to dare,
> That right may flourish everywhere.
> What tho' disloyal, ruffian bands
> Assail thy fame with blood-red hands!
> Eternal truth our faith commands—
> Massachusetts, there she stands!

MICHIGAN

HUMAN progress in the great city Detroit, as described by a reader of *New Republic:*

> With the automobile, one single type was attracted to Detroit in a sort of gold-rush; the young, hustling, industrial go-getter came in such numbers that neither he nor his family could be assimilated into that group that normally leads in a city's æsthetic enrichment. He wasn't interested in Detroit; he had no roots there; he was, and is, content to make his money there without intention of making it his home or of caring that it should become the kind of place he would enjoy as a home. These newcomers, holding the balance of power, have been content to see the city lose much of its

charm and seemliness; trees are gone, ugliness is everywhere in a mushroom growth of cheap buildings; dirt and untidiness are the despair of an overworked board of health, politics are well meaning but impotent, and a tolerable climate has been murked with a smoke pall that rivals Pittsburgh, without Pittsburgh's excuse. Even the water supply is flavored with a colicky chlorine; in fact, anything goes that does not interfere with production.

NEBRASKA

LITERARY criticism by the erudite chief editorial writer of the Alliance *Times-Herald*, one of the leading papers of this great State:

> At last we've scanned "Elmer Gantry," the new tirade by Upton Sinclair. It's just like "The Brass Check," "The Jungle," and many other books by the man with the great pet peeve. He wrote "The Brass Check" because the newspapers refused to print his guff in the form of signed interviews. He wrote "The Jungle" because he was sore at the packers, and now some minister must have offended him and he has written a story that is an insult to the noblest profession on God's green earth. Here and there we find an Elmer Gantry in every walk of life. Alliance had one. But he no more represented the ministry of this or any other city than a flea represents a collie dog. Sinclair has made light of the small town, the business men's clubs and every organization except the Reds. He is becoming a national menace, and the only way to curb him is to refuse to buy his printed spleen.

NEW YORK

VARIATIONS upon Jeremiah LI, 8–13, by the editor of the eminent Babylon *Leader:*

> People of Babylon: We have in our midst a team of young men who beat a team which ranks with College Point, Port Washington and other strong teams, and still we do not notice them, encourage them. We say Babylon is progressing. Truly so, but in what trend? Babylon is progressing materially only and not spiritually. In this fast developing community, the foundation of true America, the national sport of true America, baseball, is being allowed to die out due to non-support. Are we so grossly imbued in the practice of material gain that we cannot devote a little spare time, a few spare words in the encouragement of local baseball?

LUSH prose from the mighty pen of the chief editorial writer of the Syracuse *Journal:*

> The Rev. Dr. Adolph Guttman, spiritual guide and Jewish leader, has gone to eternal sleep. His life as minister and man was exotic as the blush rose in the garden of time.

CANNED pep messages kindly prepared for illiterate collegians by the staff literati of the Western Union Telegraph Company:

> We are behind you for victory. Bring home the bacon.
>
> Give them everything you have. We expect you home as victors.
>
> . . . . . is behind you, rooting for victory. Fight with everything you have and bring home the bacon.
>
> We are proud of you. Make us doubly proud today by a victorious game.
>
> . . . . .'s teams are never known as losers. We are rooting for you to keep that reputation and bring home the bacon. Here's to victory.
>
> Everyone in . . . . . is with you today, rooting for victory. Fight with everything you have boys and bring back victory.

INCIDENT in the life of a great American thinker, as recorded by the Hon. Vincent Treanor in the eminent *Evening World:*

> Tunney lay on the rubbing board in the dressing-room at Stroudsburg. The room was filled with Gene's friends and well-wishers. Lou Fink, the trainer, was working over his charge when in walked Jimmy Bronson. He looked at Gene admiringly.
>
> "Gene," he began without any ceremony, "you are a man of destiny. God put a figure in uniform in that war over there to acquit himself with glory and then come back to win the championship. Gene, you are that man. The mantle fits you."
>
> The little speech was impressively rendered. Jimmy Eagleton, the Greenwich Village boyhood pal of Tunney, bowed his head reverently. Dudley Field Malone, sitting in a rocker, and certainly not given to mawkish sentiment, nodded in seeming belief. Others received the solemn declaration in respectful silence. Tunney rolled over on his side. He looked searchingly at Bronson, but said nothing.
>
> The writer thought that from that moment Tunney had a different aspect. Apparently lethargic, at least to us, he became more spirited. There was more pep to his sparring bouts. He landed on the big and little bags more studiously and with unmistakable deliberation. He was, if anything, more cheerful. No one knows what he thought before that, but now he began to fairly exude confidence.

FROM a list of prizes offered for solid contributions to the fine arts:

> SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, donated to the Art Center of New York by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., will be used to provide prizes for the best architectural suggestions for improved hot dog stands.

NORTH CAROLINA

NET results of Law Enforcement in the principality of the Hon. Josephus Daniels,

as reported by the Hickory correspondent of the Winston-Salem *Journal:*

> Corn liquor has reached the lowest price in years in Western North Carolina, according to persons familiar with the market price of the fluid. Gallon lots, according to the best reports, are being sold as cheaply as $5 retail. The average, these reports say, is between $6 and $7 per gallon, delivered at the door. Chief of Police E. W. Lentz told the City Council that persons whom he arrested on charges pertaining to the Volstead law had given him information that Western North Carolina's purest could be purchased at $1 per pint, which is about half the price of two years ago.

OHIO

HYMENEAL luxury among the high-toned Aframericans of Cincinnati, as described by the correspondent there of the eminent Pittsburg *Courier:*

> Notable and unique among the wedding gifts was the wedding cake, the most elaborate which has ever graced a similar occasion in Cincinnati. Representatives from every leading hotel and bakery in the city, having heard of it, had called to marvel at its size and exquisite workmanship and to question its baker, who stood by its side. Tier on tier this wonderful piece of pastry rose until it reached the height of four feet, adorned by wedding bells and a miniature bride and groom and surrounded by an enclosed park, built of loaf sugar, with tiny porticos and a brown sugar driveway, while on each side were pools with live gold fish swimming about.

OKLAHOMA

THE Hon. Henry S. Johnston, Governor of this illustrious commonwealth, as reported by the *Oklahoma News*, of Oklahoma City:

> Predicting the second coming of Christ as a certainty, scoring Modernists and critics of the Bible, Governor Henry S. Johnston addressed the congregation of the Capitol Hill Christian Church Sunday night. "Christ is coming again," he said. "It may take 500 or 1000 years, but He is coming."

OREGON

THE mind of the American policeman, as disclosed by a Corvallis dispatch:

> Although authorities in the city are holding James Parker on suspicion that he may be Harry Hill, wanted at Streator, Illinois, for killing his mother, doubt that he is the Chicago youth was expressed today as description of him shows that he is two inches shorter than Hill. Police believe, however, that he is wanted in Chicago for something, basing this opinion on his unwillingness to talk.

PENNSYLVANIA

THE Leaders of Thought of Harrisbu cut loose at the Shriners' convention Atlantic City:

> Zembo Temple plans one of the most unique stunts in the entire session. This will take place tomorrow morning at eleven o'clock, when its various units will march up the beach front from their headquarters to the Steel Pier all in red bathing suits. The Zembo Band of seventy pieces and the bugle and drum corps will furnish music while the drill units go through their unique maneuvers. Following this they will form in a straight line in number nearly 200 and in this formation march into the water until nothing but their heads will be visible.

SOUTH DAKOTA

ANATOMICAL and pathological marvel r ported by the Geddes *News:*

> Will Clark, while helping to take down the chautauqua tent, fell on a piece of glass and severely cut his wrist near the jugular vein.

TENNESSEE

NEWS dispatch from Knoxville, know the world over for the high moral lev of its citizenry:

> Herbert C. Sanford, teacher of the A B C Bible Class, returned to Knoxville last night after a four weeks vacation trip that carried him to Florida, the Isle of Pines, New York City, Atlantic City, Washington, points along the Atlantic Coast and North Carolina cities. During his absence Mr. Sanford spent more than four hours each day writing post cards to friends and acquaintances and members of the Bible class.

VIRGINIA

ROTARIAN Joseph Turner, of Roanoke, reported by the *World-News:*

> Rotary is not built around material progress. It is merely one posture of the soul.

WASHINGTON

CULTURAL news from the celebrated tow of Olympia, capital of this great State:

> After months devoted to State-wide tours on which he boasted that under no circumstances would he give his approval to contracts calling for the purchase of expensive spittoons for the new Capitol building, Governor Roland H. Hartley, by his own free will and volition, without coercion or intimidation, has attached his signature to a voucher calling for the purchase of 56 cuspidors, four to cost $100 each and the remaining 52 to cost $14 apiece. The four large ones are of bronze and will go in the main rotunda of the Capitol; the smaller ones are for the various offices.

PROFESSOR JERRY THOMAS

BY HERBERT ASBURY

THE Lord smiled benevolently upon the city of New Haven, Connecticut, on a stormy Winter's night in 1825, and His official tot-bearer, the stork, rode the gale from Heaven and deposited a little stranger within the humble cottage home of Mr. and Mrs. William Daniel Thomas, respectable though pious people, who were ever ready to drop a coin into the collection plate or provide a fried chicken for the pastor. They gazed upon the infant in bewildered but worshipping awe, and listened raptly to the wails which racked his puny frame. They named him Jeremiah.

"We'll make him a preacher," said Mr. Thomas. "Or a professor," he added, thinking of the adjacent Yale College and the dignified savants of the faculty.

"A preacher," Mrs. Thomas decided, and murmured ecstatically. "The Reverend Jeremiah Thomas! Oh, Will, maybe a D.D.!"

"Of course," agreed Mr. Thomas. "By all means a D.D."

But, alas, for the fond hopes of doting parents! A power transcending that of man had decreed the fate of the innocent babe, and no such exalted destiny had been plotted for him upon the heavenly charts. He did not become the Rev. Jeremiah Thomas; it was not written that he should receive and interpret, and, when necessary, amend the commands and wishes of the Almighty. Nor did he become a teacher at Yale, although the Yale boys learned much from him before he left New Haven to give his message to the world. Instead he became simply Jerry Thomas—but for more than three score years he lived a life of singular usefulness, and blessed many communities with the abundance of his service. He was a great artist with a touch of true genius, and the importance of his influence upon the gentler and more æsthetic aspects of American culture has been neither properly recognized nor adequately estimated. Indeed, he lies in an obscure grave, untopped by granite shaft or public memorial.

Briefly, Jerry Thomas was a bartender. But *what* a bartender! His name should never be mentioned in the same breath with that of the frowsy gorilla who, in these dark days of Prohibition, may be found lounging behind the bar of a dingy basement speakeasy, sloshing luke-warm ginger-ale into a dirty glass half-filled with raw alcohol, and then calling the unspeakable concoction a drink. Jerry Thomas had nothing in common with this Volsteadian simian; there is no more a basis for comparing them than there is for comparing Michael Angelo to Bud Fisher, or Dante to Eddie Guest. For Jerry Thomas was neither frowsy nor an ape; he was, indeed, an imposing and lordly figure of a man (*Homo sapiens*), portly, sleek and jovial, and yet possessed of immense dignity. A jacket of pure and spotless white encased his great bulk, and a huge and handsome mustache, neatly trimmed in the arresting style called walrus, adorned his lip and lay caressingly athwart his plump and rosy cheeks. He presented an inspiring spectacle as he leaned upon the polished mahogany of his bar, amid the gleam of polished silver and cut glass, and impressively pronounced the immemorial greeting, "What will it be, gentlemen?"—a sacred rite which the modern poison slinger has corrupted into a swipe at a pine board with a

greasy cloth and a peevish, "Whatcha want, gents? Hooch?"

In these decayed and evangelical times, when drinking has reverted to a savage guzzling of liquid dynamite, the name of Jerry Thomas arouses no answering spark of manhood from the craven victims of bootleg liquor or the cowed and beaten slaves who labor in the gloomy galleys of the Anti-Saloon League. But to the ancients who weep beside the bier of a lost art it brings back beautiful memories of golden fizzes and stimulating juleps, of cobblers, slings and sangarees. For Jerry Thomas was the greatest drink mixer of his age; his praises were sung by enlightened and Christian men from the Gulf of Mexico to the barren coast of Maine, and from the Golden Gate to Broadway. Aye, even in Europe he was recognized as a master craftsman; he visited Liverpool, Southampton, London and Paris in 1859, bearing with him his magnificent set of solid silver bar utensils, constructed at a cost of $4,000 for his own personal use, and astounded the effete drinkers of the Old World with the variety and extent of his virtuosity.

It was Jerry Thomas—rise, please—who invented those celebrated cold weather beverages which have come down to us as the blue blazer and the Tom and Jerry, the former a powerful concoction of burning whiskey and boiling water which, if properly employed, would render the hot water bottle obsolete. And it was Jerry Thomas who, a few years before the Civil War, gave the aid and encouragement of his genius to the cocktail, then a meek and lowly beverage pining for recognition and appreciation, and by self-sacrificing work in the laboratory raised it to its rightful place among the drinks. A perfect flood of new mixtures soon showered upon a delighted world, and the Metropolitan Hotel at Prince street and Broadway, in New York, where Jerry was Principal Bartender in the days when New York was the scene of the soundest drinking on earth, became the first great cocktail house.

As a mark of gratitude for his invention of the Tom and Jerry and the blue blazer and for his researches in the field of the cocktail, his host of admirers invested him with the honorable, if honorary, title of Professor, by which he was thereafter known, and which he carried with becoming dignity through the remainder of his earthly pilgrimage. Thus he fulfilled one of the ambitions which his father had expressed for him as he lay, a helpless little one, in the cradle of the New Haven cottage. But the church, ever an obstacle to human progress, failed to recognize his genius.

II

But it was not only as a scientist and beverage dispenser that Professor Thomas deserves a monument and the plaudits which are now wasted upon generals, bishops, movie actors, channel swimmers and aviators, for his interests were numerous and his fame in other lines was great. In many different ways, indeed, he lent force and direction to the cultural advance of the nation. He was a pioneer minstrel showman of the Pacific Coast, and owned a music hall in New York wherein Lew Dockstader began the career which was to make him the most celebrated minstrel man of his time; and he sponsored the first public exhibition of Thomas Nast's cartoons, and did much to popularize the work of that famous artist. And he also achieved renown as a collector; he owned more than three hundred gourds, of every conceivable shape and size, the finest and most important group of these natural curiosities in the United States, if not in the world. Indeed, the collection may well have been unique. Moreover, he was an author whose works have been sadly neglected by the critics, even by those high-powered, super-intellectuals among them who possess the occult power of reading things in a book that the writer never heard of. These giants sing the praises of realism, yet they have persis-

tently ignored the product of one of the few men who were ever able to make the real even more so, and who at the same time could take a frightened, trembling wretch and by the skillful application of a cocktail, a cobbler, a julep or a sangaree, sweetened to his taste, transform him into a stalwart hero, eager and able to bear the world upon his shoulders. The attention of these critics is respectfully invited to the volume into which Professor Thomas poured the vials of his wisdom, nay, his very soul, and published under this simple title:

HOW TO MIX DRINKS,
or,
THE BON VIVANT'S COMPANION

Containing Clear and Reliable Directions for Mixing all the Beverages Used in the United States, Together with the Most Popular British, French, German, Italian, Russian and Spanish Recipes, Embracing Punches, Juleps, Cobblers, etc., etc., etc., in Endless Variety.

By JERRY THOMAS

Formerly Principal Bartender at the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, and the Planters' House, St. Louis.

TO WHICH IS APPENDED
A MANUAL FOR THE MANUFACTURE
of
Cordials, Liquors, Fancy Syrups, Etc., Etc.,
After the Most Approved Methods Now Used in the Distillation of Liquors and Beverages, Designed for the Special Use of Manufacturers and Dealers in Wines and Spirits, Grocers, Tavern Keepers and Private Families, the Same Being Adapted to the Trade of the United States and Canada.

ILLUSTRATED WITH DESCRIPTIVE ENGRAVINGS.

The Whole Containing
Over 600 Valuable Recipes.

By Christian Schultz,

Professor of Chemistry, Apothecary and Manufacturer of Wines, Liquors, Cordials, etc., etc., from Berne, Switzerland.

This erudite work first appeared early in 1862, and quickly went through half a dozen large printings. Said the preface to the first edition:

> It struck us that a list of all the social drinks—the composite beverages, if we may call them so—of America, would really be one of the curiosities of jovial literature; and that if it was combined with a catalogue of the mixtures common to other nations, and made practically useful by the addition of a concise description of the various processes for brewing each, it would be a blessing to mankind. There would be no excuse for imbibing, with such a book at hand, the villainous compounds of bar-keeping Goths and Vandals, who know no more of the amenities of a *bon-vivant* existence than a Hottentot can know of the bouquet of champagne. "There's philosophy," says Father Tom in the drama, "even in a jug of punch." We claim the credit of philosophy preaching by example, then, to no ordinary extent in the composition of this volume, for our index exhibits the title of eighty-six different kinds of punches, together with a universe of cobblers, juleps, bitters, cups, slings, shrubs, etc., each and all of which the reader is carefully educated how to concoct in the choicest manner. For the perfection of this education the name, alone, of Jerry Thomas is a sufficient guarantee. He has travelled Europe and America in search of all that is recondite in this branch of the spirit art. He has been the Jupiter Olympus of the bar at the Metropolitan Hotel in this city. He was the presiding deity at the Planters' House, St. Louis. He has been the proprietor of one of the most *recherché* saloons in New Orleans as well as in New York. His very name is synonymous in the lexicon of mixed drinks with all that is rare and original. And as he is as inexorable as the Medes and Persians in his principle that no excellent drink can be made out of anything but excellent materials, we conceive that we are safe in asserting that whatever may be prepared after his directions will be able to speak eloquently for itself. "Good wine needs no bush," Shakespeare tells us, and over one of Jerry's mixtures eulogy is quite as redundant.

So rapturously was "The Bon Vivant's Companion" acclaimed, and so phenomenal its success, that scores of imitations soon appeared, and the book-stalls of the nation groaned beneath the weight of volumes purporting to give directions for the concocting of all sorts of delectable beverages. But through all this excess of publishing Professor Thomas's work remained steadfastly first in the hearts of his countrymen, everywhere accepted as the production of a Great Master. Even to this day the real adept at manipulating a cocktail-shaker and other such utensils, one who approaches the act of compounding a drink in the proper humbleness of spirit, regards it somewhat as the Modernist regards the Scriptures: as perhaps a trifle out-moded by later discoveries, yet still worthy of all respect and reverence as the foundation of his creed and practice. The last edition of it was published in 1887, and was something to weep over, for not only had the

elegant preface and the important contribution of Professor Schultz been omitted, but Professor Thomas's bursts of lyric writing had been subjected to the censorious scissors and the ravening blue pencil, and the title of the work had been changed from the roisteringly significant "Bon Vivant's Companion" to the vulgar and prosaic "Bartender's Guide, or, How to Mix All Kinds of Plain and Fancy Drinks." Worse, the elegant preface had given way to uninspiring "Hints to Bartenders." In this form the book lacked spirit; it was little more than a dull account of instructions to take a little of this and a little of that, shake them up and pour them down. I have been unable to find any record of how and when Professor Thomas passed to his reward, but I should not be surprised to learn that he expired of shock and horror with the final edition of his invaluable contribution to American science and culture in his hands. It is impossible to believe that he acquiesced in the editorial mutilations.

When Professor Thomas sat down to write "The Bon Vivant's Companion" and spray his nectarian delights upon a parched and thirsty world, he was very full of his subject—I speak figuratively—and his enthusiasm took the form of appending brief but appropriate comment to certain of his most beloved recipés. Thus, when he had set down the sum total of human knowledge concerning the preparation of that blood brother to the cocktail, the brandy crusta, one snifter of which would make a Prohibition agent of today burst into tears and tear up his bootlegging contracts, he added, "then smile." Again, when he had described a favorite beverage in great and glamorous detail, he concluded with the simple injunction, "Imbibe!" Occasionally he soared into the more rarefied strata of literary endeavor and brought down a poem; it is to one of these inspired moments, when the mantle of Omar lay caressingly across his shoulders, that we are indebted for the proper method of preparing mulled wine, a not so mild beverage which in those simpl and lawless days was usually consume amid the tender intimacies of the home:

> First, my dear Madam, you must take
> Nine eggs, which carefully you'll break—
> Into a bowl you'll drop the white,
> The yolks into another by it.
> Let Betsy beat the whites with switch,
> Till they appear quite frothed and rich—
> Another hand the yolks must beat
> With sugar, which will make them sweet;
> Three or four spoonfuls maybe will do,
> Though some, perhaps, would take but two.
> Into a skillet next you'll pour
> A bottle of good wine, or more—
> Put half a pint of water, too,
> Or it may prove too strong for you;
> And while the eggs (by two) are beating,
> The wine and water may be heating;
> But, when it comes to boiling heat,
> The yolks and whites together beat
> With half a pint of water more—
> Mixing them well, then gently pour
> Into the skillet with the wine,
> And stir it briskly all the time.
> Then pour if off into a pitcher;
> Grate nutmeg in to make it richer.
> Then drink it hot, for he's a fool,
> Who lets such precious liquor cool.

III

The Dictionary of American Biography and other such standard works of reference to their shame be it said, contain no ac counts of Professor Thomas's life, and ex tensive research has failed to unearth any information about the period of his early youth. It seems fair to assume, however that he did not attend Yale College o otherwise employ his time in dissipation for at the age of twenty we find him a very eager but humble assistant to the Principal Bartender of a New Haven saloon, where he soon attracted favorable attention by his indefatigable quest of knowledge and lush inventiveness. He remained in New Haven for two years, constantly adding to his store of wisdom, and conducting a series of experiments by which he definitely disproved the theory, then widely held, and in recent years revived, that the alcoholic capacity of the American college boy was (and is) unlimited. In 1847, having exhausted New Haven as well as a majority of the Yale lads, he decided to seek hardier subjects for his tests, and so

shipped before the mast and sailed out of New York aboard the bark *Annie Smith*. The skipper of the *Annie Smith* was a notorious martinet, but he served excellent grog, and Professor Thomas hoped that with this as a basis he might invent something which would relieve the sailor's life of much of its hardship. The plight of the seaman had always saddened him.

The *Annie Smith* docked at San Francisco in the early Fall of 1849, after an eventful voyage around Cape Horn, and Professor Thomas left the vessel without the formality of saying good-bye to the skipper, for that verjuiced person had failed to recognize genius even when it was constantly under foot, and had looked with vigorous disapproval upon all his attempts to improve the grog and drinking habits of the crew. The Professor wisely remained in seclusion until the *Annie Smith* had sailed on her return voyage, and then became first assistant to the Principal Bartender of the El Dorado saloon, a famous resort of early San Francisco. There he continued his researches, and found excellent laboratory animals in the booted, bewhiskered, red-shirted, artillery-laden miners who flocked into the Dorado eager to exchange their new-found wealth for the products of the bartender's genius. For these gentlemen, rough of exterior but sound drinkers, Professor Thomas prepared the simple beverages of the period, but on occasion he also compounded novel mixtures which crashed through their systems and shook them loose from their boots, or at any rate from their gold dust. It is related that once, when a party of desperadoes swarmed into the El Dorado intent upon robbery, he suavely suggested that they refresh themselves before proceeding with their nefarious enterprise. They assented, whereupon he prepared a dram which stretched them quivering and helpless upon the floor. The Vigilantes then hanged them with considerable ceremony.

Professor Thomas refused to divulge the composition of the potion with which he had laid the bandits low, insisting that it had neither commercial value nor artistic merit, and that he would never again mix it unless confronted by a similar emergency. So far as can be ascertained he died with the secret locked in his heart. But the undoing of the robbers had not exhausted his powers of invention, as the customers of the El Dorado learned a few days later, when there came into the saloon a giant laden with gold dust and with three layers of pistols strapped about his equator. He had been many months in the mines and was fit to be tied; he yearned for adventure, and loudly proclaimed that whiskey was a beverage for nursing infants, and that the only way a distillery could get him would be to fall upon him.

"Barkeep!" he roared. "Fix me up some hell-fire that'll shake me right down to my gizzard!"

Professor Thomas surveyed him calmly and shrewdly estimated his capacity, which was obviously abnormal. He realized that here, at last, was a man worthy of his genius.

"Come back in an hour," he said. "I shall have something for you then."

The giant stamped out of the saloon, and Professor Thomas retired to the back room. His reputation, he realized, was at stake; if he did not produce something which would take the roar out of that colossus, all would be lost, even honor. So he grappled with the problem, and within an hour emerged, his brow wrinkled by furrows from the violence of his effort, but with a magnificent idea sizzling and crackling in his brain. A deep silence fell upon the crowded barroom as the Professor, looking neither to the right nor to the left, moved slowly into position behind the bar, and with great care took from their places in a special rack two silver mugs, with handles. These were the show utensils of the El Dorado, for they had been imported from New York at great expense, and the mere fact that they were being handled was sufficient to indicate that something of importance impended. Carefully setting the mugs upon the bar,

Professor Thomas twirled his great mustache and turned to his audience.

"Gentlemen!" he announced, impressively, "you are about to witness the birth of a new beverage!"

A sigh of anticipation arose from the assemblage, and with one accord the mass of men moved forward, respectfully, until they stood five deep before the bar, with the giant, still booted, in the front rank. Professor Thomas smiled, and quietly poured a tumbler full of Scotch whiskey into one of the mugs, following it with a slightly smaller quantity of boiling water. Then, with an evil-smelling sulphur match of the period, he ignited the liquid, and as the blue flame shot toward the ceiling and the crowd shrank back in awe, he hurled the blazing mixture back and forth between the two mugs, with a rapidity and a dexterity that were well nigh unbelievable. This amazing spectacle continued in full movement for perhaps ten seconds, and then Professor Thomas quickly poured the beverage into a tumbler and smothered the flame. He stirred a teaspoonful of pulverized white sugar into the mixture, added a twist of lemon peel, and shoved the smoking concoction across the bar to the booted and bewhiskered giant.

"Sir!" said Professor Thomas, bowing. "The blue blazer!"

The boastful miner threw his head back and flung the boiling drink down his throat. He stood motionless for a moment, smacking his lips and tasting the full flavor of it, and then a startled and even horrified expression spread over his face. He swayed like a reed in the wind. He shivered from head to foot. His teeth rattled. His mouth opened and closed, but he could say nothing. He sank slowly into a chair. He was no longer fit to be tied.

"He done it!" he whispered at last. "Right down to my gizzard! Yes, sir, right down to my gizzard! Yes, sir, right down to my gizzard!"

Finally, he staggered to his feet, flung a bag of gold dust upon the bar, and wandered unsteadily into the night; and thereafter drank no more for three days, for the effect of a blue blazer, prepared by an artist, is by no means ephemeral. "The blue blazer does not have a very euphonious or classic name," wrote Professor Thomas in "The Bon Vivant's Companion", "but it tastes better to the palate than it sounds to the ear. A beholder gazing for the first time upon an experienced artist compounding this beverage, would naturally come to the conclusion that it was a nectar for Pluto rather than Bacchus. The novice in mixing this beverage should be careful not to scald himself. To become proficient in throwing the liquid from one mug to the other, it will be necessary to practice for some time with cold water."

IV

The blue blazer soon became the most popular Winter beverage on the Pacific Coast, but the strain of constantly preparing it so wearied Professor Thomas that within a few months he concluded to retire from the practice of his art for a short period of recuperation. He therefore resigned his position as first assistant to the Principal Bartender of the El Dorado, and betook himself to the Yuba River goldfields, near Donaville, where he staked out a claim and busied himself with the prosaic occupation of digging gold. But after a week he could no longer stand supinely by and witness the monstrous indignities which the unskilled bartenders of Donaville perpetrated nightly upon helpless liquors, and so he returned to his life work, tending bar in the saloon owned by Claycraft & Cheever. During the daylight hours, however, he continued to work his mine, and by the following Spring had amassed a fortune of some $16,000 in gold dust. And having by that time educated the Donaville bartenders in good mixing habits, he cast for other cultural benefits that he might confer upon the booted and bewhiskered miners.

After a careful survey of the field, he decided that the principal need of the gold-

fields was refined amusement. It is true that the mining camps fairly swarmed with drinking places, and dance-halls staffed by hussies in short skirts, but Professor Thomas judged that such entertainment as they provided was neither refined nor educational; he was especially pained by the drinking habits of the hussies and their admirers, who generally took their liquor straight and thereafter abandoned themselves to disgraceful antics. To remedy this situation, he organized a minstrel band, with which he toured the gold country throughout the Summer. Ned Beach and Tom King were the end men, while the troupe also included Billy Wallace, Dan Coombs and Charley Stevens, all very famous singers and blackface comedians. The show prospered, but when Winter came Professor Thomas suddenly abandoned the enterprise and sailed for Central America. The reason for his departure remained a mystery until a miner, another bewhiskered giant, boasted that he had asked Professor Thomas to prepare a certain beverage, and that the Professor was obliged to hang his head and admit that he had never heard of it. The giant explained that the drink was peculiar to Central America.

Within a few months Professor Thomas had stocked his mental reservoir with the wisdom of the Central Americans, and then took ship to New York. There he learned that the Yale boys were again strutting boastfully about New Haven with no bartender to guide them. He immediately answered the call of duty and hastened to his home town, where he opened a new barroom, introduced the blue blazer, and soon put the Yale lads in their proper places. His task completed, he disposed of his New Haven holdings and journeyed to South Carolina to study the julep in its native haunt. When he had added this noble concoction to his répertoire he went to Chicago, and for several months eked out a lonely existence in that outpost of civilization, which had not then been subjected to the civilizing influences of machine guns. From Chicago he dropped down to St. Louis, where he became Principal Bartender at the Planters' House, one of the most famous hotels in America, especially noted for its fried chicken and waffles, its catfish and candied sweet potatoes. It was while he was presiding over the Planters' House bar, in the early fifties, that Professor Thomas reached the apex of his career by inventing a beverage which he first called the Copenhagen, and then the Jerry Thomas, but which has thundered down the years as the Tom and Jerry. I give herewith his original recipé for this prince of cold weather drinks. It should be prepared in a punch bowl, or other large container:

Five pounds of sugar.
One dozen eggs.
Half a small glass of Jamaica rum.
One and one-half teaspoonsful of ground cinnamon.
Half a teaspoonful of ground cloves
Half a teaspoonful of ground allspice.

Beat the white of the eggs to a stiff froth, and the yolks until they are as thin as water, and mix together and add the spice and rum, and thicken with sugar until the mixture attains the consistency of a light batter.

Take a small bar glass, and to one teaspoonful of the above mixture, add one wine glass of brandy, and fill the glass with boiling water; grate a little nutmeg on top. Adepts at the bar, in serving the Tom and Jerry, sometimes adopt a mixture of one-half brandy, one-fourth Jamaica rum and one-fourth Santa Cruz rum, instead of brandy plain. This compound is usually mixed and kept in a bottle, and a wine glass is used to each tumbler of Tom and Jerry.

A teaspoonful of cream of tartar, or about as much carbonate of soda as you can get on a dime, will prevent the sugar from settling to the bottom of the mixture.

With the invention of the Tom and Jerry and the introduction of the blue blazer into the Missouri metropolis, Professor Thomas concluded—though mistakenly—that he had civilized St. Louis and taken the curse off the hard mid-Western Winter. So he surrendered his post as Principal Bartender at the Planters' House, and amid the wailing of the citizenry embarked upon a flat-bottomed stern-wheeler which, in time, landed him at New Orleans. There he dipped into his money bags and opened a barroom which the preface to his literary

work describes as a very *recherché* establishment. But he soon became discouraged, for his heart was in the preparation of cold weather beverages, and there was scant demand in Louisiana for the blue blazer and the Tom and Jerry. So he sold his New Orleans holdings and returned to New York, where he was immediately engaged as Principal Bartender of the Metropolitan Hotel, then under the management of William M. Tweed and a center of the city's night life, which in those days was quite abundant. Professor Thomas celebrated his return to the chilly North by mixing a huge punch bowl of Tom and Jerry, which was given away free to all customers for a week, and by introducing several fine Southern mixtures to the jaded palates of the principal men of Gotham. Chief among them was the crusta, a beverage of rare merit, first compounded by Santani, owner of a celebrated Spanish café in New Orleans. In "The Bon Vivant's Companion" Professor Thomas gave the following instructions for preparing the brandy crusta, head of the family:

> Three or four dashes of gum syrup.
> One dash of Boker's bitters.
> One wine glass of brandy.
> Two dashes of Curaçao.
> One dash of lemon juice.
>
> First, mix the ingredients in a small tumbler, then take a fancy red wine-glass, rub a sliced lemon around the rim of the same and dip it into pulverized sugar, so that the sugar will adhere to the edge of the glass. Pare half a lemon the same as you would an apple (all in one piece), so that the paring will fit into the wine glass. After shaking up the crusta with ice, strain it into the wine-glass from the tumbler. Then smile.

V

When Professor Thomas began his experiments with the cocktail, this splendid concoction, whose name is now daily taken in vain by thousands of weird mixtures in thousands of American homes, was then the puling infant of the great family of beverages, and had few friends and practically no admirers. "The cocktail," wrote Professor Thomas, "is a modern invention and is generally used on fishing and other sporting parties, although some patients insist that it is good in the morning as a tonic." Indeed, at this period it was not only a morning drink, an eye-opener, but was seldom served over the bar; as Professor Thomas indicates, it was generally bottled and sold for trips into the country and other expeditions. In the course of time it became more popular, but as late as 1879 it had not become the standard before-dinner drink that it was in later years, and as it is now throughout this great land. "In the morning," said a paper called *Under the Gaslight*, in 1879, "the merchant, the lawyer, or the Methodist deacon takes his cocktail. Suppose it is not properly compounded? The whole day's proceedings go crooked because the man himself feels wrong from the effects of an unskillfully mixed drink."

After much research, Professor Thomas concluded that the lowly estate of the cocktail was in part due to the faulty bitters employed in its composition. He therefore busied himself in his laboratory, and in due time appeared with Jerry Thomas's Own Bitters, prepared according to the following formula:

> One-fourth pound of raisins, two ounces of cinnamon, one ounce of snake root, one lemon and one orange cut in slices, one ounce of cloves, and one ounce of allspice. Put the mixture in a good sized bottle and fill with Santa Cruz rum.

This discovery was made soon after Professor Thomas opened the first of his New York barrooms at Broadway and Washington Place, and during the next few years cocktail drinking increased so greatly that the beverage became the favorite morning tipple of all men of convivial habit, and few self-respecting New York business men would attempt to begin a day's work without one. However, very few of the myriad of present day cocktails were known. The first edition of "The Bon Vivant's Companion" lists but ten different varieties—the bottle, the brandy, the fancy brandy, the whiskey, the champagne, the gin, the fancy gin, the Japanese, the soda, and the

Jersey. They were all very simple mixtures, and with the exception of the last three are sufficiently described by their names. The Japanese cocktail was thus prepared by Professor Thomas:

One tablespoonful of orgeat syrup.
One half teaspoonful of Bogart's bitters.
One wine-glass of brandy.
One or two pieces of lemon peel.

The Jersey cocktail he composed of sugar, bitters and cider, while in the soda cocktail he substituted soda for the cider. Both were rather innocuous.

Professor Thomas's ballyhoo for the cocktail was carried on with great energy for almost a score of years, and the last edition of his masterpiece contains the formulæ for no fewer than twenty-four different kinds, including such favorites as the Manhattan, the Absinthe, and the Martini, which was originally called the Martinez. He also gave directions in that edition for preparing the morning glory, the Saratoga and the coffee cocktails, which were popular for many years, but are seldom heard of now. He made the morning glory thus:

Three dashes of gum syrup.
Two dashes of Curaçao.
Two dashes of Bogart's bitters.
One dash of absinthe.
One pony of brandy.
One pony of whiskey.
One piece of lemon peel, twisted to express the oil.
Two small pieces of ice.

Stir thoroughly and remove the ice. Fill the glass with seltzer water or plain soda, and stir with a teaspoon having a little sugar in it.

And thus the coffee cocktail:

One teaspoonful of powdered white sugar.
One fresh egg.
One large wine-glass of port wine.
One pony of brandy.

Break the egg into the glass, put in the sugar, and lastly the port wine. Shake up very thoroughly, and strain into a medium bar goblet. Grate a little nutmeg on top before serving.

"The name of this drink," wrote Professor Thomas with characteristic meticulosity, "is a misnomer, as coffee and bitters are not to be found among its ingredients. But it looks like coffee when it has been properly concocted, hence probably its name." Professor Thomas, in his work, also described five very interesting drinks called the Bishop, the Protestant Bishop, the Archbishop, the Cardinal and the Pope. Thus he made a Bishop: "Stick an orange full of cloves and roast it before a fire. When brown enough, cut it into quarters, and pour over it a quart of hot port wine, add sugar to taste, and let the mixture simmer for half an hour." To make an Archbishop, he substituted claret for port; to make a Cardinal, he substituted champagne for claret, and to make a Pope he substituted Burgundy for champagne. He prepared a Protestant Bishop thus: "Mix four tablespoons of white sugar, two tumblers of water, one lemon in slices, one bottle of claret, four tablespoons of Santa Cruz rum or Jamaica rum, and ice." All of these beverages were described in the first edition of "The Bon Vivant's Companion," but in the last edition the Archbishop, the Cardinal and the Pope were omitted because of protests from the Protestant denominations, which complained that the proportion of four Catholic drinks to one Protestant was unfair.

VI

Professor Thomas left the Metropolitan in 1859 to brave the dangers of a trans-Atlantic voyage, but he was both seasick and homesick, and in less than a year he was again in New York, and at Broadway and Washington Place opened the most ornate barroom in the metropolis. But within another twelve months the *Wanderlust* led him in a covered wagon to San Francisco, where he was Principal Bartender at the Occidental Hotel for almost two years. Then he joined a wagon train to Virginia City, Nevada, where he introduced sound drinking practices and amassed another small fortune in gold dust. In 1865 he returned to New York and roamed no more.

He opened a barroom at Broadway and Twenty-second street which became one of the most celebrated saloons in the history of the city, and was frequented by the best citizens. Thomas Nast was then a young

man struggling to find his place in the field of art, and Professor Thomas graciously extended a helping hand to him by opening his back room to the first exhibition of Nast cartoons. A hundred drawings of prominent personages were displayed upon the walls, and Nast leaped into instant popularity. Later Ned Mullin, a brilliant but dissipated caricaturist, exhibited his work in Thomas's gallery.

After seven years of continuous success and popularity, he sold his property at Twenty-second street and opened another and equally elaborate place at 1239 Broadway, where he remained for eight years. He finally disposed of this establishment to John Morrissey, a noted sporting figure. Morrissey came to New York in the early fifties during Gotham's golden age of gambling, when more than 6,000 gaming places were in open operation on Manhattan Island. Of these some 3,000 were first class establishments catering to men of sound financial substance and furnished with an elegance unsurpassed in later years. A majority of these early houses were in Park Row, Park Place and lower Broadway, and in Barclay, Vesey and Liberty streets, which are now entirely given over to business. They included such celebrated resorts as those operated by Orlando Moore, Handsome Sam Suydam, Jack Wallis, John Colton and Pat Herne. Wallis was a Chinaman who had been a faro dealer for French José, but had won the business from his employer on the toss of a coin. Many of the best houses were owned or backed by Reuben Parsons, the gambling monarch of the period, who was widely known as the Great American Faro Banker. Morrissey's most noted place was in Broadway just north of Tenth street, not far from the present Grace Church. His house in Saratoga Springs, which he founded in 1867, later came under the ownership of Richard Canfield, probably the most famous gambler New York has ever produced. In all of these elegant establishments faro was the principal game, and for more than twenty years after the Civil War it occupied the place in the affections of American fanciers that bridge and poker hold today.

After John Morrissey had purchased the Broadway property Professor Thomas moved downtown and in August, 1875, opened Thomas's Exchange at No. 3 Barclay street, which soon became as popular as any of his other places. Morrissey operated the Broadway house as a pool-room for a year or so, when it again came into the hands of the Professor, and was remodeled as a theater. It opened with a minstrel show in which Lew Dockstader made his first hit as a comedian. Dockstader's brother Charley was also a member of the company, as were Tommy Turner, Billy Bryant, Frank Kent, and Charley White, then the dean of minstrelsy. It was soon after he opened his Barclay street bar that Professor Thomas began to form his notable collection of gourds, which soon crowded cartoons and caricatures out of his mind, and within a few months literally covered the walls of his back room.

In Barclay street, now largely devoted to the sale of religious images and literature, Professor Thomas spent the remainder of his professional career, surrounded by his gourds and warmed by the respect and admiration of all enlightened drinkers. He strove to the last to inculcate proper drinking habits in his clientèle, and during his later years, as is the fashion of decaying men, became just a bit finicky, particularly about the Tom and Jerry and the blue blazer. He insisted that they were intended for cold weather only, and refused to prepare a Tom and Jerry until the first snowfall. It is related that he once smashed a punch-bowl containing the mixture which he found in the bar of a business rival in early September. He was even more strict with the blue blazer, and would prepare it for no man until the thermometer had registered ten degrees or less above zero. Thus battling for classical standards in his chosen art, he passed away, mourned and honored. He remains the greatest bartender in American history.

A JURY CASE

BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON

They had a still up in the mountains. There were three of them. They were all tough.

What I mean is they were not men to fool with—at least two of them weren't.

First of all there was Harvey Groves. Old man Groves had come into this mountain country thirty years before, and had bought a lot of mountain land here.

He hadn't a cent and had only made a small payment on the land.

Right away he began to make moon whiskey. He was one of the kind that can make pretty fair whiskey out of anything. They make whiskey out of potatoes, buckwheat, rye, corn or whatever they can get—the ones who really know how. One of that kind from here was sent to prison. He made whiskey out of the prunes they served the prisoners for breakfast—anyway, he called it whiskey. Old man Groves used to sell his whiskey down at the lumber mills. There was a big cutting going on over on Briar Top mountain.

They brought the lumber down the mountain to a town called Lumberville.

Old Groves sold his whiskey to the lumberjacks, and the manager of the mill got sore. He had old Groves into his office and tried to tell him what was what.

Instead, old Groves told him something. The manager said he would turn old Groves up. What he meant was that he would send the Federal men up the mountains after him, and old Groves told the manager that if a Federal man showed up in his hills he would burn the lumber stacked high about the mills at Lumberville.

He said it and he meant it, and the mill manager knew he meant it.

The old man got away with that. He stayed up in his hills and raised a large family up there. Those at home were all boys. Everyone about here speaks of the Grove girls, but what became of them I've never heard. There are none here now.

Harvey Groves was a tall, rawboned young man with one eye. He lost the other one in a fight. He began drinking and raising the devil all over the hills when he was little more than a boy, and after the old man died of a cancer, and the old woman died and the land was divided among the sons and sold, and he got his share, he blew it in gambling and drinking.

He went moonshining when he was twenty-five. Cal Long and George Small went in with him. They all chipped in to buy the still.

Nowadays you can make moon whiskey in a small still—it's called "over night stuff"—about fourteen gallons to the run, and you make a run in one night.

You can sell it fast. There are plenty of men to buy and run it into the coal mining country over east of here. It's pretty raw stuff.

Cal Long, who went in with Harvey, is a big man with a beard. He is as strong as an ox. They don't make them any meaner. He seems a peaceful enough man, when he isn't drinking, but when he starts to drink, look out. He usually carries a long knife and he has cut several men pretty badly. He has been in jail three times.

The third man in the party was George Small. He used to come by our house—lived out our way for a time. He is a small nervous looking young man who worked, until last Summer, on the farm of old man

Barclay. One day last Fall, when I was over on the Barclay road and was sitting under a bridge fishing, George came along the road.

What was the matter with him that time I've never found out.

I was sitting in silence under the bridge and he came along the road making queer movements with his hands. He was giving them a dry wash. His lips were moving. The road makes a turn right beyond the bridge, and I could see him coming for almost a half mile before he got to the bridge. I happened to be sitting under a bush and could see him without his seeing me. When he got close I heard his words. "O, my God, don't let me do it," he said. He kept saying it over and over. He had got married the Spring before. He might have had some trouble with his wife. I remember her as a small red-haired woman. I saw the pair together once. George was carrying their baby in his arms, and we stopped to talk. The woman moved a little away. She was shy as most mountain women are. George showed me the baby—not more than two weeks old—and it had a wrinkled little old face. It looked ages older than the father and mother, but George was fairly bursting with pride while I stood looking at it.

How he happened to go in with men like Harvey Groves and Cal Long is a wonder to me, and why they wanted him is another wonder.

I had always thought of George as a country neurotic—the kind you so often see in cities. He always seemed to me out of place among the men of these hills.

He might have fallen under the influence of Cal Long. A man like Cal likes to bully people physically. Cal liked to bully them spiritually too.

Luther Ford told me a tale about Cal and George. He said that one night in the Winter Cal went to George Small's house—it is a tumble-down little shack up in the hills—and called George out. The two men went off together to town and got drunk. They came back about two o'clock in the morning, and stood in th road before George's house. I have alread told you something about the wife. Luthe said that at that time she was sick. Sh was going to have another baby. A neigh bor had told Luther Ford. It was a quee performance, one of the kind of things tha happen in the country and that gives yo the creeps.

He said the two men stood in the roa before the house cursing the sick woma inside.

Little nervous George Small walking u and down the road in the snow cursing hi wife—Cal Long egging him on. Georg strutting like a little rooster. It must hav been a sight to see and to make you a littl sick seeing. Luther Ford said just hearin about it gave him a queer feeling in th pit of his stomach.

II

And this Spring early these three me went in together, making whiskey.

Between Cal and Harvey Groves it wa a case of dog eat dog. They had bough the still together, each putting in a thir of its cost, and then, one night after the had made and sold two runs, Harvey stol the still from the other two.

Of course, Cal set out to get him for that

There wasn't any law he and Georg Small could evoke—or whatever it is yo do with a law when you use it to get som man.

It took Cal a week to find out where Harvey had hidden, and was operating th still, and then he went to find George.

He wanted to get Harvey, but he wanted to get the still, too.

He went to George Small's house and tramped in. George was sitting there, and when he saw Cal, was frightened stiff. His wife, thinner than ever since her second child was born and half sick, was lying on a bed. In these little mountain cabins there is often but one room, and they cook, eat and sleep in it—often a big family.

When she saw Cal, George's wife began

to cry and, very likely, George wanted to cry too.

Cal sat down in a chair and took a bottle out of his pocket. George's wife says he had been drinking. He gave George a drink, staring at him hard when he offered it, and George had to take it.

George took four or five stiff drinks, not looking again at Cal or at his wife, who lay on the bed moaning and crying, and Cal never said a word.

Then suddenly George jumped up—his hands not doing the dry wash now—and began swearing at his wife.

"You keep quiet, damn you!" he yelled.

Then he did an odd thing. There were only two chairs in the cabin, and Cal Long had been sitting on one and George on the other. When Cal got up George took the chairs, one at a time, and going outside smashed them to splinters against a corner of the cabin.

Cal Long laughed at that. Then he told George to get his shotgun.

George did get it. It was hanging on a hook in the house and was loaded, I presume, and the two went away together into the woods.

Harvey Groves had got bold. He must have thought he had Cal Long bluffed. That's the weakness of these tough men. They never think anyone else is as tough as themselves.

Harvey had set the still up in a tiny, half broken down old house on what had once been his father's land, and was making a daylight run.

He had two guns up there but never got a chance to use either of them.

Cal and George must have just crept up pretty close to the house in the long grass and weeds.

They got up close, George with the gun in his hands, and then Harvey came to the door of the house. He may have heard them. Some of these mountain men, who have been law breakers since they were small boys, have sharp ears and eyes.

There must have been a terrific moment. I've talked with Luther Ford and several others about it. We are all, of course, sorry for George.

Luther who is something of a dramatist likes to describe the scene. His version is, to be sure, all a matter of fancy. When he tells the story he kneels in the grass with a stick in his hand. He begins to tremble, and the end of the stick wobbles about. He has taken a distant tree for the figure of Harvey Groves, now dead. When he tells of the scene in that way, all of us standing about and, in spite of the ridiculous figures Luther cuts, a little breathless, he goes on for perhaps five seconds, wobbling the stick about, apparently utterly helpless and frightened, and then his figure suddenly seems to stiffen and harden.

Luther could do it better if he wasn't built as he is—long and loose-jointed, whereas George Small, whose part in the tragedy he is playing, is small, and, as I have said, nervous and rather jerky.

But Luther does that, saying, in a low voice to us others standing and looking, "Now Cal Long has touched me on the shoulder."

The idea, you understand, is that the two men crept up to the lonely little mountain house in the late afternoon, George Small creeping ahead with the heavily loaded shotgun in his hands, really being driven forward by Cal Long, creeping at his heels, a man, Luther explains, simply too strong for him, and that, at the fatal moment, when they faced Harvey Groves, and I presume had to shoot or be shot, and George weakened, Cal Long just touched George on the shoulder.

The touch, you see, according to Luther's notion, was a command.

It said, "Shoot!", and George's body stiffened, and he shot.

He shot straight, too.

There was a piece of sheet-iron lying by the door of the house. What it was doing there I don't know. It may have been some part of the stolen still. In the fraction of a second that Harvey Groves had to live he snatched it up and tried to hold it up before his body.

The shot tore right through the metal and through Harvey Groves' head and through a board back of his head. The gun may not have been loaded when George Small brought it from his house. Cal Long may have loaded it.

Anyway Harvey Groves is dead. He died, Luther says, like a rat, in a hole—just pitched forward and flopped around a little and died. How a rat in a hole, when he dies, can do much flopping around I don't know.

After the killing, of course, Cal and George ran, but before they did any running Cal took the gun out of George Small's hands and threw it in the grass.

That, Luther says, was to show just whose gun did the killing.

III

They ran, and, of course, they hid themselves.

There wasn't any special hurry. They had shot Harvey Groves in that lonely place and he might not have been found for days but that George Small's wife, being sick and nervous, just as he is, ran down into town, after Cal and George had left their place, and went around to the stores crying and wringing her hands like a little fool, telling everyone that her husband and Cal Long were going to kill someone.

Of course, that stirred everyone up.

There must have been people in town who knew that Cal and George and Harvey had been in together and what they had been up to.

They found the body the next morning—the shooting had happened about four in the afternoon—and they got George Small that next afternoon.

Cal Long had stayed with him until he got tired of it, and then had left him to shift for himself. They haven't got Cal yet. A lot of people think they never will get that one. "He's too smart," Luther says.

They got George sitting beside a road over on the other side of the mountains. He says Cal Long stopped an automobile driving past, a Ford, stopped the driver with a gun he had in his pocket all the time.

They haven't even found the man who drove the Ford. It may be he was someone who knows Cal and is afraid.

Anyway, they have got George Small in jail over at the county seat, and he tells everyone he did the killing, and sits and moans and rubs his funny little hands together and keeps saying over and over "God, don't let me do it," just as he did that day when he crossed the bridge, long before he had got into this trouble, and I was under the bridge fishing and saw and heard him. I presume they'll hang him, or electrocute him—whichever it is they do in this State—when the time comes.

And his wife is down with a high fever and, Luther says, has gone clear off her nut.

But Luther, who acts the whole thing out so dramatically whenever he can get an audience, and who is something of a prophet, says that if they have to get a jury from this county to try George Small, and even though the evidence is all against him, he thinks the jury will just go it blind and bring in a verdict of not guilty.

He says, anyway, that is what he would do, and others, who see him acting the thing out and who know Cal Long and Harvey Groves and George Small better than I do, having lived longer in this county and having known them all since they were boys, say the same thing.

It may be true. As for myself—being what I am, hearing and seeing all this—

How do I know what I think?

It's a matter, of course, the jury will have to decide.

THE PACING WHITE MUSTANG

BY J. FRANK DOBIE

A man on foot is no man at all. The proverb belonged to the West when the West was a land of two radical facts: horses and horsemen. The retreating Indians, the advancing cavalrymen, the pony expressmen bridging two thousand miles of continent in ten days, the cowboys overspreading an empire, the mustangers, scouts, hunters, traders, trappers, outlaws, sheriffs, rangers, plainsmen, mountain men, and brush poppers—all went mounted. Their mobility, their lives, the power for which they lusted depended on their horses.

Whatever men most need, most desire, they talk about and idealize. In those far days when "on foot" meant simply "without a horse" and when a man on foot was no man at all, circumstances forced the horsemen to depend upon their own talk for amusement. The chuck-line rider who could tell a good story was lord of every dugout he visited. Thus, with horses the inevitable theme and with yarn spinning a camp-fire necessity, there arose in the Old West the most magnificent legend of which horse has been the subject since Pegasus and Bucephalus—the legend of the Pacing White Mustang of the Prairies. It germinated, fruited and withered, almost within the compass of one generation. It is—it was—the last of the great horse legends of the civilized world. Before it can be understood, however, some of the facts out of which it grew must be recited.

As soon as Cortez landed in Mexico, he realized the power that the horse gave him, both physically and psychologically, over the natives. That was in 1519, and for twenty-five years a royal edict prohibiting Indians from riding horses was enforced by the Spaniards. But the necessity of forming alliances and training allies to the usages of European warfare forced a suspension of it. Moreover, a few mares and stallions escaped into the wilds, and others were stolen. By the end of the century savage bands mounted on horses were roaming along the Rio Grande. Seventy-five years later the Pawnees and Dakotas and other tribes of the Missouri plains had come to regard horses as necessities. By the middle of the Eighteenth Century Indians in Central Canada were using them, and from the Sierra Madres of Mexico to the prairies of Alberta the wild offspring of Spanish stock—the mustangs—were running loose wherever the buffalo drifted or the antelope grazed. There must have been more than a million of them. In the Texas Panhandle, between the Palo Duro and the Salt Fork of the Brazos alone, the plainsmen who took over that country in 1877 estimated that there were 50,000 head.

The effect that the advent of the horse had on the Plains Indian can only be guessed at or deduced by analogy. Yet beyond all doubt the change from foot to horse was as revolutionary to them as the change from ox cart to automobile has been to the white men who now possess their territory. The horse became to the Plains Indians the chief symbol of power and wealth. In 1823 Thomas James saw a band of Comanches on the North Canadian capture and tame in a few hours' time more than a hundred mustangs. They told him that at their home camp on Red river they had 16,000 horses. The Crows on the Yellowstone, over which Jim Beckwourth

ten years later was chieftain, had still more. Old Jim was a great adventurer and a highly engaging liar, but there is no reason to discount his statement that a band of his warriors—headed by himself—raided a great Comanche camp south of the Arkansas river and cut out 5000 horses from a prairie filled with them. When, driving their booty before them, they got back to the Yellowstone, they found that another party of Crows had stolen 2700 horses from the Coutnees. Just before this some other Crow braves had taken 800 head away from the Cheyennes. Soon, in the unrelenting struggle for horses, Jim's people lost 3000 head to the Blackfeet, but they quickly retaliated with a raid that netted them 7000 Blackfeet horses.

Often the Plains Indians fought the palefaces, not to protect their buffaloes and territory, but to possess the superior horses of their enemies. When, in 1874, Mackenzie on the Palo Duro killed only a few Indians out of a numerous band of Kiowas, Comanches and Arapahoes, but managed to capture and shoot 1400 head of their horses, he knew that he had them completely subjugated. So it was natural that while the far-flung tribes of the Plains performed their sacred rites of the buffalo, and told strange tales of that paragon of the species, the White Buffalo, they should also contribute their share to the legend of the White Mustang, the king of all the million untamed and unowned horses of the Western World.

By the time the Plains Indians reached their zenith as horsemen—roughly, in the first half of the last century—more than one Spanish rancher in California was running 20,000 head of horses on his range. The California breed was hardly superior to that of the Indians; nevertheless, when Frémont made his great ride of 840 miles in a little more than eight days, he rode one of these California cayuses 130 miles in twenty-four hours.

As soon as the Americans in any considerable numbers reached California, they began stealing the range horses. The sport was full of dash and hazard. Shortly after the outbreak of the Mexican War, Bill Williams, a man whom Kit Carson much admired and who was on fire with patriotism, aided by twenty-five or thirty mountain men, rounded up 1500 head of horses belonging to California Mexicans and set out with them for Santa Fé. A hastily raised posse of two hundred *rancheros* followed, and the Americans made such good time that they ran away from 1000 of the horses and mules in their stolen herd. Then, at a waterhole, Williams called a halt. Fifteen miles away the Californians halted also. For three days each of the two camps waited for the other to act. The night of the third day Williams attacked, and took every horse, mule, and burro his pursuers had. In high feather the raiders now moved on, but a week later Indians surprised them and drove off their entire *caballada*, leaving them to hoof it in to Santa Fé as best they could. When it was not convenient to steal the California horses the Americans traded for them and drove thousands of them as far east as Missouri.

II

But the epic drive of range horses was from Texas. Immediately following the Civil War the far-famed Chisholm Trail became the highway of longhorn herds to the North. Before it and the other trails were fenced across and plowed under, the cowboys had trailed 10,000,000 Texas cattle and 1,000,000 Texas horses over them. The horses were superior in breed to the mustangs, but they were essentially Spanish—tough, wiry, thoroughly adapted to their environment. Wherever ponies with bottom were required the Texas ponies were in demand. Their chief use was in developing the ranch industry over Nebraska, the Dakotas, Wyoming, Montana, Nevada, Idaho—all the vast territory that by the close of the seventies had been finally wrested from the Indians.

Many may ask why, with hordes of unclaimed mustangs roaming along the trails

and over the ranges, any man should have had to buy or steal horses. But let it be remembered that cattle were never cheap because buffalo and antelope were plentiful. Mustangs were hard to catch and once caught they were harder to tame. Only with great difficulty could they be domesticated upon the open range. Many frontiersmen never tried to handle anything but the colts. Still, thousands and tens of thousands of grown mustangs were culled from the unnumbered *caballadas* and broken on the spot or driven off. The mustangers formed a class peculiar to themselves. One of them, through song and story, became a kind of immortal, known wherever men yarned of buckskins:

> There was a gallant Texian,
> They called him Mustang Grey;
> When quite a youth he left his home,
> Went ranging far away.
>
> He ne'er would sleep within a tent,
> No comforts would he know;
> But like a brave old Texian
> A-ranging he would go.

These mustangers caught colts and raised them on bottles. They snared mustangs, "creased" them, "walked" them down, ran them down, roped them, penned them, cornered them in box canyons, starved them away from water—in a score of ways captured them. Then, as land increased in value and was fenced, and horses of all kinds became less valuable, the mustangers were hired to shoot wild horses and so rid the new pastures of them, as if they were beasts of prey. Indeed, they were beasts of prey, for they not only devoured a great deal of valuable grass, but enticed away and "spoiled" hundreds of ranch horses.

Even if the mustangs could have been captured easily and tamed, the average of them was so inferior that they were in little demand. The average, I say. The term mustang, it must be clearly understood, included many kinds of horses. The flowing tail, the tossing mane, the arched neck generally made their freedom-loving possessor appear, at a distance, to be a much better horse than he proved to be under the saddle. But there were notable exceptions. Along with scrub willow tails and lantern-jawed stallions ran beautifully proportioned fillies and magnificent *potros*. Not infrequently the leader of a *caballada* was some well-bred animal that had escaped from a ranch. The guarding stallion of many a *manada* (bunch of mares) appeared to the horsemen who glimpsed him to be superior to anything they had ever seen in the equine world.

Beautiful and strong and swift, these exceptions—like Atalanta, free to those who could outrun them—were the prizes of camp-fire dreams and the objects of great horse round-ups and races that more than once led to a mustang's leaping to his death rather than submit to capture. Every range had its own supreme mustang, but superb above all the local superiors was the immortal White Mustang of the Prairies. All the men who rode horses wanted him, talked of him, dreamed of him. By the time barbed wire and squatter sovereignty had antiquated the free range, he had come to be acclaimed and celebrated wherever mustangs were known.

This lordly and ubiquitous stallion of stallions went under many names: the Pacing White Stallion, the White Steed of the Prairies, the White Mustang, the White Sultan, the Ghost Horse of the Plains, the Phantom Wild Horse. But whatever his name, he answered to none. His fire, his grace, his beauty, his speed, his endurance, his intelligence were, of course, simply the merits that horsemen admired most in horses, but in him they were supernal, as was his passion for liberty. So wherever spurs clicked and camp-fires burned over the unfenced world that stretched from the prickly pear flats of South Texas to the bad lands of Montana the story of the Pacing White Stallion was told. Newspaper correspondents heard and repeated it; fiction makers elaborated it, and it was echoed in cities beyond the seas. A few old men yet recall snatches of it. From them and from scattered records I have tried to piece out the legend.

III

The earliest account of the supreme Mustang, so far as I know, is found in Washington Irving's "Tour on the Prairies." October 10, 1832, Irving set out from old Fort Gibson, in what is now Eastern Oklahoma, on his famous tour. Following up the north bank of the Arkansas, which he crossed a short distance above its junction with the Cimarron, he and his party proceeded in a westerly direction. At length they came into the range of the mustang, and in Irving's journal for October 21 are these words:

> We had been disappointed this day in our hopes of meeting with buffalo, but the sight of the wild horse had been a great novelty, and gave a turn to the conversation of the camp for the evening. There were several anecdotes told of a famous grey horse, which has ranged the prairies of this neighborhood for six or seven years, setting at naught every attempt of the hunters to capture him. They say he can pace . . . faster than the fleetest horse can run.

On through the 1830's, out in Santa Fé and along the Santa Fé Trail, both of which he described surpassingly well in his "Commerce of the Prairies," printed in 1844, chatty Josiah Gregg heard "marvelous tales" of a "medium-sized stallion of perfect symmetry, milk-white, save a pair of black ears,—a natural pacer." This mustang, continued Gregg, "the trapper celebrates in the northern Rocky Mountains; the hunter on the Arkansas; while others have him pacing on the borders of Texas."

In 1841, nine years after Irving's tour, the Republic of Texas sent what is known as the Santa Fé Expedition to annex New Mexico. The picturesque and tragic fate of that expedition does not here concern us. Sharing in its fate was a brilliant newspaper correspondent from New Orleans, George W. Kendall, who wrote as he travelled a history of the expedition. In an attempt to cross the Staked Plains, the Texans blundered almost as far north as Red river, and it was while they were in this region that Kendall heard stories of the Steed of the Prairies. His journals were originally published in the New Orleans *Picayune* in 1842; two years later they were incorporated in a book, "A Narrative of the Texan Santa Fé Expedition." Therein he said:

> Many were the stories told by some of the old hunters of a large white horse that had often been seen in the vicinity of the Cross Timbers and near Red river. . . . As the camp stories ran, he has never been known to gallop or trot, but paces faster than any horse that has been sent out after him can run; and so game and untiring is the White Steed of the Prairies, for he is well known to trappers and hunters by that name, that he has tired down no less than three race-nags, sent expressly to catch him, with a Mexican rider well trained to the business of taking wild horses. . . .

"Some of the hunters," continued Kendall, "go so far as to say that the White Steed has been known to pace his mile in less than two minutes, and that he could keep up his pace until he had tired down everything in pursuit. Large sums have been offered for his capture, and the attempt has been frequently made. But he still roams his native prairies in freedom, solitary and alone." One old hunter asserted that the White Steed was too proud to associate with other mustangs. When Kendall got back to New Orleans from the prisons of Mexico, he heard that the Steed had been captured and had died—but that, it appears, was a report "greatly exaggerated."

Meantime, Captain Marryat in London had plagiarized the story and clapped it into his rambling "Narrative . . . of Monsieur Violet," and a New Orleans bard, one J. Barber, had put it into a spirited ballad:

> Not the team of the Sun, as in fable portrayed,
> Through the firmament rushing in glory arrayed,
> Could match in wild majesty, beauty, and speed
> That tireless, magnificent, snowy-white steed.
>
> Let them bid for his freedom,—unbridled, unshod,
> He will roam till he dies through these pastures of God.

Then, with the appearance of "Moby Dick," in 1851, the White Mustang burst with thundering hoof-beats out of the "pastures of God" into the ranges of liter-

ary immortality. In that great chapter on "The Whiteness of the Whale," wherein Melville reviews the white objects of earth, ranging from the snowy Andes to the sacred elephants of India, he reaches his climax with a panegyric on the White Mustang:

> Most famous in our Western annals and Indian traditions is that of the White Steed of the Prairies; a magnificent milk-white charger, large-eyed, small-headed, bluff-chested, and with the dignity of a thousand monarchs in his lofty, over-scorning carriage. He was the elected Xerxes of vast herds of wild horses, whose pastures in those days were only fenced by the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghanies. At their flaming head he westward trooped it like the chosen star which each evening leads on the hosts of light. The flashing cascade of his mane, the curving comet of his tail, invested him with housings more resplendent than gold and silver-beaters could have furnished him. A most imperial and archangelical apparition of that unfallen, western world, which to the eyes of the old trappers and hunters revived the glories of . . . primeval times. . . . Whether marching amid his aides and marshals in the van of countless cohorts that endlessly streamed it over the plain, like an Ohio; or whether with his subjects browsing all around at the horizon, the White Steed gallopingly reviewed them with warm nostrils reddening through his cool milkiness; in whatever aspect he presented himself, always to the bravest Indians he was the object of trembling reverence and awe.

It would be hard to say where Melville got his information, but there is no doubt as to where the once widely read Mayne Reid got his. He knew better, although his story came ten years after "Moby Dick," than to speak of the Pacing Stallion as belonging to the past. When Reid landed at New Orleans, fresh from Ireland, he was just a boy. He became a trader over the Red river country. His companions were French trappers, American plainsmen, Indian warriors, legend-telling medicine men. Later he enlisted in the war against Mexico and was wounded at the battle of Chapultepec. For a while after the war he was stationed at Fort Inge near the Rio Grande. Meantime he had become an author fond of weaving into his romances local traditions, such as that of the Headless Horseman of the Nueces and that of the Mountain of Gold.

The scene of "The War Trail, or, The Hunt of the Wild Horse" (1861) is laid between the Nueces river and the Rio Grande, whither from the plateaus of the north the mighty mustang had drifted. "I had heard of the White Steed of the Prairies," writes Reid. "What hunter or trapper, trader or traveller, throughout all the wild borders of prairie-land has not? . . . For nearly a century has he figured in the legends of the prairie 'mariner,' a counterpart of the Flying Dutchman. . . . Some say that he cannot be taken, that he is so fleet as to glide out of sight in a glance on the open prairie. There are those who assert that he is a phantom, *un demonio!*"

IV

If this were the study of a literary tradition rather than of a people's tradition, there would be other fictionists to examine: Captain J. W. French, Lieutenant R. H. Jayne, Ernest Seton-Thompson (far superior to the other members of the company that he is here grouped with), Henry Herbert Knibbs, and Zane Grey. But the White Mustang paces through the pages of most of these gentlemen like a hobby horse sired in a fiction livery stable rather than like the lordly creature familiar to plainsmen who habitually slept on Tucson beds and frequently had to live on Spanish dinners: that is, slept on their bellies and covered themselves with their backs, and when they were hungry got down and drew up their belts a notch.

One such frontiersman, Curley Hatcher of Myrtle Point, Oregon, still lives. Here is his testimony:

> While I was catching wild horses on the Kansas and Colorado line in 1868 I saw the famous mustang very often. He never ranged with other mustangs but always alone. When I first saw him he was a beautiful grey with long mane and tail, and many a time I ran him in an attempt to rope him. Always I rode the best and fastest horses I could get, but I never rode one that could run fast enough to make the great mustang break his pace. Like hundreds of other frontiersmen, I was interested in this noble animal, and after I quit trying to capture him I kinder kept up with his history. I heard of him drifting south gradually, through No Man's Land and New Mexico and then below

the Staked Plains. In 1874 I laid eyes on him again.

I was a Texas ranger carrying dispatches from Coleman county to Menard on the San Saba river, when I came upon him about twenty miles east of my destination. He was then snow white, but I recognized him immediately as the grey horse I had chased over Colorado and Kansas six years before. I took after him, but in no time I was too far behind to even see his dust. I resolved then to organize a hunt to capture him. I would have given all I possessed to own him. Well, the next day when I came back over the same trail I found him again—dead. A Mexican lion, or panther, had jumped on his back from a live oak tree near by, and bit him behind the head, breaking his neck. There were signs of a terrible struggle, but the lion had not mutilated his frame. I examined him all over and I found every muscle and limb perfect in form. I clipped his mane and tail and as soon as I got back to camp made a hair rope out of them. This I kept for years as a souvenir of the greatest mustang ever seen in the world.

Sandy Morris, a sheep herder of Lucille, New Mexico, noted all over the Southwest for his ability to sing cowboy songs, has testimony to give also. Says he:

Along about 1875 I was riding down a road in the Llano river country when I spied a newspaper on the ground half covered by the sand. Of course I got down and picked it up. I don't know where it came from and I never paid any attention as to where it had been printed, but I can never forget the story it told of a snow-white mustang stallion. It seems that some time before this the stallion had been ranging in the vicinity of a fort, when one day a soldier saw him right up against the corral fence. He went outside afoot—just like a fool soldier—to investigate. The stallion made a dash at him, caught him by the back of the neck, and killed him. After this the soldiers and cowboys of the country organized a big hunt to take him alive. Everybody knew about him. They had got on to his way of running, and they placed men in relays every five miles over a distance of eighty miles. Well, the White Mustang struck the expected course, all right, and he went through those eighty miles without breaking his pace, and not a man got close enough to him to rope at him! Then some damned soldier shot him dead. Men who knew his history—and some of them must have been of a superstitious turn of mind—said that he would show up on his old range the next day. Whether he did or not, I can't say.

This "superstitious turn of mind" appears very often in the legend of the White Mustang, probably owing to Indian influence. The Kiowas were sure that neither fire nor lead could injure him. A bullet might pass through his body, but it would leave him unharmed; a prairie fire might burn to death the mares and colts following him, but he would emerge from it unsinged. Not many of the hard-headed American frontiersmen could go to such lengths in telling of the White Steed, but they all dreaded him as well as desired him, for his winsome ways drew their stock horses after him, and gentle mares in his company became as wild as mustangs.

Yet, however he might entice after him the wives of other stallions and the property of men so honest that they would not brand a maverick, the White Mustang was not of a malevolent disposition. Only in the report that Sandy Morris read in that mysterious newspaper does he so appear, and in a poorly written yarn, called "Wild Jim, the Texas Cowboy and Saddle King," that a certain Captain French printed in Antioch, Ill., forty years ago. Here the Stallion appears as a man-killer. His captor, according to the story,—for in a most extraordinary manner he had been captured—trained him to allow no one else to approach him. He killed "at least half a dozen men," most of them horse thieves trying to cut his picket rope!

Always in the orthodox narrative the Pacing White Mustang is a generous, beneficent animal. A quite different horse, called the Black Devil—Washington Irving heard of him too—was the fighter, the slayer. Various yarns about him have come down, and the tales accusing the White Steed of manslaughter must be due to the faulty memories of men who confused him with the black murderer. One that illustrates the White Sultan's benignity and intelligence came to me a few years ago from the late J. O. Dyer of Galveston. He heard it fifty years back from an old woman who was among the German colonists who came to Texas in the forties.

As her story went, some of the freshly arrived German settlers were moving up the Guadalupe river. They travelled in wagons, single file. The family of the last wagon in line had a very gentle old mare that followed without rope or halter,

very once in a while stopping to graze long the way. The wagon was heaped with freight and the mare carried two sacks of corn-meal securely packed on her back. One day some member of the family squeezed in the over-crowded wagon suggested that Gretchen, the liveliest of the little girls, be placed between the meal sacks. Little Gretchen liked to ride; she would be safe and comfortable on the old mare; accordingly she was secured between the cushions of meal.

Along in the afternoon the wagon bogged in a buffalo wallow and in the struggle a wheel gave away. Hours were consumed in putting the wagon to rights, and while the men worked the mare grazed out of sight down the grassy draw. Little Gretchen fell into a doze. When she awoke the lazy old mare was running at full speed after a curveting, splendid white stallion that kept looking back and neighing in anxious, coaxing tones. Gretchen tried to jump off, but she had been tied fast so that she would not fall, and the knots in the rope were out of her reach. As she afterwards learned, her parents did not miss her until nearly sundown. She was lost to them all night, all the next day, and the following night. Then on the third day she rode into camp on the mare—and the story she told of her wanderings has passed into the Texas saga.

After they had raced many miles, she found, the White Stallion led the old mare into his own *manada*, and the mares nosing around the newcomer began to sniff the corn-meal on her back. Then they began to bite into it, nipping the fat little legs of Gretchen. She expected to be chewed right there, but the Sultan of the Plains was as considerate and intelligent as he was gallant. He fought off the wild mares, chewed the ropes in two, grasped the wristband of Gretchen's dress in his teeth, and carried her to the security of some yucca bushes. Tired from her ride, she soon fell asleep again. Next morning not a horse was in sight. She thought that the men of the wagon train would surely find her, and with wisdom unusual for her years she waited for them instead of roaming around. She drank from a waterhole in a hollow near at hand, ate a few mesquite beans and agarita berries, and at dark lay down in the warm soft grass where she had spent the night preceding.

At daylight of the second day the old mare was standing over her. For a long while little Gretchen tried in vain to clamber up on the mare's back. Exhausted and helpless, she was about to sit down and cry when the White Sultan dashed out of the bushes, again seized her by the dress, and gently placed her on the mare. Then, without a backward look or whinny, he disappeared. The mare took the trail to the caravan and arrived without the corn-meal sacks but with little Gretchen all sound except for some scratches on her fat legs. When she was an old woman she used to show the scars of those scratches in proof of the veracity of her story.

The final contributor to the legend is J. L. Hill of Long Beach, Calif. He drove the Texas Trail all the way to Wyoming, skinned buffaloes, snared mustangs. He says:

> Yes, I have heard many times of the Pacing White Mustang. When I first heard of him I was a clabber-lipped cowboy. That was back in the seventies and I was living in Bonham, Texas, just south of the Red river. Various riders of the country kept bringing in word as to how they had run across the band of mustangs led by the Pacing Stallion. At that time he was ranging between Fort Sill and the Washita river, in the old Indian Territory.
>
> Now, Dick Bragg of Bonham kept race ponies that he would run against anything in Texas or the Territory for stakes as high as any man wanted to raise them. In the Fall of '79, after the roundups were over, an extensive party organized to capture the Stallion. With them they took the fastest of Dick Bragg's race stock as well as everything else in the country that could run. Dick Bragg himself was along, hoping to make his own the champion race-horse of the world. A number of reservation Indians were taken in on the hunt. Unfortunately, something kept me from going.
>
> The boys found their Mustang all right. They laid all kinds of traps for him and tried all kinds of schemes to run him down or hem him in. But when he was crowded he would break off from his *manada*, they said, and pace away like the wind. According to their report, he was not pure

white, but of a light cream color, with snow-white mane and tail. The Indians believed him to be supernatural and called him the Ghost Horse of the Prairies or the Winged Steed. When running at a distance he showed nothing but a fast-flying snow-white mane and snow-white tail that looked like wings skimming the ground. The boys who got nearest to him said that he had a piece of rawhide rope around his neck. They thought that he had been snared at some watering and that the experience had helped to make him what he was—the most alert and the wildest as well as the fleetest animal in Western America.

Mustang hunters kept after him and later I heard that he had changed his range from the Washita to the South Canadian. Such a change showed wonderful cunning, for the ordinary mustang when chased would keep circling within certain limits until he was finally closed in. Some of the mustangers made their boast that they would finally get the White Ghost of the Prairies even if they had to shoot him. Death from a rifle may have been his fate. I last heard of him in 1881.

From 1832, when Irving first heard the great White Mustang—and at t date he had been tantalizing horsemen tween the Arkansas and the Cimarron "six or seven years"—until 1881 is a l time for any horse to live and hold lordship! The legend represents a lost ture, a vanished class of men, a stage the sweep of the frontier. It will not ish. Pegasus and Bucephalus have died. And then there are the colts! other day an ancient Comanche ch "brother of the Wichita Mountains," asked why there were so many wh spotted ponies among the horses of tribe. He replied very simply that t were all descended from the Pacing W Mustang.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Music

PIANO TECHNIQUE IN THE LIGHT OF EXPERIMENT

By Otto Ortmann

When a Harold Bauer takes us on a delightful musical *Spaziergang* through the *Schwarzwald* of Schumann, or Walter Gieseking paints the charming pastels of a Debussy and a Ravel, we lose ourselves, and rightly so, in the fragrance of the woods and among the colors of the tonal sunsets. But thereby we forget that the action of a piano remains, after all, nothing but a few wooden sticks, some glue, a bit of leather, and some felt. In thus forgetting, we fall into the sentimentality of assigning qualities and colors to the tones themselves, attributing to the inanimate sticks the power of transmitting directly the singing of the composer's soul and the yearning of the performer's heart. The result is—well, read the romantic rhapsodies of the so-called music critics, or sit through a piano lesson in which a spinster teacher pours out her more or less sublimated sex repression upon the E flat, or perhaps the F sharp Nocturne (poor Chopin!), or again, listen to the emotional outburst at a concert, where applause makes no distinction whatever between an *allegro giocoso* and an *adagio patetico*.

It has remained for experimental physics and psychology to replace this hodge-podge of mysticism with a bit of Kantian critique, thus writing, in strict accordance with good musical form, an exposition of fact before the free fantasy of fancy. This has been done by the relatively simple device of recording the actual movements of key, hammer, and string during piano playing, and thus preserving, for later study *ad libitum*, the fleeting muscular and tonal variations. The results, to say the least, are interesting and helpful. Interesting, because they reveal the purely physical components of many artistic effects, while pointing out to the lover of music how large a part of his enjoyment of the piano is a tonal illusion; and helpful, because they simplify many problems of the piano teacher: relaxation, arm- and hand-positions, tone-production, and even style. The results of this investigation, stripped of extraneous ornament, may be summarized in the statement that all the artistic effects secured on the piano, so far as they are auditory, are caused by mere variations in the intensity and duration of the tone, and in the noise-element—the percussive and friction noises of the action parts. There is nothing else. All the other tonal "qualities" are auditory illusions.

In support of this assertion I shall select a few examples at random from the data which a rather extensive study has furnished.[1] Let us take relaxation as the first example. In many works on piano-playing, such as those of Matthay and Caland, one reads again and again about the need for a relaxed arm. The reason given is that relaxed muscles produce a tone of a quality entirely different from that of a tone produced with rigid muscles. Well, let us see. In Figure 1 I record the actual path traversed by the hammer when it is moved by a relaxed arm and its path when the key is struck with the fist and a rigid arm. The time intervals at the top mark hundredths of seconds, and the horizontal displacement is thus a measure of hammer speed, and this, in turn, is a measure of tonal

[1] Mr. Ortmann's complete materials are presented in "The Physical Basis of Piano Touch and Tone"; London and New York, 1925.

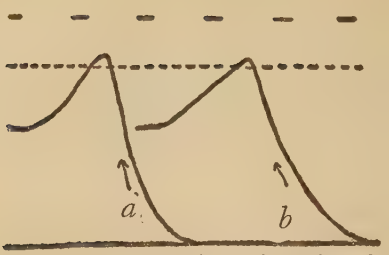

FIGURE 1.—The curve *a* shows the path made by a piano hammer when moved by a rigid arm; the curve *b* shows its path when moved by a relaxed arm.

intensity. The difference, it is apparent, is one of loudness, not of quality, the rigid arm producing the louder tone. In view of the mechanics of the movement, it could not, of course, be otherwise, despite the fact that relaxation is often advocated as a cure for all tonal ills. What relaxation does is simply to moderate the intensity of rigidity, and to permit a better control of tonal intensity by reducing or eliminating the noises resulting from a percussive attack on the key. Do away with this percussiveness, and a perfectly rigid arm can produce exactly the same tone as that produced by a relaxed arm. As a matter of fact, in the coördinated movements of piano technique, relaxation is seldom present to any marked degree at the moment of tone production. Here muscular fixation is a mechanical necessity, and an apparatus sufficiently sensitive to record the muscular contraction will show that fixation. The value of relaxation is in its use before and immediately after tone-production.

Close upon the heels of relaxation, in the history of piano teaching, came the doctrine of weight-transfer: of rolling the arm-weight from key to key without withdrawal. Its advocacy was a reaction from the earlier schools of finger-action, the products of which still exist in abundance: players who practise scales with a coin on the back of the hand to insure quietness, or who play with a book under the arm to avoid lifting the humerus from the side of the body, or clamp their wrists through two holes in a board to eliminate wrist movement. The weight school, however, has gone to the opposite extreme, and its proponents speak of weight-transfer wh the mechanics of the movement make t a sheer impossibility. In any technical ure involving rapid finger repetition transfer of arm-weight is impossible, observation that can be made on any su ably arranged dynamograph. And in ma other figures the use of arm-weight seriou interferes with the speed and brilliance the technique.

Again, one reads of the "sensitized fing tips breathing life and soul into the pia keys," but when the vibration of the str is actually recorded, one finds that it vibra in exactly the same way when a l weight falls upon the key. In Figure 2, curve *a* shows the string-vibration p duced by the touch of a very capable pi

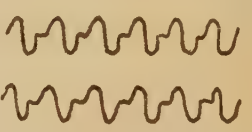

FIGURE 2.—The upper curve shows the vibratio a piano string produced by the touch of a cap pianist, and the lower curve shows the vibration the same string produced by letting a lead weight upon the key.

ist, and *b* shows the same string vibrati after a lead weight is dropped upon t key. The two curves are identical.

The layman, however, is not interes in these pedagogical problems. As listen his interest centers in the tonal qualit themselves, such, for example, as those De Pachmann, when, years ago, he play his Chopin, or those of Rachmaninoff day, when he transports adolescent gi into the seventh heaven of ecstasy with l playing of his inevitable C sharp min Prelude. Teachers, players, and critics ha invented an impressive and colorful arr of terms to describe piano tone, amo others: singing, dry, liquid, velvety, br tle, round, harsh, brassy, sympathet brilliant, surfacy, deep, full, mello shallow, ringing, shrill, metallic, cle thin, limpid, steely, jarring, bell-lik woody, strident, thick, rasping, sour, cry tal, sweet, warm, hollow, bitter, waverin glassy.

I have recorded the movements of the piano key, hammer, and string for most of them, and the results show without exception that the imaged qualities are quantitative differences plus the admixture of the noise elements I have already mentioned. These intensity differences are then transferred to other sensory fields, and, linked with the fundamental pleasure-pain distribution common to all senses, there give rise to the qualities designated. One finds that the pleasurable qualities: full, round, warm, are tones of moderate intensity; that those mildly unpleasant: thin, sur-icy, dry, are tones of weak intensity; and that those markedly unpleasant: brittle, brassy, strident, are tones of great intensity. The nature of this transfer into visual, kinesthetic, and gustatory fields is an interesting psychological phenomenon; it is based upon the limited range of reaction of any sense organ, as a result of which stimulation at the extremes is physiologically unpleasant, and that along the middle of the range of reaction, pleasant. When the intensity relationship is altered, the player's making the records can no longer produce the desired tone-quality. A loud-surfacy tone, a weak-brilliant tone, a thin-full tone are physical and psychological impossibilities; just as impossible as a square circle, a tenor with an inferiority complex, or art *minus* alcohol.

But surely the individual differences in the styles of pianists are more than differences in tonal intensity and duration? They are not. If Mary Smith plays each tone of a Chopin nocturne at exactly the same intensity and duration at which Paderewski plays it (including the wrong notes), her performances will be identical with his. The fact that the music made by mechanical piano-players is not, at close range, accepted as the work of the original performers is the result, not of the absence of human elements that cannot be recorded, but of slight defects in the mechanics of recording, or of the addition of motor noises, or of the absence of the percussive noises normally made by the human player. True, the dynamic and agogic gradations in the playing of a fine pianist are extremely minute, but they are all physical elements none the less, and not vibrations of his soul.

All this is not *bravura*. It is backed by the concrete findings of the experimental method. In every case of a difference of style, differences in tonal intensity and in the rate of tonal succession are found, and, what's more, when these elements are changed, the particular style is gone. An example may serve to illustrate the point. The so-called "pearly" style or touch, upon experimental analysis, becomes simply a *non-legato* touch of weak or moderate but even intensity. Play the passage *legato*, that is to say, without the periods of silence between the tones, or *fortissimo*, and the pearliness is at once destroyed.

The three determinants are intensity, duration and noise. Whatever else we attribute to the piano, tone is an auditory illusion, and remains so, even though this category will then embrace more than half the familiar pianistic effects. Do I exaggerate? If it seems so, let us consider finally the simple act of pressing down a piano key and releasing it. (The most artistic piano playing is mechanically nothing more than a multiplication of this act.) The player begins with a gentle pressure, gradually increases this to a maximum, and then gradually releases the pressure. When such a dynamic variation is recorded on a dynamograph, the curve *a* shown in Figure 3 is produced; here the ascent in the line indicates the increase in pressure, and the descent indicates the decrease. The dynamograph permits every variation in the player's touch to be transmitted to the recording point. But when

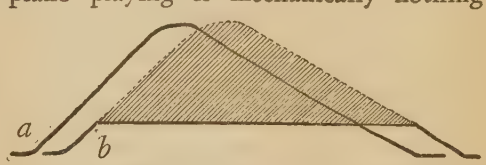

FIGURE 3.—The curve *a* shows the increase and diminishing of pressure, as recorded by a dynamograph. The curve *b* shows how the pressure of the pianist's finger is limited by the construction of the piano key.

precisely the same movement is made on a piano key, which can move only about three-eighths of an inch, the curve *b* results. The shaded portion, therefore, or approximately three-fourths of the dynamic tone variation, is an illusion, resulting in this case from a transfer into the kinesthetic field. It has led to the absurd assumption that the string likewise is gradually set into motion, non-percussively. A glance inside the piano will dispel that illusion.

The auditor, since he does not experience the kinesthetic sensations of the player, cannot get the exact effect imaged by the player, except, perhaps, by the aid of the eye. Nor will the reactions of two auditors be the same. When such illusions are elaborated into the complex reactions to an entire composition or recital we have the beginning of an explanation of the curiously conflicting reports on the same performance: "Splendid! Best piano-playing I have heard!" "Rotten! So amateurish!"

In music appreciation the eye is thus important determinant. For doubters, pecially if they are non-pianists, I sugg the following experiment: Attend a pia recital without knowing who is playin See no printed programme. Listen throug out with closed eyes. Choose a seat in t rear of the hall. Let only unfamiliar co positions be played. Then attempt to d tinguish between relaxed and rigid tc production, flat and curved fingers, degr of weight-transfer, religious and secu tone qualities,—or even between a Du Art and a Hutcheson.

A frown or smile, a gesture, a tilt of t head, a movement of the trunk—De Pac mann developed all of them into a fine a —do the work, not the way the keys a played. The poetry and romance of pia tone no more sound in the actual stri than the soul of the unfortunate—or sh we say fortunate?—sheep sings in the g under a Kreisler's bow.

Ethnology

PRESTIGE AMONG INDIANS

By Robert H. Lowie

On my maiden field trip I had a characteristic experience. The Lemhi Shoshone (Idaho), whose customs I was to record, were a notoriously taciturn lot when it came to revealing their aboriginal beliefs and behavior to a prying outsider. To make matters worse, the only interpreters available at the start were a number of Indian schoolboys whose indifference to my purposes was surpassed only by their ignorance of English. Fortunately, I discovered one Jack Grouse, a middle-aged native sufficiently conversant with the white man's tongue to be able to recite the native traditions and furnish a medley of useful knowledge at the rate of two-bits a story. But Jack's cupidity was tempered with a due regard for the Indian proprieties: as soon as a neighbor appeared on the scene he would slink away, pretending that I was myself nothing but a friendly visitor!

Many years later I was among the Ho of Arizona. I heard that a medicine-m was going to treat a sick infant that nigh The child's elders and the doctor oppos no objection to my presence. Anticipati an interesting session, I arrived early an watched the house filling up with mothe hoping to have their offspring profit fro attendance at the ceremony. It grew lat and later, but nothing happened. At la the host explained that the medicine-ma would not come in. He had been inte cepted by an old hag who was scandalize at the idea of a white man's presence. Th doctor manifestly could not be less papis than the laity and so balked at entering The only graceful thing to do was t withdraw.

Such clashes with savage public senti ment and prudery are among the ethnog rapher's most commonplace experiences They bring home to him forcibly the valu a savage sets upon the opinion of his fel lows. Soon he learns more—that the es

em in which the savage is held by them a matter of the utmost concern to him, nd that he will undergo every form of rivation for the sole purpose of shining ith enhanced splendor among his kind. fact, this craving for distinction becomes ne of the leading motives of his conduct: hatever may arouse unfavorable comment avoided, while comfort, property, even e itself, may become utterly worthless in s sight if their sacrifice can confer a bit of tra *kudos* on him.

Take the case of a typical Indian from e coast of British Columbia. In this area, the early days, prestige rested on prop- y. However, it was not the man who umulated pelf who was highly regarded, t only that one who with a *beau geste* ve away his precious belongings or owed his contempt for them by deliber- ly destroying them. In the literature of area one constantly encounters tales of efs vying with each other in giving ay blankets on public occasions. To n a big canoe or to kill a slave was an entatious way of demonstrating great- s, and a rival incapable of doing like- e at once stood reduced to a lower us. Of course the normal Kwakiutl has much of the acquisitive "instinct" as Caucasian neighbor; but there is a g more important to a self-respecting esman than wealth, and that is pres- . Practically the same story is reported n Melanesia. The hero of song and saga he Banks Islands is a man who by dint uccessively more exorbitant payments risen to the highest grade in the men's house. But, though now virtually a f, he can still advance socially by giv- lavish entertainments to the populace, slaughtering hundreds of pigs for the ose.

r Plains Indians also prized generosity, eal glory could be gained among them by a splendid war record. Each tribe entionally defined the deeds to be reck- as heroic. Pretty generally through- the region it was considered highly rable to "count coup" on the enemy, that is, to tag him—irrespective of whether he was killed or disabled. In fact, if one man brought him low and another dashed up to touch the prostrate body, it was the latter who gained the greater honor. For Plains Indians waged war largely as a mere outdoor sport, to be conducted according to strict rules, and these rules corresponded very little to the notions of an economic or otherwise rationalistic man. The Crow thought a great deal of a brave who had cut a picketed horse loose from the midst of a hostile camp. Had they adopted Clausewitz's principles, they would have preferred a man who stole a dozen horses grazing along the outskirts of the camp, but with their perverse idealism they only mildly approved of such a one, while the other was privileged to rise in any public assembly and boast of his feat, which might even help make him a chief.

In aboriginal belief success in war was a gift of the supernatural powers, and they could be most readily conciliated by mortification of the flesh. An ambitious Indian would go to a lonely spot, fast and thirst for days, praying to the spirits and hoping for something to turn up. Possibly the Thunder might appear as a huge eagle, to teach him a sacred chant, and grant him victory. If his prayers remained unheeded, sacrifice went further: he might cut out a piece of flesh from his chest or chop off a finger joint. Not many of my older Crow informants had their left hands intact. Though some of the mutilation was a result of mourning, the men had mostly disfigured themselves while seeking revelations, and the motive of that quest was, above all, the craving for military renown —for a chance to get up in a public assembly and shame one's competitors by a recital of honorific feats.

There were military clubs among practically all the buffalo-hunting tribes, and in each of these societies there were special officers pledged to bravery. They carried standards distinctive of their office; in battle they planted these in the ground and thereafter must not retreat, regardless of

the danger. Anyone who betrayed the trust never heard the end of it as long as he lived; his cowardice was constantly thrown into his teeth. On the other hand, if he was killed in battle the entire camp grieved over his death and sang his praises.

Naturally, not every Crow youth was a hero. But the ideal of bravery was incessantly held up before the people from early boyhood, and every-day observation enforced the precepts by showing the advantages that went with a proper martial record. Only a real warrior was ever called upon to give a name to a newborn infant and to receive the emoluments pertaining to that service. Only he was likely to be invited to feasts, to have novices ask for a loan of his sacred regalia—for a consideration—or to have the belles of the camp set their caps for him. The extent to which material and subtler motives affected a Crow was bound to vary with his character; but no one was indifferent to the promptings of vanity, and the very men who had shrunk from exposing themselves to danger might help to carry on the traditional standards by teaching the younger generation that "it is well for a man to die when he is young."

A striking instance of reckless ambition was well remembered and circumstantially recounted by my informants. A young man named Young Jack-rabbit had been wounded by the enemy and permanently disabled. He had never stolen a picketed horse and accordingly could never become a chief, since that exploit involved starting out afoot. Life did not seem to hold any for him, now that the highest honor beyond his reach. So he decided to bec what was called a "crazy dog"—to pu special regalia and court death. While w ing for an engagement with the enem would come out periodically on his ho show off his dress, act in the manner vention ally symbolic of his purpose—n particularly by saying the opposit what he meant and expecting to be swered in kind—and enjoy the plaudi the camp. "The women liked him much. . . . The old women cheered lustily." When he heard of enemies trenched in a gully near by, he attac them alone and was instantly killed. body was put on a horse and brought h by the tribesmen. "They cried all the w . . . The entire camp cried very much. Without him we moved, we went. .

Thus man does not live by the inst of self-preservation alone. The savage rificed his goods and his flesh, even life, for the cheers of old women and laudatory chants of old men. He thum his nose at the economic interpretatio history. Sometimes, today, he is as whether he is not happy, now that marauding Sioux or Cheyenne is likely cut his throat. The ungrateful lout s he is not. There is a drab monotony ab his present safe and sane existence. would prefer an occasional raid by enemy, for it would give him hope of ing to grander effort along the lines of own ideals.

THE GRANDSON OF THE LIBERATOR

BY R. L. DUFFUS

On a certain fine Fall morning in 1898 pedestrians along Fifth avenue paused to take in what was even then an unusual sight upon that respectable thoroughfare. It consisted of a gentleman in his late 'twenties, mounted upon a spirited horse and clad in a brownish-yellow riding costume. A wide hat-brim drooped over a pair of spectacles and shadowed what seemed to many observers to be a decidedly familiar moustache. The Spanish War was just over and reverence for martial achievements was at its height. Here and there along the line of march a hat came off and some one shouted. Policemen drew themselves up to their full height and thickness and saluted, touching rudgy hands to the rims of their helmets. The horseman received these honors with some surprise, but, continuing modestly on his way, turned down a side street and rode his mount aboard a Brooklyn ferry boat. A little group of passengers assembled and gazed respectfully. Nobody said anything. Presently a grimy stoker appeared from the dark inwards of the vessel, thrust the other spectators aside and glared hard. "Say," he demanded, shifting his quid and spitting so neatly out of the corner of his mouth that no one was even spattered, "are you Colonel Roosevelt or ain't you?"

The point of this story is not only that Oswald Garrison Villard, who is possibly America's most militant pacifist, still loves to tell it on himself, but that he actually does resemble the lamented Colonel. He may also be a little proud of the fact, though he would almost certainly not be gratified to be told that a poor newspaper cut of either Roosevelt or himself might easily be mistaken for a portrait of another once distinguished American—the Hon. John F. Hylan, mayor of New York city in the pre-Jimmy days. The incident illustrates a duality which runs through Villard's life and temperament. He is a pacifist who knows as much about the art of war as any major-general. He is a simple, unaffected democrat who, like the lady in the advertisement, loves nice things. During the late war he wrote thousands and thousands of words to prove that Imperial Germany had grievously erred and strayed, but he didn't mind letting you know that one of his German relatives commanded a Bavarian army corps. A Freudian might say that his pacifism is partly due to a subconscious hankering to command an army corps himself. There would be some truth in that, though not much.

But Mr. Villard has a right to a complicated personality, for he comes of curiously divergent strains. On the one side is the lusty, ambitious, dominating Heinrich Hilgard, for whom America was both a refuge for the oppressed and an oyster to be opened; and on the other Fanny Garrison, daughter of the fire-eating, fanatical and uncomfortable William Lloyd. Put two such strains together and something unusual and contradictory is sure to come out of them. In Oswald Garrison Villard's case that tendency is strengthened by a profound respect for family tradition. Indeed, the key to his career as an insurgent and an innovator probably lies largely in his reverence for the past. He is not one of those radicals—if radical he may be called

at all—who cannot function until they have outraged the parental sense of what is fit, been cut off with a shilling, and wandered off into the storm. He has tried assiduously to be like his ancestors, all of them, on both sides. He had in his youth, as symbols, two ancestral monuments—the files of Garrison's *Liberator* and the great stone palace which the elder Villard built, and for a while owned, back of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

But even here there was no simplicity, for Garrison handed down not only a passion for liberty but also, through his daughter, a beautiful and gentle and humane but none the less aristocratic spirit. He was, after all, Boston. And Heinrich Hilgard, known in America as Henry Villard, was not merely a money-maker; he also loved newspapers, freedom and his fellow men—loved them far more tolerantly than Garrison could manage. Perhaps it was a mutual taste for journalism that tied the two families together. The younger Villard pointed out, when he sold the *Evening Post*, that he and his direct ancestors had been in the newspaper business for more than a century—"as long a consecutive newspaper service as that of any other American family." Indeed, the Bowleses of Springfield were the Villards' and Garrisons' only rivals in this respect.

II

The rebel strain that may be found without long searching in any current number of Oswald Villard's *Nation* cropped out in Heinrich Hilgard in 1848 so vigorously that at the age of thirteen he found himself exiled from his native town of Speyer in Rhenish Bavaria. Exile was no new thing to the Hilgard family, for little Heinrich's paternal grandfather, Jacob, had been driven out of Germany during the French Revolution because of his injudicious enthusiasm for the new Parisian theory of the rights of man. This is an item worth bearing in mind, for even now, when political philosophers as well as political practitioners are generally agre that men have no natural rights, Mr. V lard's *Nation* still echoes the old slogan

Heinrich's father had hoped to make H son a lawyer, but the boy's reluctan coupled with the disgrace of his revo tionary exploits, spoiled the scheme. T elder Hilgard threatened to impound H son in the army for a decade or so, un he had come to his senses, and the youn ster, with a fine anti-militaristic flouris fled to America. He arrived in 1853, eigh een years old, nearly penniless and t tally ignorant of the English, not to s the American language. There follow some years of pinched and often despera wanderings. He got work on German new papers, learned English, taught school, r ported the Lincoln-Douglas debates, m Horace Greeley in the Colorado min covered Abraham Lincoln's Springfield 1860, and became one of the best war co respondents the Civil War produced. 1863 he came up from the fleet off Charl ton, went to see Garrison at Boston, a met and fell instantly in love with Fan Garrison, the liberator's only daughte If he had hated slavery before, he now r garded it with utter detestation. Thr years later, when the Grand Review w over, Lincoln was in his grave and Neg legislators were rioting in the coloni state-houses of the South, Henry Villa and Fanny Garrison were married.

And now the young journalist blaz suddenly into a financier. His last impo tant newspaper assignment was to cov the Franco-Prussian war for the New Yo *Tribune*. A chance meeting with Germa holders of deflated American railway bon led him into new fields. He was bold an he had the power of inspiring confidenc In the early 'seventies he was pioneerin in railway and steamship lines to Orego In 1878 and 1879 he met Jay Gould single-handed conflict and wiped up th floor with him. In 1881, when he w elected president of the Northern Pacifi he reached the zenith of his success. It wa during this period that he built the pala

in Madison avenue, to which he never returned after 1883. It was in 1883 that he was first "ruined." Four years later he got the Northern Pacific back again, and three years after that lost it for the second and last time. He was left a rich man as clerks and farmers measure wealth, but poor by Wall Street standards. He had, however, never really belonged in Wall Street. Those who lost money in his venture called him hard names, but the fact was, not that he was too hard-boiled, but that he was not hard-boiled enough. He died in 1900.

In the height of his glory the elder Villard had taken a step which had a marked influence upon American journalism as well as upon the life of his son Oswald. He bought the old *Evening Post*, already bending its hoary head under the weight of years, and entrusted it to Godkin, Schurz and Horace White. He was said to have been prouder of having assembled this journalistic trinity than of any of his victories on the bloody fields of high finance. To the *Post* he added the *Nation*, which was at first little more than a weekly edition of the newspaper. He kept his hands off so heroically that the redoubtable Godkin, his bewhiskered chin set with the firmness of a unique rectitude, sometimes took occasion to criticize his financial policies in the columns of his own newspaper. So the tradition grew up that journalism ought to be able, if it wished, to bite the hand that fed it. This illusion was later to cause pain to many tender-skinned and illuminated young newspaper men.

III

Oswald Villard still likes to think that if he had made a different choice of a life work he might have revenged himself upon Wall Street for what the Street did to his father. Perhaps this is the major-general complex in another form. His business affairs are extensive as it is, and it is his firm conviction that he manages them well. One of his main sources of income is an up-State iron mine, which naturally shared somewhat in the prosperity of the metal trades during the World War—though none of its product, so far as Mr. Villard could help it, was made into cannon balls or bayonets. He is fond of signing papers and attending board meetings, and he will interrupt himself in the midst of an editorial article to make crisp decisions, quite in the big business manner. In the *Nation* office he has a way of being businesslike almost to the point of penuriousness, as those who sell him their literary wares well know. Then he will throw away the resulting savings in some generously aristocratic gesture.

But his first impulses were neither businesslike nor journalistic, but scholarly. He attended Harvard, loved every elm in the Yard, and would send his sons there if they had not developed an inexplicable preference for Yale. He graduated in 1893, at the age of twenty-one, then remained three years longer to take his M.A. and hammer history into the hard heads of freshmen. His historical training bore fruit—and good fruit it was—in his biography of John Brown, which leaves little for any future biographer to say. He dallies even now with the thought that if he had his way he would write books, not groan and sweat in the turmoil of Vesey street. A few years ago he went to an up-State health farm to get back strength lost in a hard campaign. A visiting friend found him leaning wistfully against a fence. The grass was green, the birds were twittering and fleecy clouds were moving across the sun. "Why," asked Mr. Villard, "should I leave this and go back to New York and get into another squabble? Why shouldn't I go with my family to the Riviera or the Rhine and do what I've always wanted to do—write books?" Why, indeed! If Oswald Garrison Villard were condemned to do nothing but write books he would be the most miserable of men. He lives upon the dust of forlorn hopes. His intoxicant is the gore spilled in battle for the downtrodden and the weak.

This uncomfortable impulse was upon him even in his tender youth. He forsook the genteel shades of Cambridge in 1896, when he had just turned twenty-four, and sprang full-panoplied into the journalistic arena. It was characteristic of him, or of his father, or of both men, that instead of going on the *Post*, where as son of the owner he could not have avoided special privileges, even from the incorruptible Godkin, he got a job on the Philadelphia *Press*. Here he served his apprenticeship under as rigorous conditions as any city editor could bear to inflict upon a well-to-do cub. A year later a secession of *Post* writers to the reorganized New York *Globe* led to his recall to New York, and from that time until 1917 he was the prime mover at 20 Vesey street. Between 1897 and 1917 lies a period of considerable importance in American journalism, and to this period Oswald Garrison Villard made his indubitable contributions.

It is true he was not able to turn the *Post* into a money-making enterprise. Between 1881 and 1915, according to Mr. Allan Nevins, the paper's entertaining and veracious historian, it earned a net profit of only 2% on the capital invested. Subsequently it did not do even so well. Financially speaking, the Villard family might have been wiser to have put its money in a sock and buried it under one of the weeping birches on the grounds of Henry Villard's Early Norddeutscher-Lloyd palace at Dobbs Ferry.

The causes of this relative failure were several. One of them was Godkin, who was a genius, a gentleman, and likewise a snob of the first water. Godkin not only made few efforts to obtain a large circulation; he positively did not like large circulations. He was so inhuman that he never spoke an unnecessary word to any member of the *Post's* reportorial staff, and he growled when he was asked to meet his editorial colleagues in a social way outside the office. On this basis he constructed a newspaper whose news and editorial columns were as perfect, within their limitations, as anything ever produced in America. Everyone who wanted to seem cultured had to have the *Post* lying about whether read or not. It was the *Atlantic Monthly* of daily journalism.

Oswald Villard was a far more genial character than Godkin. If pricked he would have bled blood, whereas it is doubtful if anything but ink would have issued from Godkin's veins. With a year or two under Mr. Brisbane he might have been a marvel of popular journalism. But he revered the Godkin tradition because he revered most traditions, and because Godkin had been his father's choice. And reverence for the Godkin tradition meant that the *Post* would never greatly exceed the top limit of 20,000 circulation which Godkin had consented to attain. It was an influential circulation. Newspaper men everywhere read the *Post* and its editorials were widely copied and stolen. Godkin secured results at times by hammering on certain subjects until out of sheer boredom some one in authority did something about them. The populace, meanwhile, read the *Journal* and the *World*.

Mr. Villard was never able to overcome this discrepancy. Perhaps he cared too much for quality. At any rate it cannot be said that up to the opening of the World War he smashed out many new pathways. His most important policies were handed down to him ready-made. As a grandson of Garrison, he had to stand for equal rights for the Negro. His pacifism, his belief in free trade, and his defence of the feminist uprising all came from one or both of his parents. Not that his service to these ideals was perfunctory or cloisteral. He walked down Fifth avenue in the first suffrage parade, one of a handful of heroic men who braved the jeers and risked the rotten eggs of a mob of outraged fellow males. But real passion does not enter into one's opinions until one has suffered for them, and Oswald Villard did very little suffering prior to the second year of the World War.

Quite the contrary. He was a man still young, of adequate income and assured position. He was welcome in any social circle he cared to enter; he had a wide acquaintanceship; he was a connoisseur of the amenities of life. No one would ever have called him a snob. He went daily into the composing rooms of the *Post*, helped the make-up men tuck the paper into bed, and was on the friendliest of terms with everyone from the elevator man to the chief editorial writer. He enjoyed these contacts. But with them there went a shade of unmistakably aristocratic feeling. There were men who had been on the *Post* for years, in the mechanical as well as in the editorial departments. Villard's attitude toward them had in it just a trace of the feudalistic. They were friends and fellow workers, but they were also retainers.

For years this fiery ally of labor clung to the Manchester doctrines—the reader may reconcile them with feudalism as best he may—and the *Post* remained an open shop. Even now Mr. Villard will ask you, why not? Any workingman could come to him with a grievance. Wages were as high, hours of labor as reasonable as in the union shops. But outside office hours Mr. Villard associated with social groups whose attitude toward the downtrodden proletariat was not quite so genial. They tolerated his pacifism, his pro-Negroism and his suffragism because the years before the World War happened to be years of tolerance, and because nothing he then said or did really threatened the foundations of their social system. He was a good citizen in their sense of that word. His name was associated with all worthy causes. He had a German respect for music and became president, in the course of time, of the Philharmonic Society.

He was, in fact, a comfortable liberal. So, in those halcyon days, were Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and Mr. Villard's great fellow editor, Mr. Munsey. They were all working for the brotherhood of man and never missing a night's sleep on account of it.

IV

The rumble of artillery on the western front disturbed this pleasant state of affairs. Mr. Villard, unlike Colonel Roosevelt, had never been entertained by the Kaiser, and his family legends did not dispose him to admire the ruling house of Germany. He therefore wrote and published, in 1915, one of the first pro-Ally books to appear on this side of the water. He called it "Germany Embattled," denounced the invasion of Belgium as "wickedly unnecessary," and severely criticized the attempts to promote "political solidarity among German-Americans." For a year or two after that he remained a warm personal friend and admirer of Woodrow Wilson. Those were the *Post's* rosy days. But soon he began committing indiscretions that the jingoes and Anglomaniacs could not forgive. He remained frankly a pacifist when everyone else was thirsting for blood. In February, 1917, he shamelessly admitted, in a debate with the highly patriotic Henry A. Wise Wood, that he would not "forcibly resist an invasion of this country." Then he broke with Wilson, who had been elected to keep the country out of war and had put it in instead. "The camouflage of ethical precept and political philosophy which has so long blinded the eyes of all but the most observing," he remarked, "has been stripped away and the peoples of the world see revealed, not a friend faithful to the last, but an arrogant aristocrat and a compromising politician." This sentence happens to have been written in 1919, but it reflects a much earlier attitude. Obviously here was something that the professional Hun-baiters, the lovers of blood and iron, the creatures who declared, in 1919, that Mr. Wilson had ended the war before enough blood had been shed, could not tolerate.

So Mr. Villard had to be punished. In 1918 he was forced to resign from the presidency of the Philharmonic Society because, as the guileless reporters said, of

criticism of his pacifist views. What pacifist views had to do with music was a question no one but a pro-German would ask. Mr. Villard had friends—or so he had once considered them—who would not now invite him to their homes or even speak to him on the street. The *Post* suffered as well as himself, even though toward the last he absented himself from the office and left the control of policy in the hands of his safely and not too-critically pro-Ally associates. All up and down the breadth of the land, wherever the professional haters gathered in their clubs, Villard was damned because he was a pro-German who loved the Kaiser's pomp and power and because he was a pacifist who would not resist if an armed Hun assailed his wife or daughter.

What was his state of mind during those years? No doubt it was more complex than appears upon the records. He had been born on German soil, his father was a German, he spoke the German language, he knew the German people as well as he knew the inhabitants of Iowa. He knew that a German with a rifle in his hand was no more cruel than an American, a Frenchman or an Englishman, not to mention a Sikh or a Senegalese. He had a keen ear for hypocrisies and he was only too well aware of the inconsistencies in the Allied position. He had cherished illusions about Mr. Wilson and the place where the illusions used to be now ached. But underneath these outer phases there ran a strong racial current. He was never pro-German in the sense that he wished to see a German *Junker* bestriding Europe. But he was pro-German, certainly, in not relishing the idea of a Rhineland laid waste by Allied fire and sword, or German civilians starved by an unnecessarily-prolonged Allied blockade. And he may have enjoyed thinking, even though the thought never rose to the surface of his consciousness, that a German boy could handle a bayonet or a machine-gun as effectively as a boy of any other breed. There is that much humanness in him. It is one of his disarming qualities.

It should again be noted that Mr. Vi
lard fell into this position as a result
his innate conservatism. His liberalism,
we have seen, was logically derived fro
the Manchester school. Even his oppos
tion to military conscription—to th
"volunteering *en masse*" of which M
Wilson so poetically spoke—was in t
respectable tradition of John Stuart Mil
But after a time he reached the conclusi
that "theoretically ideal as the Manchest
theory is, human nature cannot live up
it." And it was not long before he fou
himself in as strange a company as th
encountered by Alice in Wonderland whe
she fell into the pool of her own tea
Irishmen buying cartridges to kill Blac
and-Tans, Communists dreaming of th
day when Bill Heywood or William Z
Foster would put his feet on the preside
tial desk at Washington, pacifists wit
schemes for making humanity lamblik
over night, delegates from oppressed n
tionalities never before heard of outsi
the encyclopedia, organizers of thir
fourth and fifth political parties, apostl
of free, or at least less expensive love, a
vocates of the newer and more obsce
movements in the arts—all these came an
sat upon the Villard doorstep, and whil
some went away hungry others perfor
were taken in and fed.

Mr. Villard was edged over to the le
in spite of himself. He remained, he sti
remains, principally a Jeffersonian, with
naïve faith in the Bill of Rights. But h
came to be associated with what the Jap
anese call dangerous thoughts. Y. M. C. A
secretaries excluded his publications fro
their chaste dormitories, and proprieto
of Indiana news-stands were increasingl
disposed to relegate the *Nation* to cove
in favor of *Sappy Stories* or *Crude Confessions*
Thus the picture of Villard the howlin
radical was created in people's minds
Nothing could be further from the truth
for he is not a radical and he does no
howl. But truth, after all, has little to d
with the general trend of human affairs.

He had little hand in the direction o

the *Post* after 1917. In 1918 he sold the paper, as he explained, "for the simple reason that I hadn't the means at my disposal to meet the rising costs due to the war." He was too much interested in propaganda to try, as he might have done, to make the *Post* an evening *Times*. But he kept the *Nation* and made it a remarkable hybrid of the very old and the very new, of classic scholarship and vivacious modern prejudice. The *Nation* is his pet. He is prouder of nothing than of the fact that he has multiplied its circulation six or seven times since he first took it over. Here, as he never was on the *Post*, he is thoroughly at home as an editor.

V

To call him a great editor would probably be to over-work the adjective. The great editors—Greeley, the elder Bennett, Dana —have been men in whom the success of an institution has been a ruling passion. They might have principles—Greeley had enough principles for half a dozen editors —but the *Tribune*, *Herald* or *Sun* came first. Hence the *Tribune*, *Herald* or *Sun* prospered. But though Villard has a nose for news and can write entertainingly and accurately about anything he has seen, heard and smelt, it is opinion rather than news that interests him. And he is, and always has been, concerned with opinions for their own sake rather than for their effect on circulation. Possibly the same thing can be said of Mr. Hearst—one isn't always sure. But a passionate interest in opinions is a defect in any editor who is not himself a simple-minded atom in a simple-minded sea of population. If he thinks originally and vigorously he makes enemies and loses readers.

But it has not been merely the nature of Mr. Villard's opinions that has kept him from competing with *Liberty* or the *Saturday Evening Post*. It has also been the packages in which they were wrapped. He has addressed the suffering and sorrowing proletariat in the language of the wickedly cultured upper classes. He has bemoaned the martyrdom of men who sleep with their pants on, and he has done it in terms only to be appreciated in full flavor by graduates of Harvard University. This is not to say that either he or his publication is dull, for it takes a good deal to amuse a graduate of Harvard University. The *Nation* may be peevish, but it stimulates; it may not satisfy, but it burns the tongue. But it is no brand for the proletarian. He prefers the aroma of the tabloids.

Those who are capable of judgment in the matter find Mr. Villard, when in form, as forceful and pungent a writer as ever sat in an editorial chair at 20 Vesey street. One of his former associates goes so far as to affirm and declare that if he were to select the best editorials of the *Post* during Villard's editorship he would expect to find four out of six Villard's—and four out of six of the worst ones, too! For Villard is not natively an artist. His æsthetic tastes are only mildly developed. The German in him is fond of music, but he confesses to weeping over the lamentable fate and even more lamentable tunes, as some critics consider them, of "Madame Butterfly." He adores the plain lines of old houses and the gentle sweep of the Connecticut hills. But he has no passion for the *mot juste*, the delicacies of verbal rhythm, the subtleties of color. His editorials, written amid frequent interruptions, are likely to be choppy and abrupt, even when forceful. In editorial conferences he is always open to amendment, and as his mind is not analytical he will frequently incorporate in an article an extraneous suggestion which quite butchers the original idea. But give him something to be angry about, and he will write, without pausing and without revising, paragraphs that march, and beat drums, and shout.

Though kindly, he is capable of irritating and of being irritated. This may in part account for the rapid turnover of *Nation* sub-editors. Some who have departed are said to have gone away under a cloud of resentment. When an associate

harps too long on one string, even though that string be the wrongs of the dark-visaged democracy of Haiti, Mr. Villard's sense of proportion asserts itself, sometimes drastically. Then, too, the *Nation's* salaries are not high in view of the fact that a really comfortable apartment in New York costs twenty thousand dollars a year and seats to the Follies are hardly to be had for less than twenty dollars a pair.

But the continual procession of bright young and able middle-aged men through the *Nation* office has another aspect. They all learn something, they all are missionaries. Many of them, particularly in the critical field, have later made their mark. Another point to note is that when Mr. Villard adds a new man to the staff he is prone to choose some one more radical than himself. This may or may not be because the young, who are also the radical, are less exacting in their economic demands. I suspect it is more than that. The result is, at all events, that Villard is continually being impelled to publish articles a little more startling than he thinks he approves of. He complains humorously that if he stays away a few days the staff goes Bolshevik—and in a way it does.

Certainly the *Nation* has several policies which go contrary to Mr. Villard's natural grain. It has lent a receptive ear, for instance, to advanced views of sex and family life, whereas Villard neither practices nor accepts the new libertarianism. Even in minor matters he is quite the Puritan. He does not smoke, except to save himself from being asphyxiated by other men's bad tobacco at editorial conferences. He has gone so far, over the dead bodies of the coroner only knows how many cocktail-loving sub-editors, to urge in the columns of the *Nation* that Prohibition be given a fair trial.

Ask him if this is consistent with his avowed dislike of governmental busybodyism, and he will tell you that he does not deny the right of any man—nay, the duty of any man, if his opinions run that way—to disobey the Volstead Act and rot in jail for it, just as he himself would b shot rather than obey a draft law. An though he touches no alcoholic beverag save beer, he allows Heywood Broun t say in the columns of the *Nation* that he Broun, has met "no kind and charmin people who are also total abstainers." H reveals a heroic sincerity. He may be vain he may be illogical, he may sometime hang large opinions on small facts, bu never for a moment is he intellectually dis honest. He couldn't be, any more than h could rob a bank.

In a sense the *Nation* is Villard and Vil lard is the *Nation*. But there is much c him, even the better and saltier part, tha never gets into print. There is his complet courage—a quality one might not expec in a man who is not physically aggressive whose profile cannot compare with Musso lini's, whose handclasp is a little weak and whose voice always sounds a littl tired. But he hasn't the slightest objection to a personal risk when it is necessary When the American Legion mobbed on of his post-war meetings in Cincinnati h met them quite in the Garrisonian manner and refused to be cowed. He would have walked through the stinking wilderness o the Argonne as gaily as any simple-minded leatherneck if he could have seen any sense in doing so.

But he has another kind of courage; he walks through the barrages of the world unarmored in cynicism. In 1915 he wrote it down as his solemn conviction "that this country loves justice, truth and right; that the judgments of its common people are in the long run profoundly wise." Ten years later he could still speak confidently of "the pure, sound gold that lies underneath the commonness of exterior, the commonplaceness of much of the thinking of our rural and small-town multitudes." This is not buncombe. He believes it. It is true that in private conversation he is more ironic than in the columns of the *Nation*. He has a trace of the bitterness of the idealist who has slipped on too many banana peels and sat down on too many

acks. When an idol fails him, as Wilson lid, he can be savage. But he recovers himelf and with perennial youthfulness makes ew idols. He is never merely a rebel. He elieves something can be done.

He is personally far, far happier than his eriodical seems to be. If you ask him ointblank he will confess that he enjoys fe. He enjoys little things; he likes to ear the *Nation's* forms to pieces at the last inute before press-time to make room for new injustice, a fresh evidence of govrnmental duplicity. He likes to drive a otor-car faster than is quite safe. He is ildly fond of golf, but will not take the me and trouble to play it when he can o horseback riding instead. His favorite ot in all the world is his farm in Conecticut, where he roughs it in a remoded Eighteenth Century farm house with eam heat and perfect plumbing. If he can ake the farm pay its own expenses he ill be content, though he is discouraged this writing as to that point. He loves talk hay and potatoes with the man ho does the farming for him, and he ides himself on having an up-to-date otato-digging machine to hoist the crop t of the ground. Sometimes he puts on d clothes and putters around contentedly. t he prefers to slip into a well-tailored gling suit and go for a brisk trot around e pastures and along the country roads. is as good a horseman as ever Roosevelt was.

At his other country house, on the contional shores of Long Island Sound, he ds a more formal life—for the sake, his ends say, of his family. His town house, ich any one who likes may find in the ephone book, is comfortable but requires no special oratory from the conductor of the sight-seeing 'bus. When he is tired of New York and its environs he travels. He goes to Europe, has a whirlwind of interviews which confirm his worst suspicions, makes the rounds of the night life in Vienna, Berlin and Paris in the most lively, innocent, sober and journalistic fashion, and enjoys himself hugely. He goes out to make speeches because, as he says, they help advertise the *Nation*. He complains sadly about the hardships this entails, but one feels he doesn't suffer as much as he thinks he does. He is death on politicians, with the possible exceptions of Norris, Borah and one or two others, but he would run for the Senate if he were fairly sure of being elected. He is for the oppressed and downtrodden everywhere, but—like the author and readers of this article—he prefers to keep them at a distance until they have bathed and changed their underclothing.

Read his biography of John Brown, read his volume on American newspapers and newspapermen, read his contributions to the *Nation*, talk with him when he is at his ease—he is one of the most fascinating conversationalists alive—and you may finally hit upon the key to his personality, enthusiasms and activities. He does not belong in this decade at all. Disillusioned though he continually is as to particular men and movements, he retains indomitable illusions about the fundamentals, about truth, democracy, life, the universe. He is indignant about human wrongs, not because he thinks the world incurably evil, but because he thinks that with pains it might be made good. In short, he is one of the last of the romantics.

EVOLUTION, OR WHAT HAVE YOU?

BY KNIGHT DUNLAP

THE most interesting phase of the current controversy between the evolutionists and the Fundamentalists is the disposition on the part of a certain group of American scientific men to agree with their theological and quasi-theological opponents that theological factors really enter into the problems of evolution. Beyond this point the scientific group splits into two factions, one of which triumphantly proclaims the defeat and rout of theology, if not of religion, by science; while the other faction appears to be suffering from the horrible nightmare of painfully clinging with one hand to theology, and with the other to science, as the two vehicles approach a threatening division of the road. To avoid being compelled to let go of either, and the other dream-alternative of being torn asunder, these scientists are frantically attempting to "harmonize" the two flivvers before it shall be everlastingly too late.

But there is another group of men, acutely interested in science, who do not feel called upon to fight under either banner. This group has apparently always been small, and naturally, it is scorned by both of the contending parties. It is to this pacifically inclined group, however, that I rise to announce my adherence.

I am unable to become excited over any conflict between religion and science. Likewise, I am skeptical of the attempts which have been made to form a synthetic union of the two. In fact, these attempts disturb me, and would alarm me if I could take them more seriously than I do. The opposition between the Hebrew and Babylonian scriptures and the doctrine of evolution, and the harmonization of the two, se as fictitious and meaningless as opposit or agreement between the binomial theor and a recipe for strawberry shortca What belief or disbelief in biological e lution has to do with belief or disbeli the ancient theologies of the Near Eas am unable to see.

I strongly suspect that some of the m controversial biologists are confused as the limitations of both biology and t ology, and that the same is true of theologians, both the Fundamentalists a the liberals. Science, in whatever bran should have to do with nothing but fa and working hypotheses; and if the b logical doctrine of evolution is a m working hypothesis, it cannot possib be in either conflict or agreement with a strictly religious dogma. I suspect, the fore, that many biologists hold the theo of evolution, not as a scientific worki hypothesis, but as a religious doctri Concerning some of them, I am fairly c tain that this is true.

A working hypothesis is not scienti unless it is scientifically useful. It must based on facts, and it must contribute the discovery of new facts. If it is n useful, it has no place in science. A scie tific hypothesis of evolution is undoubted useful; but the usefulness of a religio dogma of evolution is not evident exce perhaps in theology. We may well set hig values on biology and on theology; b we should be impatient with both wh they get out of their fields.

It amazes some persons to be told th one can consistently believe in the Mes potamian theory of creation, and also hol

ıe biological theory of evolution; even ccepting the cosmology of modern geology. Yet this is strictly true, as was shown y an intelligent contemporary of Darwin. think it is worth while to take time to ıake this clear.

II

he problem arose in an amusing way fore the rise of the Darwinian theory, in ie form of the question whether Adam d nor did not have a navel. Now, the vel is a sort of scar indicating the method nutrition in uterine life. It is the point attachment of the umbilicus or navel ring, which is sloughed off in the early ys of infancy, since it becomes useless th birth. Father Adam, by hypothesis, l not go through any uterine life, and us had no navel string. Therefore, it has en supposed that he had no navel. If it ould be assumed that he did have a navel, would, on this assumption, show that e story of his creation was false. On the ıer hand, if Adam were a complete man, ypical man, he must have had a navel. e same apparent conflict might have n made out in regard to the thymus nd, and other organs which show in lt life the effects of changes occurring ring earlier life; but the theologians o engaged in the discussion of Adam's vel knew nothing about these organs.

This is really the popular problem of the n and the egg. Which came first? The n develops from the egg, but the egg is l by the hen. This problem is solved by sideration of the fact that the egg and n cycles occur only when there are hens l eggs; before this period there was no blem. If, by any process of creation or elopment, the egg of some other animal ld be changed into the sort of ovum ich we call a hen's egg, then the cycles ıen and egg would begin at that point. on the other hand, some animal were nged into a hen, or a hen were created *novo*, the cycles would begin at that nt. The process from the point of view of biological evolution is a little more complex than it is from the theological view-point, but biology has no difficulty with it.

The problem of Adam's navel was shown to be soluble in the same way. Man is actually an animal which develops from an egg; that is, from a relatively simple organism, a single cell. But if a divinity, considering man in all his details as he is, should create a man having the characteristics usual to the age of twenty-five years, he would of course be exactly the same man as if the divinity had chosen to create him in the form of an egg, and let him grow up to the age of twenty-five. That the divinity was at the same time establishing the laws of growth obtaining from that point on would make no difference.

Of course, then, according to the creation theory, Adam had a navel, and all the other features which from that time on men would universally show. The navel would formally indicate prenatal development, and would factually indicate such development for all later men; but of course it would not factually indicate this in Adam's case. This would not conflict with any law or principle in embryology. Embryology merely considers the facts and order of animal development, and arrives at the conclusion that wherever this process goes on, it goes on in this way. No theologian denies the facts and principles of embryology, for theologians, like the rest of us, assume the existence and continuity of natural law.

If the theologian claims that this process of embryological development commenced a few thousand years ago, he nevertheless admits that it began to operate in accordance with the principles the embryologist has since discovered. The question as to whether it did nor did not commence at such a time may be within the scope of theology but it is certainly outside the scope of embryology. The embryologist naturally would tend to set no anterior limits to the process, except to trace it to certain antecedent processes with which

the laws he discovers definitely connect it. He can trace the process of human embryology back to simpler processes in lower forms of life. The theologian cannot dispute this. But if the theologian believes, and asserts, that the tracing is factual only back to a certain point of past time, at which the whole process commenced, and at which the laws were established, the embryologist has not a single fact to controvert him. The theologian *might* hold that the process commenced with the lower vertebrate animals. He happens to hold that it commenced at a somewhat "higher" stage in development.

The application of the same principles to the whole animal and vegetable kingdoms, and to the geological formations of the earth is equally simple. The vermiform appendix and the whole panoply of the organs of man indicate his developmental relations to the lower forms of life. The formations of the rocks indicate a continuity of processes in the earth extending over millions of years. No theologian can deny this, for these are scientific facts. But if the theologian asserts that the whole cosmic process which the scientists have traced began only a few thousand years ago, there is not a single scientific fact with which to controvert that assertion. We know what processes were going on a million years ago, if the earth existed that long ago. We may assume that the earth did exist; the theologian assumes that it did not. If the two assumptions conflict, as they obviously do, it is because neither is strictly scientific; both are theological, or philosophical, as you choose to name them. All that science can assert is the logical continuity of the universe; and as science, it can set no limits to the factual development. So much is obvious; but it should be equally obvious that it can deny no limits.

Let us now put ourselves for the moment in the position of the Fundamentalist. Suppose the universe as we know it to be non-existent. But suppose the existence of an omniscient and omnipotent God. This God, being by definition omniscient, can think of an infinite variety of univer none of which as yet exists. He can for every detail and every law which wc operate in each of these universes. Be also by definition omnipotent, He create any of these universes. He could e create a universe in which there shoulc no natural law at all. If He could not, would not be omnipotent.

Let us assume now, as the Fundamen ist does assume, that this God decides create a certain universe, namely, the in which we now live and move and h our being. This universe happens to be in which certain laws operate; in wh with sufficient knowledge, future eve can be foreseen. God being omnisci foresees perfectly. This universe happ to be one in which organic evolution o ates, as is demonstrated by the work the stock breeder, the plant breeder, the work of the experimenters in our lab atories in producing new forms of life. T universe, as a logical system, has a c tinuity which is immense, perhaps infi in both directions, involving definite se of geological events as well as biologi and psychological events. But this univ does not yet exist.

III

Suppose the divinity now to consider t universe in its infinite entirety in tin and the question as to the stage of its c tinuum in which it is to be brought i existence. The nature of the univer remember, is decided upon. It is to be universe, in which the laws of *this* unive shall begin to operate as soon as the u verse, including its laws, is created. soon as created, it will begin to follow t course laid down by those laws. It obvious that in whatever stage it is creat it is essentially the same universe.

Let us consider two stages in its develc ment, one created at a period, as we reck time, of a hundred millions of years ag the other at a period of five thousa years ago. If God decides to create t

iverse in the former stage, it is obvious at in the course of time it will pass rough the latter stage. If He creates it at e latter stage, it will be exactly the me universe, in every detail, as if it had en created a hundred millions of years o and left to develop up to the latter ge. If not, it is not the same universe, d we are assuming that the divinity ows what universe He is creating. In her words, if this world was created oo years ago, as the Fundamentalist ims, it contained, as soon as created, ological formations indicating an inexssibly enormous age of previous world, d contained forms of life also indicating long period of prior development. For biologists and geologists have shown t *this* world *is* a world of that sort; and Fundamentalists claim that God created s world, and not some other.

f you can grasp these considerations, u can see that the opposition of religion l science, as usually understood, is a ion, and their reconciliation an impossility. The efforts of the theologians who empt to reconcile the Hebrew scriptures interpreting the days of Genesis as ological epochs are not merely puerile; y are more absurd than that.

There is no question of disproving the abylonian theory of creation; it can't be ue. It is a mere matter of belief. If the ologist or biologist believes it, that ief should make no particle of difference his scientific work. If he disbelieves it, is in the same position. The question of belief and belief is theological, and losophical. The real question is: Why uld we believe that the world was ated, or came into existence, at any particular time at all, or in any particular ge? Here the burden of proof is upon Fundamentalist, and we cannot expect to adduce any scientific evidence. We now show him the details of how the nds of the Book of Genesis were eloped; but he may even accept these s, and still accept the legend as expresthe truth.

It is a deplorable fact that efforts are still being made by men who are otherwise scientists to bring scientific evidence to the support of religious doctrines. The ontological argument, and the psychological argument, formulated by Descartes in the Sixteenth Century, have been abandoned; but the argument from design is still advanced. There is a plan in the universe; someone must have planned it; no one but a God could have done it. This argument has been torn to shreds by the philosophers. It is merely a definition of God as whatever is responsible for the universe. It is not in any sense a proof of the existence of the Hebrew God, much less, if possible, of the Christian God. I think both theologians and philosophizing scientists have made altogether too much of the plan of the universe anyhow. We are too apt to assume values where we know nothing about them. We are apt to speak of evolution as proceeding upward, when if we said it proceeds downward we would mean exactly the same thing, which is nothing at all.

We seem to think the universe, by its changes, is getting somewhere—arriving at or approaching some condition which in our ignorance we assume as more valuable than the present and past stages of the mess. Really, all that we can say with significance is that it changes. That these changes are going anywhere is an assumption, if not mere empty words. Consider geological changes: Ages spent in the elevation of a continent, then ages more in wearing it away and depositing it in the ocean; then ages more in elevating the bottom of the ocean into a new continent, and sinking the old one; then the cycle over again *ad infinitum*. Astronomical processes are just as aimless, so far as we can see. Nothing that we can discover is capable of human interpretation as the plan of a God such as the ancient mythologists conceived. We cannot prove that it is *not* the plan of such a divinity; certainly there is more to cosmic process than we can understand. But that is just the point.

There is nothing in cosmic processes which we *do* understand which can offer any support to the belief in the creative God. It is a question whether God as a mere empty name is useful to us.

This may be true, you reply, but the development of life, especially of man, indicates a plan. Well, perhaps if we knew more about it, it might. But what we do know doesn't raise our estimate of the Planner. Leaving out the question whether the amœba is of any more "value" than the alligator, we may consider the situation of man in the world. The omnipresence of sin and suffering doesn't argue much of a plan for the development of righteousness and happiness. If these former are necessary to the latter, then the Planner was far from omnipotent, or else not very wise, or else not very kind. Drowning out thousands of helpless human beings, or swallowing them by earthquakes doesn't seem to be the humane method of a Christian God.

"Ah," the Fundamentalist replies, "that is because we don't understand these things." That is exactly my point, and the Fundamentalist admits it in full. You cannot argue to useful truths from a basis of complete ignorance. There is nothing in the physical universe which furnishes a basis for argument for the existence of a Planner such as the Christian God. If we believe in Him, it is on other grounds,—not because of anything science or observation tells us about the world. All these pretended arguments are demoralizing, and at best merely cloud the issue.

IV

In the discussion so far, I have merely intended to bring out the fact that the differences between the Fundamentalists and the conventional evolutionists are after all minor matters, and due principally to intellectual confusion, emotional attitudes, and arbitrary beliefs. Both sides believe in the same sort of a world. The Fundamentalists admit evolution of a limited kind, and the biologists' evolution partial type, almost as limited as th the Fundamentalists.

The world is assumed to be mappe once for all, like a completed cross-v puzzle. The theologian calls this pred nation, the biologist determinism. eternal fixity of the world is equ assumed by both. The Fundament assumes that the puzzle comes into e ence with the squares all filled in, ex for a few minor corrections. The biolo evolutionist assumes that only the diag is given and the letters are writte slowly by evolution. But the letters all fixed in advance by the definition, the same; and there is only one l which can appear in a given place. W you get hold of the definitions you k just what has to go in each square. view of "emergent" evolution, so fa it is intelligible, differs from that of more conventional type merely by ass ing that the definitions of the ver words are not given so that there is way of predicting what these will be, u the horizontal words are filled in. But t are just as strictly determined in adva and could be only what they are l found to be.

From a cosmic point of view, doe matter about a few thousand years, w the result is to be the same? Except f the view of a time-killing game, what c it matter whether the puzzle is given w the squares filled out, or given blank, then filled out slowly with the prede mined letters? Is the difference betw creationism and deterministic evolut really worth worrying about? I should that from the point of view of a thorou going evolutionist it is not.

Darwinian and post-Darwinian evo tion have been founded on the assumpt that things are in process and that for and laws are not. This assumption is very well for science, since within fin times we do find changes in things, no measurable variations in laws. T possibility of changes in laws may, the

re, be neglected tentatively. But when a ientific hypothesis is elevated into a phil- ophical theory, and given a scope unlim- d in time, such details cannot be safely nored. It is necessary, therefore, to con- ler the claims of a complete evolutionary eory, such as that advanced by Heraclitus, cording to which not merely natural jects, but also natural laws are in process. The opposition to determinism in the st has taken the form of the theory of miraculous interference with nature, which natural laws are still assumed to fixed, static, but are at times counter- ed or supplemented by the lawless ion of supernatural powers. Both theo- ical supernaturalism and psychological ernaturalism have been held and advo- ed, but there has seldom been a doubt sed as to the essential fixity of nature. cording to a thoroughgoing evolution- , nothing in nature is dead, but all nges. Even a God would have to be a eloping God, or be ruled out of all sideration in nature, into the realm of e abstraction. There could not be even a n of the world, since events, although ctly determinable by law after the urrence, are not strictly determinable he future. No one could possibly know t the course of evolution could bring h, because that is not yet evolved. It ns mere romancing to suggest that the action of gravity, and the speed of t may have changed in the course of evolution of the universe; but if evolu- is a fact, that could happen. That e may have slowly changed from a hyperbolic continuum into Euclidean, or may be changing from Euclidean to hyperbolic, is incredible only because we have not as yet conceived of intermediate forms; but then, evolution itself may not be consistently continuous. A changing value of *pi*, on the other hand, is not at all inconceivable.

The conception of a *radical* evolutionary process in the cosmos may be said to be in the realm of fancy; it certainly is in the realm of metaphysics. But the consideration of this conception is psychologically useful, since it leads inevitably to the conclusion that the *limited* evolutionary hypotheses which are more popular among scientists are also metaphysical if held as final and as excluding the radical hypothesis. The radical hypothesis would probably have no more effect on actual science than the Einstein hypothesis has on land surveying. The real obstacle to its favorable consideration lies in our fears and other emotional attitudes. It *seems* to upset our scientific achievements and unsettle our confidence in the universe. But this is merely because we insist, like the Fundamentalists, on making a religion of our science. When we rigorously separate our science from our metaphysics, we have no cause for alarm over philosophical possibilities, and less urge to go around sticking pins in the Fundamentalists. The Fundamentalist also should have his emotional querulousness considerably ameliorated by contrasting the very moderate limited evolution of the biologist and the geologist with the theory of radical evolution.

THE VULGATE IN AMERICAN FICTION

BY WALLACE RICE

American novelists and story-tellers have been helpful for many years in recording the American language as it is spoken by all sorts and conditions of men in all parts of the country. But their helpfulness ends when they wander into the field of phonetics and undertake to indicate actual speech sounds rather than mere words and expressions.

It demands long phonetic study and practice to determine precisely how we speak ourselves and what the differences are in the speech of others. To set down these differences in an alphabet of twenty-six letters, of which three are useless, is impossible. The really wise novelist thus avoids the attempt. All reasonable requirements are satisfied if he shows, by the customary abbreviations, that the dialogue is informal. This done, the reader will know well enough what the details are and be able to reproduce them.

Many recent American writers have been shipwrecked in the sea of their mother tongue when they represented the unemphatic auxiliary *have* as if it were the word *of*. It is, or should be, a prime rule of those writing dialect never to misspell anything in the common language which is properly pronounced. When Lowell, for example, wrote *sez* for *says*, *minnit* for *minute*, *injers* for *injures*, *sum* for *some*, and *mus'n't* for *mustn't* in "The Bigelow Papers," he was merely telling the world that his Yankee character was pronouncing these words as they ought to be pronounced. And so with *of* for *have*. "I should *have* gone," in good American speech, is correctly pronounced as "I should *uv* gone," just as "son *of* battle" is pronounced "son *uv* battle"; that is, *have* in the first is spoken as if spe *uv*, and *of* in the second as if it, too, w spelled *uv*. Consequently there is no r sense in writing, as Miss Zona Gale d "Seems to me the Lord would *of*" tha would be for her to write "son *have* tle." In the same way Sinclair Lewis, w he has Elmer Gantry say, "He couldn married Lulu" and on the following p "I shouldn't *have*," indicates no real ference in pronunciation. The first fo so misspelled, means, if it means anyth that Elmer knew more about the Amer language than Lewis. This is also tru the sentence on another page: "If he' been an American bell-boy, we'd *of* ja away for an hour, and I'd *of* learned so thing." It is no more illuminating, writing *of* three times where *have* is spo properly under the circumstances, tha would have been to misspell *been* as *hour* as *our*, *learned* as *lurnd*, and *somet* as *sumthing*.

One word may be equal to another speaking, but this does not establish eq ity on the printed page. *Right*, *write* *wright* are all pronounced as if spelt "The *rite rights* the *write wright*" is comp hensible when read aloud, but nonse on paper, where each of the four word undeniably misspelled. *Pear* and *pair* pronounced as if spelled *pare*, but mix them in print is ignorance: "He *pear* *pare* of *pairs*." Writing any one for other is the same sort of blunder as writ unemphatic *of* for an unemphatic *have*.

The Pocket Oxford Dictionary (19 notes that *have* is not only pronounced if spelt *hav*, but sometimes also like and *uv*, nearly. Henry Sweet in his "Prin

of Spoken English" has *hav*, *huv*, *uv*, and imply *v*. Daniel Jones in his "Outline of English Phonetics" corroborates this, and ets down "I should *have* thought so" as poken, nearly, *Ishuduvthawtso*, going on to ay that this is often reduced to *Ishtfthawtso*, where the *have* is brought down to the imple sound of *f*, or unvocalized *v*. What Gantry really said might be reproduced as *'eetufbin'numuricnbelboy*, *weetufchawdaway-nour*, *nItuflurntsumthing*. If there isn't any se in writing speech down in such a way, hich is reasonably accurate and the way ost of us really speak, why monkey with ne business at all, at least beyond the ccepted abbreviations which indicate in-rmality? The average reader is not a honetician; neither are most authors.

Nor authorities on the history of words, r that matter. For next comes that an-ent and honorable word, *eat*, pronounced, d misspelled, *et*, the past tense and past rticiple of the verb *to eat*. This misspell-g is as gross a blunder as it would be to rite "I have *red* a book; having *red* a ook; I *ment* to do it." When Miss Zona ale has her delightful old maid in Friendship Village" say, "baked in a ick oven and *et* hot," she is reporting, d misspelling, what has been good Eng-h from the year 1300 in print.

Instances are at hand, most of them from e New English Dictionary, of the use of as a participle, in the Seventeenth Cen-ry, from Shakespeare, Fletcher, Fuller, elyn, Marvell, Purchas, and J. Collins; the Eighteenth, from Arbuthnot, Pope, almesbury, Peter Pindar, Dr. Johnson, lior, and Coleridge: "His limbs the silent st had *eat*" and "It ate the food it ne'er d *eat*"; and in the Nineteenth, from e Austen, Marryat, Tennyson: "Princes ve *eat* our substance," Dickens, Thack-y, and a host of other reputables. In Twentieth Century it can be found in ny of the English novelists, older and unger, and in many American books, ough generally misspelled.

The Imperial Dictionary (1892) prefers to *eaten*. Lounsbury says in his well-known "History of the English Language" (1894): "The abbreviated participle form *eat* has been used with varying degrees of frequency in modern English. . . . In the case of *eat*, the vowel sound of the preterite is sometimes long, as in *ātе*, sometimes short, as in *ĕat*." It appears also in the grammars of George R. Carpenter, Richard Morris, and Baskervill and Sewell, Americans, sometimes marked as "less commonly used," where *commonly* seems to be uncommonly used. I have heard it repeatedly from the lips of cultivated Americans, and so has J. Leslie Hall, as he records in his "English Usage."

As for *eat*, pronounced *et*, the preterite, the authority is even stronger, Webster's being the only dictionary against it. In England, whether spelt *eat* or *ate*, it is pronounced as if spelt *et*, as in the Imperial, the New English, Stormonth's, the Concise Oxford, and the Pocket Oxford, while the Dictionary of Modern English Usage, 1926, says with finality: "EAT. The past is spelt *ate* (rarely *eat*) and pronounced *et* (wrongly *āt*)." Why, then, misspell so good a word, merely to be schoolma'mish —and wrong?

II

Het, noted frequently by American novelists as the past of the verb *to heat*, is now a dialect word, with an instance given in the Oxford Dictionary from Barbour's "Bruce," 1375: "He tuk a culter hat glowand That *het* was in a fyre burnand," *i.e.*, "He took a glowing colter that was *heated* in a beconing fire"; and another from Lowell, 1862: "Don't you git *het*." It has nothing to do with *eat*, however it is pronounced.

A sharp *s* in *used to*, as if *yoostoo*, is given as the correct pronunciation of the phrase in the New English, the Concise Oxford, and the Pocket Oxford Dictionaries. No American logogogue has heard it so yet, the endeavor here being not to record what we say but to make us say what is recorded. American teachers give themselves a deal of unnecessary trouble in consequence, and

their pupils a great deal more. Miss Gale has her quaint character say "I *use*' to look; I *use*' to like; I *use*' to want," and not until her 300th page does she write the word correctly as "I *used* to take."

It remains to comment on our most affected and pretentious bit of linguistic humbug, the preposterous and unnatural attempt to avoid saying what "The American Language" records as "*a tall*, a liaison form of *at all*." Throughout this broad land the pretty-pretty speakers can be heard clicking the *t* in *at* and making a nice little pause before the *all*. Women's clubs, particularly and peculiarly, are infested with it to the extent of making it appear a prerequisite for membership. All over the place, too, the novelists are putting *a-tall* into the mouths of their characters, only to convey to the judicious the impression that the latter know their American better than their creators do. The two words, as a matter of fact, are always sounded as one, with no half-stutter in the middle and with the vowels and stress exactly those in *appall*.

Why does anybody take such pains to say it wrong? It would be worth while to learn who began it, where it began and why it was begun, for it is only a few years old. And why, out of the thousands, is it limited to this single idiom? The very persons who say *at-all*, in the next breath say "*a-tall* times, *a-tall* events, *a-tall* odds." They never think of switching off the *at* in such phrases as: *at large*, *at length*, *at last*, *at ease*, *at odds*, *at will*, any more than they would in *atone*, which was formerly *at one*, or in *ado*, once *at do*. They say *Erie*, *at Arthur's*, running their words gether just as everybody who knows ways has in our language. Have they ne heard of Miss Carolyn Wells's Mr. T and what "his tête-à-tête ate at 8:08"

Nor do these precious ones separate from any other particle preceding it. "With *all* thy faults I love thee still," first two words are spoken exactly a *withal; all in all* is run together, and are *for all the world*, *on all accounts*, and the rest.

Every record of cultivated speech against these too-dainty ones. Sweet, ready cited, says: "Within breath-gro . . . there is no necessary pause betw the words except when we pause for e phasis," and cites "not *a tall* man" a "not *at all*, man" as practically identi in sound. Instances of *at all* written a single word, like *appall* except for change of the *p* to *t*, appear on at le seven pages of his phonetic transcriptio Jones, also previously cited, says: "It m be remembered that there is no break wh ever in English between consecutive wo which are closely connected by the sense as instances setting down *not at all* *nŏtŭtawl* (nearly) and *at once* and *at all* sounded like single words, with the o scure vowel in the first syllable and t stress on the second.

This sort of thing, ugly, difficult, a betraying ignorance of the fundament of American speech, is what G. Stanl Hall once aptly named "linguistic ma curing."

TEN

BY FERNER NUHN

Supper was over in the cottage, and Eric had to go after the milk. But he liked to go after the milk. He jumped off the back porch and sidled through the gap in the fence, where three posts were set in a triangle to keep out stray cows. He raced along the black, damp path that cut the brush-land till it reached Sunfish Creek. Eric had named it that. At the creek, cornering the safe double-log bridge (a contrivance catering to decadent adults and skittish young girls), he balanced himself precariously across the single moss-covered and water-soaked "old log," which held back on the up-stream side a floating mass of weeds and driftwood. He climbed sturdily the bluff on the other side of the creek and set out across the Plateau.

The sun was still high in the West, promising a long, gentle June evening. The poised heat of the afternoon had been broken by a light evening wind. Across the Plateau, Eric's two giant cotton-woods lifted mighty shoulders above the lesser trees, the glossy leaves of their top branches flashing like spangles as they caught the sun.

Eric liked to go after the milk. He was proud that he could go after it alone, the mile through the woods to Christiansen's farmhouse. Last Summer his father had gone with him; or rather, he had gone with his father. This Summer he could go alone! It was one of the reasons he had looked forward especially to June, when his father took his two weeks' vacation, and the family rented a cottage up the river. It was no luxurious country-house, but a shack made of barn-siding, painted white, perched on piles four feet above the ground. It was one of half a dozen, each set in its little clearing, well isolated from civilization, the river being their only easy way of approach.

The Manetka river, flowing cool and broad and silently in front of the cottage, was wonderful in its way. But back of the cottage lay what was more wonderful and enticing to Eric: a wilderness of brush and trees and creeks and ponds and hills. Creeks from whose mossy banks frogs leaped in fear at one's approach, entering the water with plops like corks pulled out of bottles; creeks with dark pools harboring unknown great fish, waiting only for the right kind of bait to be caught; ponds where a pebble, well-aimed, discovered whether the little black knob on the surface was the head of a turtle or only the top of a snag. Some of the little hills surely were Indian mounds hiding who knew what mysterious old bones and weapons. . . . Eric's father had found a tomahawk head once, right on the Plateau! It was now in the relic room of the Carnegie Library and bore the small sign: "Indian Tomahawk Head, Found on the Banks of the Manetka river by Thorvald Morgenson, 1910." Eric had never ceased looking for tomahawk and arrow heads.

He entered the path on the other side of the Plateau. He looked longingly at the mighty, sinuous cable of the Grapevine Swing, dropping from the sky-branches of an elm. His eyes climbed to the top of it, and his spirit levitated with his eyes. But resolutely he thrust aside the urge to climb it. Not this evening. Tomorrow morning. Tomorrow morning early. He raced along the path, shooting through

the gloom of a thick little wild-plum orchard, emerging into a flat meadow of rag-weed and wild grasses. He stopped to examine an "Indian tobacco" plant. The "tobacco" was still green. Later in the Summer it would be "cured"—brown and crisp—so that one could shell it off with one's fingers.

He walked on, but suddenly stopped short, then moved back three paces, his eyes fixed on the edge of the Sand Pit, thirty yards ahead. His brows hardened with resolution; he took two or three deep breaths, shifted the milk pail to a firm hold in his right hand, and sprinted with all his might. He leaped into empty space, fifteen feet out and eight feet down, and his bare heels pounded deep into the soft sand. The force of landing sent him sprawling on his side; and the milk pail rolled away, losing its cover. He got up quickly, leaving the pail where it was, and knelt down to examine his jump. "Nope," he muttered, sighting across to a peg on the edge of the pit, "missed her by about four inches." He pondered the discrepancy for a moment, shaking his head gravely.

Then he rose up, making a few chance strokes at his knickerbockers with a general view to brushing them, and recovered the milk pail. He knocked it upside down against his knee to shake the sand out of it, and climbed out of the pit.

II

Presently he heard laughter and voices. They came from the direction of Second Bayou, a backwater of the Manetka river, and a favorite retreat of canoeists. Eric crept silently toward the voices. Soon, through the trees, he made out a party of young people, bobbing up and down amid a chaos of baskets and cushions. Their canoes were pulled up on the shore; Second Bayou behind them was a brown mirror with green trees glimmering vertically in it. Eric stalked the party from the side of a tree.

A boy squatting down was fumbling at a pile of sticks and papers. A girl who w watching him broke into rippling, tau ing laughter. Turning to the others with flirt of green skirt she said, "Carl has ju used up the last match! Isn't he a fine B Scout!"

Carl stood up and ran a hand through H hair. "Anybody got some more matches he asked.

The others dropped what they we doing and looked at Carl. "Good Lor did you use all those I gave you?" said on

"Damn wood is wet," said Carl.

"What's a weenie roast without a fire pouted the girl in green.

Eric by his tree hesitated, trembled, th stepped forward. "I can get you so matches," he said. He surprised himse as much as he did the others.

One girl gave a little yelp, and they a swung around. "Huck Finn to the rescue, exclaimed one.

"Fine," said Carl. "How soon?"

"I'll borrow some at Christiansen's, answered Eric. "I'll be back this way i ten minutes."

"Great stuff!" responded Carl.

Eric turned about and ran, clutching th milk pail against his side. "Run the whol way," he muttered to himself through se teeth. Soon he was bounding over th little grassy hummocks in Christiansen' pasture. He banked around the curve o Christiansen's pond, and clambered ove the wooden gate of the farm yard. Pant ingly, at the back door, he asked, "Mor genson's milk, please. And . . . could you lend me . . . some matches? There are some . . . people who . . . can't start a fire."

"My, such a hurry we're in!" replied the fat Mrs. Christiansen. "Winifred! Bring Eric some matches." She herself took the milk pail and waddled out to the milk shed.

Eric hurried back with the matches, holding the pail of milk carefully away from him, so that it would not spill.

The party greeted him hilariously.

"Real service, I'll say," said Carl. He

was going to take the matches from Eric, but Eric held on to them, looking down at the pile of sticks that had been meant for a fire.

"Say!" shouted Eric, "that's no way to build a fire." He set the milk pail next a tree and knelt down by the sticks. "Let me show you."

"Now, Carl!" said the girl in green, "Take a lesson in fire-building from little Dan Beard."

All the boys and girls gathered around to watch, jollying Carl and patronising Eric. Eric blushed and was embarrassed, but proud. He scattered Carl's pile with a hurdly gesture, wrinkled up a bit of paper, and built a pyramid of small sticks over it, putting the smallest and driest next to the paper. Some of the sticks he tossed aside, grumbling, "Too green!" He stuck a finger in his mouth and held it scientifically in the air. "Wind's from the South," he pronounced. One of the boys turned to the others as if relaying a message, and sang out, "Wind's from the South!" They all laughed.

Eric carefully lit the paper at a southern point, so that the fire would blow through the sticks. When it began to catch he added larger sticks, and when it was blazing strongly he got up and handed the rest of the matches to Carl. "Here," he said. "I didn't need 'em."

The party laughed loudly. Carl took the matches. Eric was stooping to pick up his milk pail when Carl said, "I lose, and I ought to pay for it. Here, Mr. Dan Beard. Accept this little gift as a token of your victory and my high esteem!"

He handed Eric a fifty-cent piece. Eric's heart dropped. Slowly he reached for it. "Gee," he exclaimed. "Thanks!"

The incident had turned from something quite interesting, something to tell the folks, to something terrific, inconceivable! He hurried home, balancing the milk pail in one hand, clutching the fifty-cent piece in the other. He would not banish it to a pocket. It grew hot and moist inside his clenched fist.

He was not aware of the Sand Pit when he circled it, did not see the Grape-vine Swing, nor even his two giant cottonwoods withdrawing themselves grand and mysterious in the twilight. His mind was all in his palm. He had never owned a fifty-cent piece before—never outright, like this. His Christmas and birthday money Dad always put away, to save for him when he grew up. He had never had more than a dime in his own possession, to do with as he pleased. It seemed impossible to have a fifty-cent piece, got by himself, hard and real in his palm. What should he do with it? Well, he would keep it for a while, anyway, in his personal possession, while he decided what to do with it. At Sunfish Creek he took the double-log. This was no time to be running risks on the single-log.

III

Back in the cottage he put the milk in the ice-box, and hurried into the big screened-in front porch, where the lamp was lit. Father was smoking his pipe in the large wicker chair, his heavy blond brows fixed in their permanent thoughtful scowl, the creases in his forehead black-pencilled by the slanting lamplight. Mother was turning the pages of a woman's magazine; her great white fore-arm gleamed as it passed close to the lamp. Thorvald, Jr., chubby and contented, was pushing a cast-iron locomotive around the edge of the rag carpet.

"Shut the ice-box tight?" asked his mother, without looking up.

Eric answered, "Yes," energetically, brimming with his stupendous adventure.

"What took you so long to-night?" his mother now inquired.

Then it all tumbled out. Eric's blue eyes were big with excitement as he told it. Father turned his head, holding his pipe in his hand. Mother's generous, double-chinned face was kind with interest. Tow-headed Thorvald, sitting on one leg, drank it all in with wide eyes and open mouth. At the end, Eric held up the fifty-cent

piece triumphantly, like a successful hunter displaying a trophy.

Thorvald wriggled on to his feet and stood looking at the piece of silver as if mesmerized. Father said, "You better give it to me and let me take it to the bank. Next thing you know you'll lose it if you leave it around here."

The glow died out of Eric's face: his hand dropped slowly to his side. Everything went very still inside of him, and he heard a June-bug thumping against the screen trying to get in. "No! I want to keep it!" he said emphatically.

"What do you want to keep it for?" asked his father.

That was hard to say. What does one want to keep anything for, except just to have it? Eric stammered, "I just want to keep it!"

"The bank will keep it for you," said his father. "Keep it safer than you can."

"I'll keep it safe!" cried Eric eagerly. Of course he would keep it safe! As if he would lose it!

"*Naa*, but what good will it do you here? You can't buy anything with it here."

Eric's eyes fell away from his father's, roved to his mother's, then to the floor. "I know it," he said. "But I just wanted to keep it awhile." He was almost ready to give it up. He hated disagreements with his father.

His father puffed his pipe. Why couldn't children see what was good for them? The kid must learn to do things right; he must learn to save, to save in the right way. Where would *he* have been if he hadn't learned to save every possible nickel, since his parents had brought him from Denmark, when he was younger than Eric?

Presently Mrs. Morgenson said, "Oh Thorvald, let him keep it awhile if he wants to."

Mr. Morgenson went on puffing his pipe. The June-bug was still blundering against the screen. At last he took his pipe out of his mouth. "*Ja*, and lose it likely as not," he said, and went on puffing. So Eric knew he could keep it. But much of his high was gone. He went to bed feeling ugly uncomfortable.

He awoke with the sunshine blinc him from a square on the floor. He ro over on his back and looked up at rafters, the white-wash scaling off t in places. There was one blackish spot looked like a man riding a horse. Then suddenly he thought of yester and the fifty-cent piece. He hopped ou bed, and jerked open the top bu drawer. Yes, there it was. It was rea all had happened. He decided to wear overalls today. He would put the fifty- piece in the deep watch-pocket on front of them.

During breakfast, Donald Berge whistle sounded in the distance and in mittently nearer and nearer. Eric answ it. Soon Donald came bashfully in, half sat on a chair while Eric was finish his oatmeal and coffee-cake. But couldn't finish before he had to jump work the fifty-cent piece out of the wa pocket, and show it to Donald.

"Where d'yuh s'pose I got it?"

Donald couldn't guess. Eric told him about it, emphasizing especially and w great scorn how those fellows di know a thing about building a fire. D ald's black eyes glowed sympathetic with Eric's blue ones, reflecting the sc and the triumph.

After Eric had gulped down the milky spoonful of oatmeal they went o side. Immediately there came an aston ing change over Donald. Gone the quietn gone the bashfulness. Donald whoop Donald ran. Donald leaped high in the and caught the small bole of a sapling tree, spiralling around it as he gradu slipped back to the ground. His bl eyes sparkled. He dashed for the ri hurtling to a certain and watery gra But at the last moment he collapsed rolled on the ground, bringing himself on his stomach at the very brink of aster. Eric ran after him.

They sat on the boat landing, swing

rown, toughened feet above the water. brisk breeze chafed the river; chips of nlight rocked and glinted all over it. hey discussed what they should do that ay. From back of Donald's black eyes me troupes of brain-children, full-grown, inged and audacious. Eric, the cautious, legitimatized them one after another. At st they agreed on a fishing trip: "An all y fishing trip, 'way up Snag Creek, fur-er than we've ever been before."

There was permission to be got, lunches be packed, worms to be dug. They set out executing these agenda immediately. onald rushed away after the parental nction, galloping down the shore path a terrific rate, whirling one arm in circles ke a windmill.

IV

y ten o'clock they were on their way to ag Creek. The lunches were in a haver-ck, borrowed from Donald's older other, who was a Boy Scout. Each rried a bamboo fish pole, the lines wrap-d around them, the hooks stuck into the cks. Eric carried an old salmon can, in ich were the worms, and a canteen ng at his side. A spirited wind put zest the landscape, whipping the little trees th sudden gusts, flinging up the skirts of eping willows, rattling, high in the air, e hard leaves of giant cottonwoods. ross the blue sky white clouds raced, cting in the way of the sun sometimes, d darkening—just for a momentary con-st—the flashing green of trees and asses.

They crossed the Plateau, heading for e neck of land between Bull-head Lake d Mirror Lake. On the banks of Bull-ad they stopped at the Chinning Limb. ey could never resist it. Donald slipped his accoutrements, caught the limb, and nned himself nine times, grunting hard the last, and fell in an exhausted heap. c chinned himself eleven times, taking m more slowly, and was not exhausted the end. In the meantime, Donald had wholly recovered, and, as soon as he noted that Eric had beaten him, dashed toward Mirror Lake. When Eric caught up with him he was studying intently some marks on the wet sand of the Neck.

"I think," said Donald, "it's muskrat, but it may be skunk." He sniffed. "Don't you smell just a teeny smell of skunk in the air?"

Eric sniffed. "No!" he said, scornfully. "What's eatin' you!"

"I guess it's muskrat," Donald conceded.

They traced the tracks as far as they could, till the tracks were lost in the grass on the other side of the Neck. Donald said, "You know, a real forester, or 'n Indian, can read the woods like a book. Everything means something. Why, for instance, the way that stick is lying there would mean something to a real forester."

The stick, perfectly innocent and unnoticed a second ago, suddenly took on a mysterious individuality. There *was* something about it, the way it lay crookedly on its side. "Or a broken weed, like this one," said Donald. Eric looked at the weed. Then he looked all around him, and saw the trees and sand and water in a new light. All of it, waving in the wind, was suddenly vibrant with mysterious meanings. He was impressed.

Donald, however, was through with reading the forest. "Come on!" he shouted. "Let's get to Snag Creek!" They ran single file through a damp hollow where Titan weeds fought to a height of six feet on either side of the path. The rank, lusty smell of them filled the air. They clambered out at last on to the high banks of Snag Creek, and stopped to look over the edge at the water flowing slowly below. Donald spied a fish, a big carp, gliding like a shadow three feet below the surface. Then Eric spied two more. "What a cool, lazy life a fish leads!" they thought. The wind swooped down, and sent a flurry of ripples across the creek, screening the lazy carp from view. Donald was all for settling down and fishing right there. But

Eric said, "Naw, we've fished here before. Lots of times. And never caught anything, either. Those carp are too wise. We want to go 'way up the creek where we've never been before." Donald was easily converted. The thought of fishing where they'd never fished before, where maybe *no one* had ever fished before. . . .

They followed the banks of the winding creek, racing up and down ravines, stalking along brown, narrow cow-paths between tall firs and squat red cedars. When the creek shallowed so that the golden sandy bottom was visible all the way across they splashed to the other side, and came back again at the next shallows. The sun, climbing to noon, grew hotter, and suddenly Donald stopped. "Let's eat!" he burst out.

They dropped beneath a white oak tree, which threw a shade over the edge of the bank. Donald dug the lunch out of the haversack. The sandwiches of jelly, peanut butter, and cold meat were squashed and twisted, but ravishing as the teeth bit into them. The water from the canteen was lukewarm, but it was water.

About an hour later Eric caught the first fish. He had dropped his line into a pool just above a tree that had fallen into the creek, its branches trailing ingloriously in the stream, the whorl of its brown roots rearing up out of the broken earth of the bank. Eric had got many tantalizing nibbles, and some false alarms when the cork sailed away pulled by a fish too small to take it under. At last came a sunfish big enough to do business. It yanked the cork under, and made off with it at a downward slant.

Eric let him have it. Down, down went the cork, rocking slightly from side to side as it disappeared. Eric pulled slowly, then gave a jerk that brought the sunfish flashing out in a silver arc through the air. It landed safe and helpless on the dry grass above. Donald came running. There was consternation when it was discovered that neither had brought along a "stringer." Eric finally had to make one of a yard of line off his pole and a couple of st: Through gill and mouth he threaded sunfish, and moored it in the shall

More sunfish came, and some bull-he slimy brown fellows with beady eyes, ugly feelers drooping like a manda moustache. Donald raised a hue and when a monstrous creature dashed a with his line, forcing him to exert al strength to save the tackle. Eric dro his pole and ran over, encouraging Do with astute and clamorous advice. At the fellow was captured and lay gas on the bank, but he turned out to be a dog-fish, black and leathery, and lee with all his teeth. Donald's proud ex ment turned to anger; he killed the fish with a stone and hurled him into bushes.

In the middle of the afternoon the stopped biting, and Eric suddenly dre deep breath and realized how hot it v The wind had died down; the creek glassy and inert under the sun's rays. landscape slept and tried to save itself evening. Then came Donald with his over his shoulder. He sat down on the of the bank and looked up the creek w a far-away look. Then he stiffened denly, and life came back into his e "Eric!" he cried.

Eric looked at Donald, then upstr where Donald was pointing. "See sandbar?" said Donald. "Wouldn't tha the best place you ever saw to go sw ming! Golly!"

Donald jumped up and started for sandbar, ripping off his shirt on the w "Come on!" he yelled. Eric became inc lated with Donald's excitement. He sta to pull in his line. Then vague thoug came into his mind: holes—the bugal of swimmers; his father's warnings; his promises to his mother not to go swimming unless father was along. D it all!

He stood undecided, watching Dona who had poised just long enough on sandbar to fling off his shirt and let knickerbockers slip to the sand. He

capering in the shallows yelling, "Come on! Gee, this is great!" He scooted along the edge of the water, kicking a glistening sheet of it in front of him.

Eric pulled in his line decisively. He would go wading at least. He ran along the bank and jumped off on to the sandbar. Donald dashed toward him, kicking water at him. "Get off your clothes! Get off your clothes!"

Eric drew back, and, before he knew it, had slipped off his clothes. He raced along the sandbar and jumped off the end of it where the water was a couple of feet deep. He hit the water with a spank; it curled up around him, cooling, glorious. Then he had a water-fight with Donald, that began with jetting water from cupped hands and ended in a tussle in the shallows. They ran a race, but Eric protested his defeat by claiming that he had to run where the water was deeper. They shifted lanes, and Donald won anyway. Then they began to look about them, and to venture out into the middle of the stream. Eric struck a step-off and drew back, scared. Gingerly he tested the depth of the step-off, sliding tactual toes down the crumbling sides. He found that the creek was only waist deep at the bottom.

Here one could swim! He thrashed about, using the dog-stroke, thrusting his chin up out of the water. He was not a natural swimmer. But now he was the admitted leader, Donald the follower. Donald ventured only where Eric ventured.

At last they grew tired of swimming, came out of the water, and lay naked on the white, hot sand. They rolled about and covered themselves with sliding, tickling sand. Before they could put on their clothes again, they had to dash back into the water to wash themselves. The water felt colder than before. They decided to go back to the cottages then. They could not risk being late for supper. They gathered up their gear, pulled the string of fish out of the water, and set off for home. They were intent now to employ one side of the creek only.

V

Eric was undressing for bed. He was very tired. He had begged hard not to have to wash his feet, but his mother had made him. The light from the lamp on the front porch slanted through the doorway of his bed-room, making a yellow streak on the wall. From over the partition he heard mother putting Thorvald to bed.

As he dropped his overalls on the chair, suddenly he remembered the fifty-cent piece. He had forgot all about it up to this minute. He fumbled the overalls to find the watch pocket. The fifty cents wasn't in it. He was electrified to full consciousness. He couldn't believe it wasn't there. He felt again. Gone. Rapidly his thoughts went back over the day. He wondered if he had put it somewhere else. There was just a chance. . . . He went over to the bureau and opened the top drawer. It wasn't there; of course not. He went back to the overalls, fumbled the other pockets, but without hope of finding it. He turned once about in the middle of the room, feeling helpless, like an animal in a cage. Without deliberating about it, he finished undressing, and got into bed. Instinctively he did not want his folks to know that anything out of the ordinary had happened.

He stared up at the roof, lit dimly by light from the porch lamp, and shadowed grotesquely. A moment ago he was going to bed just as on any other night; now this thing had happened. It absorbed his whole consciousness, giving him an unreal feeling, as if he were someone else. Try as he would, he could not make himself feel calm, natural. It was one of those times when the world grew unstable, when one lost confidence in it, and in oneself.

His mind began racing back over his movements during the day. He tried to determine when he had handled the fifty-cent piece last. Did he have it with him going up Snag Creek? He must have. With distress he recalled all the cavortings on the way. He might have lost it in any of half a dozen places along the creek . . . or in the

creek! The whole trip took on an evil cast. Then, with a shock, he remembered going in swimming, taking off his overalls. Of course! It had fallen in the sand.

He reproduced in his mind the place where they had gone in swimming. Only now he saw it as in the dark: Snag Creek flowing blackly by in the night. A vague feeling grew in him, took shape, and suddenly he saw it all in a flash: he was being punished for going in swimming. The waters of Snag Creek grew darker and more swirling as he thought about it. That step-off! He felt as if he had escaped from the brink of a precipice. Escaped with his life, but now he was being punished for it.

He was being punished by having lost the fifty-cent piece. With sharp clearness he remembered how his father had wanted to save it for him. And he had been so sure he would not lose it! Yes, he saw what he had got himself into. His father would ask him soon about the fifty-cent piece, what had happened to it. He wouldn't be able to tell. They would question him. It would come out about the swimming. . . .

Suddenly the ceiling went black; his father had put out the lamp. He heard his father and mother getting ready for bed in the next room, heard them talking quietly together. They must not know about this. They were enemies. But they didn't know it—yet. Presently he heard his father's deep, regular breathing. His father was asleep and he was awake. He alone in the world was awake. The steady sing-song of night noises, the croaking of frogs, made him all the more alone.

He mulled it over and over again, till the back of his neck ached. There was just the slimmest chance that he might find the fifty-cent piece, somewhere—perhaps in the sand where he had taken off his overalls. But he hardly dared hope for that; indeed, it was impossible to conceive of such a thing actually happening: to imagine finding it there, shiny and real in the sand. It couldn't be. The fifty-cent piece had become a mythical thing, a dream. In the bottom of his stomach he felt he would never see it again. This time he was against something beyond ordinary h penings, beyond ordinary luck. Work against him he felt strong, dark force God and his parents.

But gradually he began to see what was he would have to do. He formed plan. Next morning he would get mother to let him go fishing again. would go alone. He would take his p and his lunch, as usual. But more than t he would make up a little camping kit frying pan, knife, and things. He would 'way up Snag Creek, past where they h gone in swimming. If he found the fif cent piece, well and good. He would co back. If not, there was no coming ba Not for a long time. Not for weeks a months. He must be prepared to live in woods, alone. Others had done it. Th was the story of Juan and Juanita. T didn't have any equipment to begin w even, not even fish hooks. He would ta along plenty of fishing tackle. There wo be berries to eat; perhaps roots to be d Perhaps he could find some farmer w whom he could trade fish for vegetab and milk. Or he could steal the vegetabl . . . He was an outcast. . . . He must ta along a blanket, and a piece of canvas build a shelter. He would hide the blan and the canvas in the woods first, then pi them up later. A hand axe. . . . He wou find a spring. . . . A piece of rope. . . .

VI

He awoke next morning with a heavy sin ing feeling. Then he remembered. It was a dream. It was like an awful dream, b it was real. Life was black. He got wearily, feeling like an old man. Ha heartedly he dipped his hands in the co water from the kitchen pump, and bare dabbed his face with it. He didn't feel to the harsh exigencies of life at all. H went outside, looked at the river, look at the woods. The woods were green an gay in the morning sunlight. But they we not inviting.

His mother called him to breakfast. He ame dragging in. She asked him what was he matter with him. He said, "Nothing!" nd feigned a hearty appetite. She was very olicitous—asked him if he didn't want nother piece of banana to slice on his atmeal.

Thorvald came to him with his engine—'broke!" Eric looked at it. Simple matter! He twisted a casting back into place, tightned the nut that held it, and returned the ngine to Thorvald. Thorvald tried it on he floor. It worked! Thorvald turned a adiant face to Eric, full of the adoration niversally accorded to omnipotence when is also all-gracious.

Eric stood on the front porch, looking ut over the river. He had found out that is father had gone to town for the day—ft early with a man, who went back and rth daily in a launch. His brows were ghtened into a young frown, which promed, some day, to stiffen into his father's rmanent scowl. He was coming to a desion. He would postpone until tomorrow is going away for good. He was pretty fe for today, anyway, with his father in wn. Today he would simply go on a fishg trip, and look for the fifty-cent piece. s, that would be the thing to do. No e hurrying matters. If he didn't find the ty-cent piece he would come back toght, and tomorrow morning leave for od. He went back to the kitchen to ask s mother if he could go fishing again day.

"Today again?"

"Yes!" He grew voluble about a wonful deep pool they had come across yesday, but hadn't had time to fish. Oh s, he must go right away again. His other shrugged her shoulders incomprehensibly, and gave in to him.

He dug worms, gathered his fishing kle, and got his mother to fix a lunch. en off through the woods he trudged, himself.

VII

Mrs. Morgenson was sweeping up after the noon meal. It hadn't been much of a meal, with just herself and little Thorvald to eat it. She had been glad even for Thorvald; she hated to eat alone.

She stooped down to pry open a small loose board in the floor, which, taken away, left a hole through which crumbs and dirt could be swept. Now Thorvald came running to watch her sweep the crumbs into the hole. His interest in this phenomenon never waned. He got his head right in the way of the broom, trying to see where the crumbs went. "*Eja!*" said his mother. "Get out of the way, or I'll sweep you through, too!" On his friendly little posterior she laid a gentle tap with the broom. He looked up, smiled appreciatively, and moved aside. He was a bright one! Eric was bright, too, but he wasn't as open as Thorvald. She said, "All right, sonny. Now you can put the board back." Thorvald squatted down and laboriously fitted the board back into the hole.

Mrs. Morgenson washed her hands and face. She was very hot. Then she got some mending and went outside to see if she could find a breeze. As she sat down on the weather-stained bench in the thick shade of the hawthorn tree she was surprised to see Eric sidling through the posts of the back gate.

"Why Eric!" she exclaimed. "What are you back so soon for?"

Eric came into the shade, and spilled his fishing gear out of his right hand. His left was hanging on to the breast-pocket of his overalls. His face was fiery red and there were black splotches of perspiration on his blue shirt. But he seemed quite happy. What a funny, unaccountable little fellow he was!

"And you didn't get any fish either!"

"Nope!" said Eric airily. "The fish just weren't biting today."

THE ROLL OF HONOR

BY T. J. BARTLETT

Let Rotary be at peace: there is no Bolshevism in the American colleges. The higher education of the youth of the Republic is in good and safe hands. Nothing shows it more clearly than the list of men upon whom, of late, the great mills of learning have bestowed their honorary degrees, and in particular the lofty degree of *Legum Doctor*, the goal and dream of every aspiring bank president and United States Senator in the land. Is Clarence Darrow an LL.D.? He is not. Is young Bob LaFollette? He is not. Are Senator Norris, Senator Walsh, Mr. Justice Brandeis, Herbert Croly, Max Eastman, Professor Felix Frankfurter, Roger Baldwin and Senator Couzens? No. Are Senator Borah, Senator Wheeler, Scott Nearing, Upton Sinclair, Morris Hillquit, W. Z. Foster, Fremont Older, Frank P. Walsh, Arthur Garfield Hays, Frederic C. Howe, Paul U. Kellogg, Robert Morss Lovett? No again. But Charlie Schwab is, and so is Otto H. Kahn, and so is the Hon. Harry M. Daugherty, and so is the Hon. A. Mitchell Palmer, and so were the late Judge Elbert H. Gary, and the ever-to-be-lamented Wayne B. Wheeler, of the Anti-Saloon League.

Here normalcy has its sweet rewards, and Bolshevism, however academic, its swift and terrible penalties. Miss Jane Addams, a couple of decades ago, was accumulating LL.D.'s very rapidly; she had got three by the year 1910, and seemed likely to become a formidable challenger for the National Ladies' Cup. But then she began to toy with subversive ideas, and since then she has got no more. Oswald Garrison Villard has come to the same just retribution. He got an LL.D. from Wa[shi]ington and Lee in 1906 and another fr[om] Lafayette in 1915, and seemed to be go[ing] strong—but in 1918 he took over [the] *Nation* and began bawling for the Bill [of] Rights, and since then no American c[ol]lege has dared to honor him.

Dean George W. Kirchwey, Dr. Cha[rles] A. Beard and Dr. John Dewey have p[aid] the same price for their contumacies. [In] 1908 no less than three great universit[ies] Yale, New York and Cincinnati, gave [Dr.] Kirchwey LL.D.'s, but since then he [has] got none. Dr. Beard got one from his *a[lma] mater*, De Pauw, in 1917, but almost i[m]mediately he started his historic ruct[ions] at Columbia, where he was professor [of] politics, and since then he has been ov[er]looked. As for Dr. Dewey, he had t[he] when the war began, and seemed sla[ted] for at least half a dozen more, but his [in]creasing weakness for Liberal heresies [put] him on the black list, and since 1917 o[nly] the far-away National University at [Pe]king, China, has ventured to honor hi[m].

But if the great educational rollin[g] mills of the Republic are thus chary abo[ut] giving their countenance to men who [are] unsound on the national sacraments, th[ey] are very liberal in rewarding pillars [of] orthodoxy. There is, for example, the c[ase] of the aforesaid A. Mitchell Palmer, und[er] whose auspices the celebrated Sacco-Va[n]zetti case began, and without whose hero[ic] efforts in the perilous days of 1918–19 [in] this land might well have become a pro[v]ince of Soviet Russia. His patriotic labo[rs] did not go unnoticed by university a[u]thorities. In 1919 both Swarthmore a[nd] Lafayette made him an LL.D., and the fo[r]

owing year George Washington Uni-ersity bestowed the same honor upon im. Dr. Palmer's able successor, the Hon. Harry Micajah Daugherty, as patriotic a an as ever occupied the office of United tates Attorney-General, was recently cru-ified twice by the enemies of his country.)n two different occasions he was put on rial and charged with using his office to efraud the government, but, as every ight-thinking American knew would be he case, he was triumphantly acquitted oth times. Well, it is to the eternal honor f Ohio Northern that it recognized his vorth and devotion to his public duties *Anno Domini* 1924, when it made him a octor of laws.

The office of Attorney-General is one of e most important in the Federal govern-ent. Next to the Secretary of State, the ttorney-General does more, perhaps, than ny other great officer of state to keep mmunists, anarchists, democrats, and her persons with diseased ideas out of e country. Fortunately, the public ser-nts who have occupied the office have ways been men of unadulterated Ameri-nism, and, as I have shown, the uni-rsities have done all in their power to courage them in their work. Let me but d the case of the present incumbent, the n. John Garibaldi Sargent, who, even the brief time he has been in office, has own himself to possess such powers as ake him certain of a seat on the bench the Supreme Court. The more alert nerican colleges noticed this very ickly, and so long ago as 1925, the same r in which he was appointed, three of m, Tufts, Middlebury and Norwich, hed to make him an LL.D. Dartmouth s eager to honor him similarly the fol-ving year, but his onerous public duties ore a committee of the Senate prevented n from going to Hanover to receive the gree. If we count the Dartmouth degree, now has as many LL.D.'s as Chief Jus-e Benjamin Nathan Cardozo, of the New rk Court of Appeals, who took, how-r, twelve years to win what the Hon. Mr. Sargent won in a little over one year.

I have just mentioned the State Department, and naturally the name of the Hon. Frank Billings Kellogg, its chief, comes up. He distinguished himself as a diplomat of the high rank of the lamented Walter Hines Page at the Court of St. James, and as a result was promoted to his present post by President Coolidge. His services to the Republic as Secretary of State have been of the highest public value. He kept the dangerous bomb thrower, Saklatvala, away from these shores. He saw to it that the Russian propagandist, Mme. Ambassador Kollantay, did not cross the United States on her way to her post in Mexico, and thus saved millions of American youths from becoming Bolsheviks, atheists and free-lovers. And he kept Mme. Karolyi and her un-American doctrines from entering the land. Once again the academic authorities grasped the significance of the man, and made public acknowledgment of the national debt to him. Only this year the great New York University conferred upon him the degree of doctor of laws *honoris causa*. Shortly before he was similarly honored by the celebrated University of Pennsylvania.

But of all the public officials now in practise in America the Hon. Herbert C. Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, is the champion LL.D. collector. In the last ten years he got an average of almost two a year, and from institutions as small as Oberlin and as imposing as Harvard. The other universities which have honored him are Penn College at Oskaloosa, Iowa; Cornell College at Mt. Vernon, Iowa; and Yale, Princeton, Rensselaer, Brown, Pennsylvania, Columbia, Swarthmore, Tufts, Williams, Rutgers, Alabama, Dartmouth, George Washington, Boston, Virginia, and the Johns Hopkins. In addition he has got degrees from Oxford, Manchester, Liège, Prague, Louvain, Ghent, Lemberg, Cracow, Brussels, Warsaw and Lvov. After him comes the Hon. Andrew William Mellon, the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Hamilton. He has received

eight LL.D.'s in the last six years, and from the following institutions: Dartmouth, Rutgers, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, New York University, Pennsylvania Military Academy, and the University of Pittsburgh. Close to him comes the Hon. Curtis Dwight Wilbur, formerly Chief Justice of the celebrated Supreme Court of California, and now Secretary of the Navy. The first institution of higher learning to get the true measure of the man was the University of Southern California, which made him an LL.D. in 1923. But as soon as he began making speeches as a Cabinet officer, Occidental College, of Los Angeles, and the Pennsylvania Military College detected the Big Ideas in him, and also made him an LL.D.

The Hon. James John Davis, head of the Moose and of its branch office, the Department of Labor, was made a doctor of laws *honoris causa* by Bucknell University and the Pennsylvania Military College only recently. But undoubtedly many more such honors are in store for him. Big men in this country do not remain in oblivion long. The Hon. Harry S. New, the learned Postmaster-General, has one LL.D., and the Hon. Hubert Work, Secretary of the Interior, has two, not to mention an honorary Sc.D. The latter was honored by the University of California on March 23 of this year—apparently the university authorities called a special session for the purpose. His second LL.D. was given him by the University of Pennsylvania in 1925. In honoring Dr. Work with the dispatch it did the University of California evidently took a hint from the manner in which the great Butler University, of Indianapolis, conferred an LL.D. on the Hon. Mr. New this year. Butler, in its eagerness to be the first institution of higher learning to recognize his accomplishments in the Post-office Department, could not wait till June, so it made him a doctor of laws in February.

The Hon. Charles G. Dawes, the heir to the throne, so far lacks an LL.D. So does the Hon. Dwight F. Davis, Secretary of War. Mr. Dawes got an LL.B. from the Cincinnati Law School in 1886, and Davis got one from Washington Colle 1903, but both were earned. Why they been overlooked I don't know: no c the colleges will fall upon them anon giving degrees to Dr. Hoover is a that has begun to play out. The Hon M. Jardine, Secretary of Agriculture, marked as a coming man so long ag the year 1916, when he was still an hu chief of experiment stations in Kansa that year the faculty of Campbell Col a Christian institution at Holton, Ka gave him an LL.D. In 1925, just afte had been elevated to the Cabinet, the A cultural College of Utah gave him anot But Harvard, Yale and Princeton still c look him.

II

The honors conferred on such emi public servants are naturally gratifyin all 100% Americans, but what is even m pleasing and significant is the way which the academic groves have recei the patriotic labors of the Hon. M Walker Willebrandt, the lady assis Attorney-General in charge of Law forcement. The University of South California will go down into history the first temple of learning to apprec Mrs. Willebrandt's greatness. In 192 made her an LL.D. Incidentally, that w a notable year for the university. At same ceremony it recognized three ot statesmen with similar honors: the H William Gibbs McAdoo, then a candid for the Presidency; the Hon. Curtis Dwig Wilbur, the orator-admiral, and the H Ignace Jan Paderewski, who had b premier of Poland for a brief but dist guished while. Last June Mrs. Willebra was made an LL.D. by Dickinson Colle at Carlisle, Pa., where she also deliver a moral address to the graduating class.

As for Dr. Coolidge, he has been c lecting LL.D.'s since his election as Gov nor of Massachusetts, as predecessor of t immortal Fuller. The governing board Tufts College, always extraordinarily ale

vas the first to see the signs of future emi-
ence in him. In 1918 it made him *Legum Doctor*, with three cheers and a tiger. In 919 his *alma mater*, Amherst, followed uit, and soon afterward Wesleyan, Wil-ams, Bates and the University of Vermont mped aboard the bandwagon. In 1922 the ohns Hopkins put the final stamp of great-ss upon him by admitting him to its dis-nguished line of honorary doctors. The mented Harding was made an LL.D. by rinceton and the Birmingham Southern ollege shortly before he was martyred. here is no doubt that had he lived longer would have been similarly honored by arvard, Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, and e Johns Hopkins.

The names of some of the other eminent nerican officials who have been made ctors of laws, and of the universities d colleges which bestowed the honor on them, follow:

The Hon. Frederick H. Gillett, formerly Speaker f the House of Representatives and now Senator om Massachusetts: *Amherst.*

The Hon. Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War n the Cabinet of Dr. Wilson: *North Carolina, berlin, West Virginia, Wittenberg, Washington and ee.*

The Hon. Irvine L. Lenroot, Senator from Wis-nsin: *Temple.*

The Hon. Elihu Root, formerly Secretary of ate: *Hamilton, Yale, Columbus, New York, Williams, rinceton, Harvard, Wesleyan, McGill, Union, Toronto, lgate, California.*

The Hon. Charles Evans Hughes, formerly Sec-tary of State: *Brown, Columbus, Knox, Lafayette, nion, Colgate, George Washington, Williams, Har-rd, Pennsylvania, Yale, Michigan, Dartmouth, mherst, Princeton.*

The Hon. Josephus Daniels, formerly Secretary the Navy: *Wake Forest, North Carolina, Wash-gton and Lee.*

The Hon. W. H. Taft, formerly President and ow Chief Justice of the United States: *Yale, nnsylvania, Harvard, Miami, Iowa, Wesleyan, inceton, McGill, Cincinnati, Hamilton.*

The Hon. James Montgomery Beck, formerly licitor-general of the United States: *Michigan, fayette, Moravian College and Theological minary.*

The Hon. David S. Houston, formerly Secre-y of Agriculture: *North Carolina, Missouri, own.*

The Hon. Carter Glass, Senator from Virginia d formerly Secretary of the Treasury: *North rolina, Washington and Lee.*

The Hon. Abram I. Elkus, formerly Ambassador Turkey: *Middlebury.*

The Hon. Albert Sidney Burleson, Postmaster-General in the Cabinet of Dr. Wilson: *Baylor.*

The Hon. Harry A. Garfield, Fuel Administrator during the late war: *William and Mary, Wesleyan, Amherst, Princeton, Dartmouth, Whitman.*

The Hon. Frank O. Lowden, formerly Governor of Illinois: *Iowa, Knox, Northwestern, Chicago, Colorado, Lafayette, William and Mary, Miami, Syracuse.*

The Hon. Raymond Blaine Fosdick, formerly Under-Secretary General of the League of Nations: *Colorado, Colgate.*

The Hon. John W. Davis, formerly Ambassador to England and candidate for the Presidency: *Dartmouth, Brown, Bucknell, Washington and Lee, West Virginia, Princeton, Union, Yale.*

The Hon. Bainbridge Colby, formerly Secretary of State: *St. John's, Ohio Northern, Moores Hill, Lincoln Memorial.*

The Hon. James M. Cox, late candidate for the Presidency: *Wittenberg.*

The Hon. William P. G. Harding, Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston: *Alabama, Harvard, Columbia.*

The Hon. Owen D. Young, diplomat and chairman of the board of the General Electric Company: *Union, Tufts, Harvard, Dartmouth, the Johns Hopkins, Colgate, Columbia, Yale.*

The Hon. Nicholas Longworth, Speaker of the House of Representatives: *New York.*

The Hon. Alfred E. Smith, Governor of New York: *Columbia.*

The Hon. Henry Morgenthau, formerly Ambassador to Turkey: *Oberlin, Grinnell, Temple.*

Nor have the military and naval dignitaries of the nation gone unrecognized. General John Joseph Pershing leads the list. Since 1917 he has received no less than ten LL.D.'s from institutions as small as the University of Nebraska and as eminent as Yale. General Tasker H. Bliss, who helped to draw up the historic treaty of Versailles, has received only three: from Bucknell, Western Reserve and Harvard. The late General Leonard Wood had eleven: from Harvard, Williams, Pennsylvania, Princeton, the University of the South, Georgia, Michigan, Union, Wesleyan, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. In the Navy, the learned Admiral William Snowden Sims has received six, and from universities ranging in size from Wesleyan to Columbia.

Of late there has arisen in Chicago a statesman of unusual stature. He is now only mayor of that city, but shows promise of Bigger Things. I refer, of course, to the Hon. William Hale Thompson. Through

his courageous efforts the minds of the school children of Chicago are being purged of the treasonable doctrines slyly introduced by paid English propagandists into school texts on the American Revolution. He has also shown himself to be a friend of all the oppressed races—the Negroes, the Irish and the Jews. In recognition of these high services, Wilberforce University, of Xenia, O., reputed to be the oldest and largest university of color in the country, on June 16 of this year made him a doctor of laws. In conferring this degree upon him the president of the university spoke in glowing terms of his "interest in human uplift."

III

But it is by the LL.D.'s which they have bestowed upon men eminent in the business world that the American universities have shown conclusively that they have the national honor at heart. The late Judge Elbert Henry Gary, it is agreed by all the right-thinking men, was the greatest American of his generation. The eminent philosopher, Arthur Brisbane, has recently made known his conviction that the Judge must ever remain a standard to appraise human greatness, and that the highest tribute that can be paid even to Aristotle is to say that he was "the Judge Gary of his time." Mr. Brisbane came to this conclusion only a year or so ago, but McKendree College noticed it way back in 1906 and in the same year made the Judge a doctor of laws. Nine long years elapsed thereafter before another academic board came to acknowledge his contribution to the welfare of mankind. But then there was a veritable stampede to heap honors upon him. Lafayette College began the rush in 1915 by doing what McKendree College had done years back. In 1916 Lincoln Memorial University followed suit, in 1919 Trinity College, in 1921 Syracuse, and in 1922 Northwestern. In 1915 the University of Pittsburgh, then seeking funds, had made the Judge an Sc.D. and in 1925 New York University made him a D.C.S., whatever that may be. When he died a few months ago the Judge remembered all of these great institutions in his will.

The Hon. J. P. Morgan, the youn[g] for some unaccountable reason, has ceived only two LL.D's in this coun[try] from Trinity College in 1918, and from *alma mater*, Harvard, in 1923, and D.C.S., from New York in 1922. No o[f] American colleges have honored him, spite the fact that Cambridge Univers[ity] in England, showed them all the w[ay] eight years ago, when it made him LL.D. Similarly, the Hon. Charles Schwab has been made an LL.D. c[ount] three times: by Lincoln Memorial Uni[ver]sity, St. Francis College, at Loretto, Pen[n.] and Franklin and Marshall College. with Otto Hermann Kahn, the emi[nent] patron of the arts: he is *Legum Doctor* the University of Michigan, George W[ash]ington University and Lincoln Memo[rial] University. The Hon. Dwight Whit[ney] Morrow, recently appointed ambassa[dor] to Mexico, has been likewise honored Williams College, Yale, the University Pennsylvania, and Princeton. The H[on.] Samuel Insull, the public utilities king Chicago, who loves his country so m[uch] that he contributed heavily to both Republican and the Democratic campa[ign] funds at the last senatorial election Illinois, has been made an LL.D. by No[rth]western University and an Sc.D. by Ur[sinus] College.

Speaking of captains of industry, I m[ust] not forget the Hon. Edward Laure[nce] Doheny. This is the same Mr. Doheny w[ho] had some unfortunate dealings with Hon. Albert B. Fall, former Secretary the Interior, regarding the lease of gov[ern]ment oil reserves in California. The et[c.] of these dealings were first questioned an investigating committee of the Un[ited] States Senate, and have been recently nounced as corrupt by the Supreme Co[urt] But such accidents do not take away fr[om] the greatness of the man. He started in as a poor boy and gradually, by hard wo[rk]

ised himself to his present high position. loreover, he is very philanthropic. It is ius to the high credit of Loyola College, 1901 Venice boulevard, Los Angeles, iat it made him a doctor of laws on June 1926. He may now be called Dr. Doheny, d may speak to Dr. Daugherty and Dr. Mitchell Palmer on an equal footing.

So may the celebrated Cyrus Hermann otzschmar Curtis, publisher of the *Ladies' ome Journal*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, e *Country Gentleman*, the Philadelphia *ublic Ledger* and the New York *Evening st*. The University of Pennsylvania ised him to the doctorate in 1924. The on. George Horace Lorimer, editor of e *Saturday Evening Post*, is an LL.D. of milton. The Hon. William Randolph arst, strangely enough, had to wait til May 23 of this year; then he was de a doctor of laws by Oglethorpe Uni- rsity, at Atlanta, Ga. He delivered the ccalaureate address on the occasion, and it he favored the students with his ws on clean journalism and world peace. Other distinguished American journal- s entitled to wear the purple robes are uis Wiley, business manager of the New rk *Times* (Kentucky); Major John S. hen, of the Atlanta *Journal* (Washington l Lee); Frederic W. Wile, formerly of Philadelphia *Public Ledger* (Notre me); E. Lansing Ray, of the St. Louis *be-Democrat* (Washington); Dorothy , the authority on love (Tulane); and tor H. Hanson, of the Birmingham a.) *News* (Birmingham Southern and ward). Dr. Frank Crane is a D.D. of braska Wesleyan and a Ph.B. of Wes- an, but not an LL.D. Arthur Brisbane is l plain Arthur Brisbane. Edgar A. st remains unhonored. So do Milt ss and Bugs Baer. Franklin P. Adams no degree. Neither has Heywood Broun. bert Bayard Swope, of the *World*, is an .D. of Hobart College. Walter Lipp- n has two LL.D.'s, from Wake Forest Wisconsin. Ralph Pulitzer has only an . from Harvard; he yet lacks an LL.D. oes his brother Joseph, of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. But George W. Ochs-Oakes, of *Current History* (*geb.* Ochs), is a Ph.D. of Columbia. His brother Adolph S., owner of the *Times*, is an LL.D. of both Columbia and the University of Chattanooga, and Rollo Ogden, editor of that great paper, is an L.H.D. of Williams, his *alma mater*. Robert Lincoln O'Brien, editor of the celebrated Boston *Herald*, of heroic record in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, is a Litt.D. of both Brown and Dartmouth, but the other Boston editors seem to have escaped so far. There are no honorary doctors among the editors of Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Kansas City, Denver, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Milwaukee or New Orleans. Edward Scott Beck, managing editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, "the world's greatest newspaper," is an A.B. of Michigan, but no more: he earned the degree in 1893. Roy W. Howard, of the Scripps-Howard chain of papers has no degree—as yet. The late Frank A. Munsey got an LL.D. from New York University in 1925, just in time. Edward W. Bok, once editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, has LL.D.'s from Rutgers and the inevitable Tufts, and got another from the Pope in 1907—a somewhat curious business, which the Klan might do well to investigate. Dr. Bok, had he wanted them, might have had other LL.D.'s from Smith, Wellesley, Vassar, Goucher and Bryn Mawr.

IV

The great spiritual leaders of the land have always fared well at the hands, so to speak, of the academic degree factories. In June, 1926, Washington College, at Chestertown, Md., caused a dreadful uproar in the Free State by giving an LL.D. to the Rev. Clarence True Wilson, general secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals. Washington College, which was founded in 1723 and gave an LL.D. to George Washington in 1789, is mainly supported by the public funds of Maryland, the citizens of which,

in overwhelming majority, are very wet. Thus they were staggered when they found out that their money had been used to hang gauds upon the chief wowser of the dry Methodists. But nothing came of the agitation. Three years before Washington College had given a degree to the Hon. Albert C. Ritchie, the wet Governor of the Free State. Obviously, its syndics want to have friends in both camps.

Bishop Thomas Nicholson, of Detroit, head of the Anti-Saloon League, has three LL.D.'s, from Cornell, Northwestern and Allegheny College. His colleague, Bishop Edwin Holt Hughes, grand dragon of the Chicago Methodists and one of the bosses of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, has four: from Maine, Boston, De Pauw, and Rochester. After him come the following divines, renowned all over the world for their theological learning: the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick, the Modernist who also believes in the Resurrection; the Right Rev. William Thomas Manning, ordinary of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York City, and a man of great philosophical erudition; the Rev. Cortland Myers, successor to the late William Jennings Bryan as leader of the Fundamentalists; and the Rev. Stephen Samuel Wise, the recognized prophet of the more refined variety of American Judaism.

The Rev. Dr. Fosdick has been made a doctor of laws by the Universities of Rochester and Michigan. Monsignor Manning, like the late St. Thomas Aquinas, has only one LL.D.: it came from New York University. Rabbi Wise has never received a degree from a theological seminary, and as result the more orthodox of the Jews have sometimes doubted his right to represent God on earth. But the distinguished Temple University, of Philadelphia, banished their fears in 1917, when it conferred an LL.D. on him, which is far higher than a D.D. It was only in the last years of his life that the great scholastic philosopher St. Bonaventura, was made an LL.D. by the University of Paris. The same year in which Temple University honored Wise it also honored the Rev. Cortl. Myers. The Rev. John Roach Straton, Baptist Pope, has so far failed to fetch LL.D., though he has a D.D.

Among the prominent literati and philosophers who have been elevated to rank of Dr. Otto Kahn and Dr. Charles Schwab are Irvin S. Cobb, Augustus Thomas, Paul Shorey, Arthur Oncken Lovejoy and George Lyman Kittredge. Mr. Cobb, the successor of Mark Twain, was put on a footing with the late Dr. Samuel Johnson by both Dartmouth and the eminent University of Georgia. Mr. Thomas, the American Shakespeare, was made an LL.D. by the University of Missouri, and thus went the Bard of Avon one better. The champion LL.D. collector of the American literati, however, is Dr. Shorey, the venerable professor of Greek at the University of Chicago, and one of the ablest guardians of the purity of the national literature. Since 1905, when the universities of the land first became aware of his services to American *belles lettres*, he has received LL.D.'s from the following: Iowa, Missouri, the Johns Hopkins, Michigan, Colorado, Princeton and Pennsylvania. Professor Kittredge, the celebrated Shakespeare scholar of Harvard, got his two LL.D's. from the University of Chicago and Brown. Dr. Lovejoy was made an LL.D. by the University of California in 1924, probably as a reward for his heroic public services during the late war.

Dreiser, Cabell, Hergesheimer, O'Neill, Miss Cather, Masters, Sandburg, and Anderson, like Thoreau, Hawthorne, Melville, Stephen Crane and Frank Norris before them, have never received any honorary degrees, not even Litt.D.'s, but Dr. Talcott Williams, late head of the Columbia School of Journalism is an LL.D. five times, an L.H.D. three times, and an Litt.D. once. Another heavily spangled literatus is Robert Underwood Johnson, once editor of the *Century*. He is an honorary A.M., an honorary Ph.D., and an

onorary L.H.D. But Paul Elmer More eats him with three Litt.D.'s and one L.D., and Brander Matthews matches lore with two LL.D.'s, one D.C.L. and ne Litt.D. One of his LL.D.'s comes from olumbia, where he has been professing nce 1892, and the other from Miami, here the realtors have laid the founda- ons of a modern Padua. Booth Tarking- n is an Litt.D. three times; Princeton, e Pauw and Columbia. Robert Frost is an .H.D. of Vermont and a Litt.D. of Yale. mes Harvey Robinson is an LL.D. of the niversity of Utah, among the Mormons. oung Teddy Roosevelt, who is also an uthor, has an honorary M.A. from Har- rd, given to him in 1919, but whether got it for his war services, for his erary endeavors, or for his high doings assistant Secretary of the Navy does t appear.

Zane Grey so far lacks an LL.D., but he s a D.D.S., granted to him by the Uni- rsity of Pennsylvania in 1896.

V

f American institutions of the higher urning, the most lavish with its LL.D.'s Notre Dame. In 1917 alone it conferred enty-seven. That year ought to stand t as a purple one in its history, for one those whom it made an LL.D. then was dge Ben B. Lindsey, of Denver, who has ce let loose some appalling ideas about ly marriage. What makes the incident st mortifying to the more sensitive umni is the fact that on the very same casion the Rev. John A. Ryan, the rned apologist of the Catholic Univer- y, was also made an LL.D.,—and Father an is one of the church's staunchest de- ders of until-death-do-us-part connubial ss. Very likely Father Ryan and Judge dsey conversed at the time, and perhaps n shook hands. Notre Dame's liberality th its degrees extends to worthies quite known to the general public. Some time it gave an LL.D. to one James Eli tson. Can it be that this was the cele- brated Jim Watson, Senator from Indiana and lately the darling of the Klan?

As to which university has honored more and better known public servants than all the others, it is very difficult to say, they have all done so well. Consider the case of Harvard. It has an excellent record. It has never given Clarence Darrow or Oswald Garrison Villard an LL.D., but it has bestowed them on such eminent men as the following: President John Grier Hibben of Princeton, Secretary Hoover, General Joffre, the Earl of Reading, King Albert of Belgium, General Enoch H. Crowder, Admiral Sims, former Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane, J. Pierpont Morgan, Owen D. Young, Secretary Mellon and George F. Baker. Yale's list is just as good. You will find General Pershing on it, and Admiral Sims, General Foch, Owen D. Young and nearly all the others that Harvard has honored. The Princeton roll of honor is even better. It was the only one of the big three to give the martyred President Harding an LL.D.: that was in 1922. Again, it has made doctors of laws of more foreign notables than Harvard and Yale put together. In 1917 alone—the same year in which Notre Dame made its remarkable record—it gave an LL.D. to each of the following: Viscount Alte, Minister from Portugal; Baron Emil de Cartier de Marchienne, Belgian Ambassador; Aimaro Satò, Japanese Ambassador; Viscount Vincenzo Maccichi di Cellere, Italian Ambassador; Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice, British Ambassador, and Jean Adrien Antoine Jules Jusserand, French Ambassador. Further, in 1925, it gave Senator David A. Reed, of Pennsylvania, an LL.D. and also Dwight W. Morrow, and in 1926 it bestowed the same honor upon the Crown Prince of Sweden.

The list of Columbia's LL.D.'s is highly dignified. It includes the late M. René Vivani, Earl Balfour, former Secretary of State Robert Lansing, and the Most Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang, Lord Archbishop of York and Primate of England. Nor has New York University anything to be

ashamed of in the men it has chosen to honor. It was the only university in the country thus to mark the lamented Frank A. Munsey, and it is also the only one to recognize Speaker Longworth and Bishop Manning. What is even more to its credit, it was the only one to bestow an LL.D. on the celebrated Prince Valdemar of Denmark. Chancellor Elmer Ellsworth Brown can recognize a truly great man just as well as President Angell of Yale or President Lowell of Harvard.

The records of the small universities, though not as brilliant as those of the big ones, are creditable just the same. Brown, for example, honored the late Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, and has given degrees to General Crowder and the other standard heroes of Harvard, Yale and Princeton—Foch, Diaz, etc. Washington and Lee, of Lexington, Va., though situated in the backwoods, has kept itself abreast of world events and its choices for honorary LL.D.'s would do credit to Harvard, the ever alert Tufts, or even New York University. Some of the great ones whom it has honored are the Hon. Newton D. Baker, Senator Carter Glass, Major John S. Cohen and Judge John Barton Payne. Franklin and Marshall College, located in the town of Lancaster, Pa., has handed out its LL.D.'s mainly to local dignitaries, but when it does decide to honor a man of national fame it strikes a homer. In 1924 it made an LL.D. of the Hon. Charlie Schwab. The University of Arizona may be a small institution, but it has able and learned minds directing it. Like most other small colleges it gives most of its honorary LL.D.'s to local notables, but like them, too, it knows who's who when it looks around for a man of wider renown to honor. Thus it made an LL.D. of General Pershing in 1919, just after his triumphant return from abroad.

But a study of the records indicates that many American institutions of learning, when it comes to handing out their honorary degrees, do not always think solely of the eminence of the man honor sometimes they also give a sly thought would appear, to his stimulating state solvency—and to their own needs. T University of Pittsburgh, it has been wh pered, is not above giving consideration such delicate matters. Nor, indeed, such great institutions as Harvard, Ya Princeton and the Johns Hopkins. If Ow D. Young were a bankrupt it is high improbable that his public services wou get him so many LL.D.'s as he is no fetching. As for the gentlemen of W Street, they appear to be honored in dire proportion to their liberality. Harva gave George F. Baker an LL.D. in 19 directly after he had coughed up millio for its new School of Business Admin tration, and J. P. Morgan got his in 19 just as its drive for a $15,000,000 endow ment was drawing to a close. Mr. Morga it is very probable, made good, though t exact amount he contributed is not know If either of the Rockefellers craved LL.D they could have them by the bushel. B so far they have been shy.

Sometimes hopeful boards of truste come to grief. In 1917, for example, a co lege in Iowa conferred an LL.D. on a ric Los Angeles oil man. "The board gave to him," said a member of the facul later on, "because it expected that h would give the money to endow a new d partment of oil engineering. But after h had got the degree he failed to endow th department, to the great discomfiture the trustees." Goucher College, in Balt more, once made an even more lamentab miscalculation. Its chief benefactor, fo years, had been a Methodist parson, th Rev. John F. Goucher, D.D., LL.D., wh had married a rich widow and was thu very well heeled. In his old age, obviousl with his will in mind, the trustees change the name of the institution from the Wo man's College of Baltimore, which it ha borne since 1844, to Goucher College But when Dr. Goucher died his mone went elsewhere.

NOW WE GOT PROBEESH

BY CHESTER T. CROWELL

We were in a club, my host and I, a very excellent club. He had ordered a special lunch because th of us like Italian food. In the kitchen d dining-rooms of that club Italians pre- e and they receive such orders with de and pleasure.

'Let's go upstairs to the nineteenth hole l get a cocktail while we are waiting," d my host.

'No, no!" exclaimed the commander of dining-room with a gesture that offered logy for his presumption. "Excuse," added. "The bar is closed."

'Yes? When did that misfortune over- e us?" Prohibition was then about six l a half years old.

'Yesterday, Signor. It is because now got Probeesh." I was charmed. Quite dently this man had just heard news l was eager to share it. His sincerity de- ted me. I encouraged him to go on.

All Italians have histrionic ability; this , being handsome, seemed endowed far ond the usual. He assumed a certain ce familiar to everyone who has heard nd opera and then proceeded: "It is a which says no more bar. It is the Con- ution of the country. So the bar is close. ou want anything to drink you must served here in the dining-room. What uld you like?"

We ordered cocktails. While we sipped n I watched this Italian hastening, tering, and smiling through his mid- task. He liked to explain about Prohi- on. "It is the law," he would say with dignity that the lines seemed to be- g to the high priest in "Aïda." This is a patriot and inordinately proud of his son's record as an American soldier in the World War. He listens with rapt attention, indeed almost with awe, to the conversations that his excellent cocktails, lunches and dinners promote. On all subjects he is rigidly conservative. The National Security League might embrace him as a brother; the United States Chamber of Commerce would be charmed with him; as to religion he is also orthodox, hazy and non-participating, which is the *sine qua non* of "class" as he has observed it. Grand Masters, Chief Moguls, and Lofty Gadzookuses impress him tremendously and he recognizes the insignia of their orders. Briefly he is safe, sane, and regular on all subjects and not the least of these is Law Enforcement. The bar is closed. If you wish a drink you must be served in the dining-room—because "Now we got Probeesh."

II

We were at lunch in an Italian restaurant, several business men and I. The business men are importers of olive oil, cheese and other Italian products. They were having great sport with the proprietor because he had often boasted that a high-class place such as his would never be raided and yet it had been raided the day before. He serves only one meal a day—lunch.

"But, just the same, I had my joke on them," said the proprietor. "Yes, I had my joke and they looked sick, I can tell you."

Suddenly it occurred to him that the story of his joke required a prologue if I were to understand it, so he furnished the prologue.

"When I came to this country I was a sculptor's helper and an artist. A rotten artist. Pretty soon I had to go to work for someone beside sculptors because I found only two and they didn't need me. Well, I went to work on the subway; they were building a subway; that was the only place I could find where everyone spoke Italian.

"Yesterday, when I was raided, they said 'Call a taxi and we will take you to the station.' I said: 'No! No taxi. We will go on the subway. I want to go on the subway because I built that subway. I built it on good *vino* and garlic and good bread and more *vino*. All of us who built that subway built it on *vino*. Now, if I must go to jail because we got Probeesh in this country I will ride in that subway that I built on good *vino*. *Andiamo!* Forward march!' And we went by the subway. Believe me, they looked sick!"

I doubt that they really looked sick, but it was none the less a glorious gesture. To insinuate, however, that the persons who conduct Prohibition raids would catch even the faintest glimmer of that gesture somewhat strains my credulity.

III

We were in an Italian restaurant, my guest and I. This restaurant calls itself a garden because of a yellowish, malarial vine that straggles over a dusty trellis, trying feebly to peep out from under the awning that protects the customers and get some sunlight. I have seen hookworm sufferers who looked exactly like that vine.

"Needa rain," remarked the proprietor.

"No," I objected, "it needs sunshine."

"I not talking about da vine," he explained.

"What, then?"

"Da *vino*."

"Does the *vino* need rain?" I know nothing about the mysteries of wine making.

"Needa rain to get in da *vino*," he went on.

"Yes? How so?"

"Always da *vino* ees deliver in da rain."

"Well, well, why is that?"

"I duno. Vincenzio, he no like to liver eef no rain."

"Maybe he is afraid of being caugh I suggested.

"No, no; ees all right. I no sell da *vi* joosta serve wit' da dinner. That no agai da law. Theesa restaurant. No speakea Strictly da law here, all time."

"But Vincenzio won't deliver your w unless it is raining, eh?"

"Thatsa right. Someone tell Vincenz he say, 'Vincenzio, you take a care; no r dat barrel 'cross sidewalk and bump tousan peoples; you wait till rain.' Vincenzio wait. I got joosta four gall left. But what he care? Eesa bullhead, Vincenzio!"

He looked upward dolefully and walk away muttering, "Needa rain."

IV

I was in an Italian restaurant alone. T proprietor was delighted to see me u accompanied because he wanted to talk me. Plainly he was worried. I spe Italian, or rather I take a shot at it. Som times I understand it as well as Englis more frequently I don't. It depends up the Italian: there are fifty-seven varieti This restaurateur is from Genoa, so h Italian is much mixed with French, b we managed to break through the barrier at least to some extent.

"I want to ask your advice," he sai "There are two Prohibition agents wh have been coming in here from time to tim ever since I have been in business. Usual they bring women with them and ord dinner and a bottle of wine. They nev pay. That does not seem right to me b cause I do not violate the law here. I d not sell wine nor buy wine. I make my ow wine and it is good, honest wine. I ser it only with meals. Wine is all I have an no drinks are for sale. Just the same thos men have been coming here in that way fo a long time. My business is small and tha is a heavy tax, but I let it go; I said noth

g; it is better not to make them mad.
"Well, a few days ago they came in here
ry drunk and ordered dinner. My guests
oked at them and looked at me and
ndered why I didn't put them out. You
ow we never have anything like that
und here. It is very bad for business. I
ve more women customers than men
re, and they don't like that. But what
uld I do? When they had had their dinner
ey came to me and said they wanted
enty-five dollars. I told them that I did
t have twenty-five dollars and that was
e truth. They said they did not believe
I opened the cash register and showed
em. I had only about eighteen dollars.
ey took that. Yes, they not only took
but they told me they would come back
er on and get the other seven dollars.
ll, they didn't come back and I was
ppy for that, so I closed up in the eve-
ng and went home. But just before I
sed up I thought to myself, 'Now they
ght come back, and if they do I will
ve just ten dollars in the cash register.'
I fixed it that way and then I locked up
d went home. This morning, when I
ne to open the restaurant, I found the
or broken all to pieces. The cash register
s also smashed all to pieces. I had locked
o they broke it open by dropping it on
floor and hammering it with chairs.
actly seven dollars gone. The other three
re there. So I think I know who did
t burglary. I went to a lawyer and told
n about it. I asked him: 'What can we
about such a thing? Is it not right that
itizen should make a complaint when
h a thing happens? Is it not my duty?'
d he said no. He said I can do nothing.
at do you say?"

explained why his lawyer had advised
n as he did.

V

were in an Italian restaurant, about
lve young men and I. We had gathered
ing, rather than to eat. One of the boys
a stranger to me. I acknowledged the
oduction in Italian, but he spoke English, slowly putting the words together as a very small child labors with building blocks. His enunciation, however, was almost without accent.

"I am a citizen of Rome," he said, "and in Italy I am a lawyer. I left Italy for honorable reasons, but I have not yet learned English very well and in this country I am a maker of fine sausages."

This matter being cleared up we proceeded to eat, and then to sing. Presently wine was ordered.

"No," objected the citizen of Rome and maker of fine sausages. "In this country we have Prohibition. We will buy no wine. You come to my room and I will give you wine that I made myself. It is better than this, anyway. This Prohibition wine is horrible."

VI

I was in an Italian restaurant, alone. The proprietor is blond, fat, placid and suggests a German baker rather than a native of Milano. As I ate he strode back and forth, flipping a napkin nervously, mopping his brow, lighting his cigar and immediately letting it go out again. Never before had I seen him behave in such a manner.

"Anything wrong?" I asked.

"Trooble," was the prompt reply. "Lots trooble."

"What kind of trouble?"

He squared off in that characteristically Italian manner as though he were going to sing the principal tenor solo in an opera, brought his hands up as if to direct the orchestra and told his story.

"Comes in here a man. I say to him, 'Hello, what can I do for you?' He take his coat like so [indicating the lapel] and turn it back like so. A badge! He say 'I am Enforcement.' I say 'All right, Enforcement, what can I do for you? You like to eat? You will have a drink?' But no, he will not eat; he will not drink. 'Then you want fifty dollar,' I say. 'All right, Enforcement, here is your fifty dollar.' Business is

rotten but what can you do? Enforcement must have his fifty dollar if he say so. But imagine! This Enforcement will not take the fifty dollar! He will not eat, he will not drink, he will not take the fifty dollar! He is crazy. 'Then what do you want?' I ask. And he say, 'You are arrest.' Oh, hell! Then I have to go and see my lawyer, and he have to go and see this man and that man and this man and that man, and all the time I am running around here and there and in the place we got not enough help anyway. Take the whole day with this foolishness and it cost me one hundred twenty-five dollars. Ees a damn crook, that Enforcement. I hope I never see him again."

"Are you still in trouble?"

"No, everything is fix. But I am tired. And that sauce I put on your spaghetti is terrible. Excuse, please."

VII

We were in an Italian restaurant, my guest and I. The proprietor's aged father, sitting in the kitchen, was directly in my line of vision and from time to time I glanced at him because he has a remarkable head that reminds me of old Roman coins. At a little table nearby the proprietor's daughter, aged possibly five or six, was eating spaghetti. Her grandfather's gaze never once wandered from that table. He adores the child.

Presently a waiter stopped at her little table and filled her glass with water. Immediately grandfather was on his feet and hastening to her. In his hand he carried a small bottle of red Italian wine. He poured about a tablespoonful into her glass of water. She looked up to smile her thanks. His eyes caressed her and aged fingers touched her hair. She is the light of his old age and not for the world would he have her poisoned by impure water! A little dash of wine and all the germs are killed. He is taking care of her as he would if the family still lived in the province of Liguria, where he and his ancestors were born. Here, however, his act not o violates the law but outrages the curr morals. He is teaching a mere infant drink an intoxicating beverage, which w darken and shorten her life, as he certai ought to know, being 78 himself and sound mind.

VIII

I was in an Italian restaurant, a very pla one. Baked chicken with vegetables, fo cents; half a gallon of marvelous spaghet twenty cents. Endurable wine, fifteen ce a glass. However, most of the custom drink near-beer. Oddly enough they se to like it, perhaps because it costs only t cents a pint. These customers are thrif laboring men who consider values at so length before parting with a nickel.

About forty were assembled for the mi day meal when I came in. Almost immec ately behind me came two Prohibition e forcement officers. They sniffed some of th glasses on the tables, then disclosed the mission to the proprietor, requesting hi to conduct them into the cellar. There the found a barrel of wine and informed hi that they would send a truck for it righ away. Then they went out. Immediatel the proprietor leaped for the telephone t warn all of the neighboring restaurateu that wolves were prowling. At the sam time the chief cook emerged from th kitchen, waving his hairy, tattooed arm and speaking volubly. Eloquence poure from his gorilla chest, which was drape in a flimsy cotton undershirt and nothing more.

Seldom have I witnessed such immediat results from oratory. Every custome leaped to his feet and volunteered to man a bucket, a tea-kettle, a stew pan, a caul dron, or whatever the kitchen afforded. Like the boarding party of a man-o'-war they scampered down the dark, narrow steps into the cellar, each carrying some thing that would hold wine. Then up they came, walking as fast as they dared. The cook directed traffic out into a corridor,

ien up a stairway. What happened up here I do not know. Perhaps empty barls were available in the living quarters oft. At the time, it occurred to me that ith tubs might be pressed into service. nyway, three minutes at the outside sufed to remove the wine and return all of e kitchen utensils to their proper places. he customers sat down again. When the nforcement agents returned to the restaunt all was quiet, or rather as quiet as one ay expect when forty laboring men are ting.

The enforcement agents and their assistts went into the cellar, followed by the oprietor. Just what aroused their suscions I do not know; perhaps some of e wine had been spilled on the floor; yway the enforcement agents tested the rrel and found that it contained only drant water. Then something else happned down there; something that I didn't e, but when the proprietor came up his ce was very red and swollen, so that he s a ridiculous caricature of his former f. Later he remarked that two men held m and another slapped his face.

"They should not do that," he said. "We are all here and we have got to live. We might just as easily live in peace with each other. [He was speaking not of all humanity, but of enforcement agents and wine sellers.] In this life one hand has got to wash the other. It was foolish to slap me because that wine turned into water. Here in this place we are just cooks and hard-working poor people. If we get slapped then we must be slapped; worse things could happen, so I shrug my shoulders and forget it. But Enforcement will find that he has other kinds of men to meet in his business and he can't go on forever this way slapping people. Some of them will get mad. He is very foolish. All of us have got to live. If he does not change his ways some day he may get hurt."

Six months later I was informed that the enforcement agent in question had been killed. Not knowing his name, and by that time having forgotten his appearance I could not have verified the information even if I had been of a mind to do so.

"Too bad," was the proprietor's comment. "We could just as easily live in peace together. But thus it goes now that we got Probeesh."

AN AMERICAN MASTER

BY THOMAS CRAVEN

As a boy, standing before my easel with its square of stretched canvas, I realized that I had in my possession the wherewith to create a masterpiece that would live throughout the coming ages. The great masters had no more.—*Albert Pinkham Ryder.*

On the western shore of a fair harbor looking down into Buzzard's Bay lies the city of New Bedford. Today it is a poor sort of place, a New England mill town with foundries and textile factories in which sullen youths, prematurely old, and hard, horse-faced girls, hammer and spin to uphold the material position of the tenacious remnants of Massachusetts' culture. At night the mill hands swarm the streets hunting for sensual excitement to relieve their pinched-in souls, and the survivors of the old aristocracy are driven into the gloomy seclusion of their distant Georgian abodes. The picturesque waterfront serves no maritime purpose, and the fair harbor is empty of craft, save the ancient New York boat, the Martha's Vineyard packet, and an occasional barge or coastwise schooner. As a symbol of its former glory the city maintains at one of its deserted wharves an authentic whaler, fully equipped and captained by George Fred Tilton, the last of the buccaneers. Captain Tilton, a great bull of a man, powerful for all his years, with enormous hands, a massive head, and a booming laugh that can be heard as far as Nantucket, is already a legendary hero. Beside being the most fearless whaling skipper who ever sailed out of New Bedford, he is reputed to have walked 1000 miles in the Far North to obtain relief for shipwrecked companions, to have broken Joe Choynski's jaw in a fight over a girl in a San Francisco dance-hall, and, during the late war, to have served his country as com mander of a barge engaged in the pleasa business of carrying high explosives to an from various points near New York City.

In the year 1847, three important even occurred in New Bedford. The town, num bering within its limits more than 15,00 inhabitants, was incorporated under th laws of the Commonwealth as a full fledged city; ships were dispatched for th first time into the Arctic zone, and th city, by increasing the field of operation became the greatest whaling port in th world; and on March 19 Albert Pinkham Ryder was born. A few years before this date, in another Massachusetts town, James A. McNeil L. Whistler was born. Whistler however, repudiated his birthplace and lied about his unromantic origin to the end of his days. He preferred to come into the world by way of St. Petersburg, and for sook America. To justify his homeless cosmopolitanism, he denied the existence of a national art on the same ground that one refuses to believe in a national mathematics, and he was at particular pains to assert, with the borrowed accent of European authority, that the uncivilized Yankees had never produced an object, which properly speaking, could be called beautiful. While Whistler was barking his brilliant sophistries at London snobs, and parading up and down Paris in a fashion which led Degas to remark that he was "genius or no genius, the most ridiculous ass alive," Ryder was living in a little room in New York, unostentatiously and with infinite patience bringing to perfection the most original painting in the annals of American art. The happiest phi

sopher who ever lifted a brush, he ac-pted life as he found it, and made no ort to reform, astonish or conquer the rld.

Ryder was descended from a long line of pe Cod folk—mechanics, shopkeepers d seafaring men. His ancestors were pical Yankees, taciturn, narrow-minded, d-fearing and undistinguished. His fa-er, a petty customs-house official and l dealer, belonged to an offshoot of esleyan zealots who dressed and behaved e Quakers. Pinkie, as he was nick-med, was the youngest of four sons, and herited a large measure of traditional ty, but, oddly enough, a piety blended th remarkable tolerance and amiability. o of his brothers followed the sea, and e third journeyed to New York and ened a small hotel which, through ewd management, soon developed into moderately profitable business. Pinkie der, destitute of practical ambitions, cumbed to the cheerless routine of the w Bedford grammar school, but his demic education was suddenly curtailed a severe case of vaccine poisoning. The ess weakened his eyes and troubled him oughout the rest of his life. Much has n made of this affliction, certain writers ving alleged that his predilection for onlight scenes and allegorical fantasies s the result of his early disability. This, ink, is entirely erroneous; the technical ellence of Ryder's canvases, his fine se of balance, and his accuracy in ascer-ning minutely correct color valves, are icient evidence of a keen and unim-red vision.

II

an early age, this large-framed, smiling, nt youngster began to draw. There is hing unusual in the fact. Most children e an aptitude for picture-making, and w astonishingly well until crushed by ants or put to work by close-fisted nts. Ryder, fortunately, suffered neither hese cruelties. Though docile and un-aggressive, he was, in his own way, as independent and detached as Thoreau. He believed that he had a great work to perform, and he approached the task with genuine religious fervor, with the same passionate faith which, in a violent and ungovernable form, sent Vincent Van Gogh to the madhouse. There was more than a spoor of New England transcendentalism in Albert Ryder, but his spiritual struggles were regulated by good sense and humanized by happy contacts with the realities of life.

The elder Ryder was completely baffled, but to his credit, acquiesced in his son's queer proceedings. When informed by an artist that Pinkie possessed a unique talent, he exclaimed, "I don't know. I'm glad if you think so. I don't understand him!" In the studio of a local painter named Sherman, young Ryder was chained to the fatuous job of copying poor engravings of the Old Masters. After a little while, without fuss or demonstration, he quietly threw them aside, and pursued his own course, painting from nature and experimenting with color. "As I worked," he later wrote, "I saw that it was good and clean and strong. I saw nature springing to life upon my dead canvas. It was better than nature, for it was vibrating with the thrill of a new creation."

In the studio of his first teacher he came under an influence that unmistakably helped him to discover the true direction of his gifts: he was introduced to the work of Albert Bierstadt, a popular painter of the day who looked at American landscape through the eyes of Hobbema and the Düsseldorf school. I should hate to be accused of trumping up a resemblance between Ryder's mature pictures and Bierstadt's fulsome conceptions. With the possible exception of Thomas Moran, Bierstadt is the worst of all the lifeless post-Colonial nondescripts represented in the Metropolitan Museum. But to a boy who had seen no original paintings of any description before, those huge theatricalities must have been vastly romantic and

impressive. He did not imitate them—Ryder did less imitating than any painter I know of; he studied them, puzzling his head over the towering crags and misty waters, which, to his inexperienced eye, bespoke the grandeurs of nature, and trying to analyze the glimmering light effects which, as he subsequently found out, were but sentimental dilutions of Rembrandt's methods. Just as Ossian, the Celtic impostor, cast his weird spell on a host of English bards, so did this Bierstadt inspire the devout Yankee to test his powers on the abundant material surrounding him.

Ryder's attitude toward life was fixed at an age when most boys are irresponsible savages. He was not, as has been frequently asserted, a timorous solitary, indifferent to the ordinary affairs of the world. It is true that he was alone the greater part of the time, but his work demanded it. Most painters, differing little from carpenters and plumbers, have no difficulty in plying their mechanical trade in public places or in the presence of chattering visitors, whereas Ryder must needs work in secret, bestowing upon a single small canvas months and even years of toil and concentration. Crowds amused him, and he was fond of wandering about unaccompanied, reflecting on the curious antics and habits of his fellow men. But in the main he was a non-participant, refusing to get excited over the general run of frivolous events.

Above all he loved the sea—the majesty and terror of the Atlantic—the procession of whalers that rode proudly into the harbor. The sea was in his blood. New Bedford was a tough and exciting town, the rendezvous of smugglers and the pleasure ground of hundreds of sailors who affectionately called it the bawdy house of America. Ryder observed the swaggering effrontery of these reckless fellows, some of whom were his kinsmen; they made a great show of themselves and bragged gloriously of their bravery to their hired wenches. The young artist noted the fact and smiled. He watched the ships put out to sea and months l awaited their return. Some of them n came back. He noted that fact too, found it a little difficult to smile. He constantly haunted by the terror of waves, by the mystery of the cradle lessly rocking. Again and again he pai the sea—in "The Flying Dutchman," " Smuggler," "Pirate's Isle," "The Wrec "Jonah and the Whale," "The Lorelei, but always in its tragic moods, alway emphasize the pitiable insignificance man. Sometimes, in a more poetic v he created a fabulous drama of sini waters, opaque as slate and crossed w wan lights, but even here one catches the small, sketchy figures the inescapa cry of human anguish. However s bolical the sea became with him, howe deeply he strove to make it the emblem the mysterious forces of life, he invaria painted it as a hard reality, as the destr tive agency that had awed and fascina him as a boy in New Bedford.

In his native town Ryder was perfec content. At his feet lay the subject-mat that interested him most, and he v slowly learning to set down his experien in intelligible form. But his father's bu ness dwindled away, and the family sa departed for New York as a final sta against poverty. The painter was then his early twenties, without means of su port and not in the least perturbed by l parasitic circumstances. Few painters ha possessed the iron conviction of this Ya kee visionary, and few, if any, have bor themselves with such quiet dignity a fine masculine honor. For more than t years he was entirely dependent on h brother, resolved to have his say as artist rather than follow a trade after t best traditions of New England.

First he studied with a painter nam Marshall, from whom he seems to ha learned nothing at all. Disgusted with h teacher's incessant prattle about the ne classical art of Nineteenth Century Fran he enrolled in the classes of the Nation Academy in January, 1871. Hereupon, h

quillity, for the first time, gave way to uring despair. He was compelled to e his dreams, to forget his ships, the m clouds and the turbulent sea, and to ly himself to the incredibly absurd proc- of drawing dusty casts of Jupiter and Graces. One evening, in his dejection, ramped through Canal street and thence ard South street, at that date one of busiest thoroughfares on the water- t. Approaching the wharves, he was fronted suddenly with the rigging of es of ships—the sailing vessels that he d most—, and his eyes followed the ts and spars outlined against the sky. m that moment he was a free man n. He never went back to the poison- atmosphere of the Academy.

s an exhibitor he was affiliated with National Academy for many years. It practically the only channel through ch pictures could reach the public then, Ryder was not, as has been commonly posed, averse to recognition. A man not devote himself to incessant cre- e industry merely to please his own y. In 1873 his first canvas was accepted hung. It was not a good picture; he consciously emulating the authorized anticism of the leaders of the American ol, and, like every original voice porarily sidetracked into conventional s, could not compete with cleverness virtuosity. During the next fifteen s he was an annual exhibitor, sending e of his most distinguished work and ving in return little intelligent re- se.

ntemporary critics set him down as ior to the maundering Blakelock, and med him that he had no imagination, "he painted marines without know- the sea, and landscapes without ob- ng the facts of nature." This against n who had lived in perpetual contact the sea, and in whose landscapes one discern not only the general character- s of the New England scene—sheep- , bits of Georgian architecture, dunes beach plums and stunted oaks—but also specific localities such as the Gay Head cliffs! In 1902 he was voted an associate academician, and in 1906 a member in full standing, the second honor carrying the dubious tribute of a portrait study executed by J. Alden Weir. Save for his occasional contributions to a dissenting organization known as the Society of American Artists, there is nothing more to be said of his official career.

III

The striking individuality of Ryder's genius—variously labelled lyrical, romantic, musical, poetic and supernatural—has inveigled critics into an insupportable error of judgment. This amazing Yankee, so substantially rooted to his native soil, so obviously in line with the development of American art, has been uniformly regarded as an isolated phenomenon—in plain words, as a freak. Even so wise a critic as Roger Fry has declared that Ryder is a spiritual brother of Schubert, Coleridge and Shelley, independent of tradition, and belonging to no age or place. As concerns Mr. Fry, we must remember that he is an Englishman and that the English are inclined to regard artistic ability in America as something essentially freakish. Furthermore, in his deep admiration for the formal qualities of Ryder's work, he has neglected to consider the man in relation to the civilization that produced him.

Ryder arrived in New York shortly after the close of the Civil War. The country was groaning with moral pains and economic fits. The financial panic of '69 wrought havoc everywhere: the provinces were prostrated and the cities were demoralized by riots and suffering. The reconstructionists refused to face the situation realistically, and the people were duped by the panaceas of romantic hypocrites, shysters and prophets. In literature the Puritans were still in the ascendency—Whittier, the rustic ballad-maker; Longfellow, the scrupulous troubadour; the introspective Hawthorne; the platitudinous Bryant and the

transcendental Emerson. To this group we must add a rising horde of drivelling fictionists bred by the war and extolling its chivalric glories. In painting there was an analogous condition. The French romantic movement, of which Delacroix was the fiery avatar, spread to the New World, where it was impregnated with parables, sweet sentiments and uplifting anecdotes. In America the revolt dissolved into two factions, though the divisional line was never sharply drawn. On the one hand were figure painters such as Chase, Duveneck, Thayer and Blashfield, all of whom compromised between Delacroix and the leaders of the academic schools of Paris and Munich; on the other were Innes, Tryon, Wyant, Daingerfield, Blakelock, Hunt and Martin, all disciples of Corot, Millet, Rousseau and the Barbizon painters.

Ryder naturally was more at home in the second group. He was not a figure painter, and he found in the transplanted Barbizon school an approach to nature identical, to a certain extent, with his own. He was a groping student, largely self-taught, and from his carefully trained associates he gathered confidence and a number of technical hints which facilitated the solution of his problems. In a brief time he had taken all they could give him, and henceforth he stood alone. Looking back on his earlier New York pictures, he subsequently said, "I cannot but feel that I have gone a little higher up the mountain and can see other peaks showing along the horizon."

As I have said, he was not a miraculous figure untouched by the drift of American art, but his resemblance to his contemporaries must not be pushed too far. Most of his canvases are very small, and when surrounded by the pretentious rubbish of the period, their beauty is not immediately apparent. To the casual spectator he resembles Wyant, Tryon, Blakelock and Daingerfield, but the similarity is all on the surface. The difference is enormous. Ryder presents a first hand commentary on life. He does not paint a scene for its own sake—to show the effect of moonlight water, or sunlight bathing golden fie he selects from his store of experiences that is communicable in terms of medium; he reduces his favorite forms the barest essentials, throwing out eve thing that might encumber his meani and puts them together in a design that considering his limited range, extraor narily dramatic. The others are only articulate dreamers. They paint sole nightmares which fill us with the sa sort of nausea that is churned up by Poe his worst; their experiences are shado and indefinite, and their vaporous conc tions are derived from bookish lore and t conscience-stricken Barbizons. "Wh avails the storm cloud accurate in fo and color, if the storm is not therein This was Ryder's poetic way of askin why painters should go to such lengths reproduce the details of objects when th have nothing to say.

New York afforded Ryder all that h soul desired. "A rain-tight roof, frug living, a box of colors, and God's sunligh through clear windows keep the so attuned and the body vigorous for one daily work." Thus did he state his credo and thus did he answer those who advise him to travel. From the day of his arriva till his death in 1917, except for a flyin visit to New Bedford, he seems to hav left the city but twice, his singular attach ment reminding us of Blake's devotion t London. His first venture was a voyage t England as a guest of his friend Captai Robinson, from whose account we lear that the artist spent most of his time study ing clouds, or trying to paint whil stretched out on the floor of his cabin. I the Summer of 1893, he travelled through Europe with the sculptor Olin Warner but the Continent made little impressio upon him, and he was glad to return. His curious insusceptibility to European ar must not be misconstrued. He did not, lik Mark Twain, snigger before masterpieces he could not understand; with his fund o good sense, he perceived the futility o

itating others, and that if he were to do ything worth remembering, he must vest his conceptions with the tang, the t and the color of his own people. He ust paint from his own experiences and his own way. Except for the remote and direct contacts which I have already ntioned, he was immune to foreign in- ences.

IV

der's life was devoid of excesses and ex- nal adventures. His best work was done tween the years 1875 and 1898 in an attic om in Fifteenth street. Here, in a strong th light, amid dirt and disorder re- ved only by his pictures and a cast of a utiful Greek head, he grappled with imaginings. At rare intervals—mainly ause it took him an unconscionably g time to finish anything—he sold a vas, and his income therefrom was ficient for his meager wants. In one un- ky hour of prosperity, he moved to ter quarters in Washington Square, but could not accommodate himself to any- ng savoring of luxury, and returned to old nook. Sumptuous studios, he said, re for business men who turned out pot- lers, and "upon the pot-boiler is in- bed the epitaph of art." On this point later added, "I have two windows in workshop that look out upon an old den whose great trees thrust their green- n branches over the casement sills, ring a network of light and shadow on bare boards of my floor. Beyond the roof tops of neighboring houses, eps the eternal firmament with its ever- nging panorama of mystery and beauty. ould not exchange these two windows a palace with less a vision than the old den and its whispering leafage."

yder's painting garb was a sailor's ise and overalls, but on the street he a correctly groomed gentleman of the school, with a silk hat, a frock coat a gold-headed cane. His habits were as ble and almost as regular as those of Immanuel Kant. At the close of his day's work he used to go down to the Battery to study the ships, sometimes sketching the harbor and its craft from the decks of vessels under the command of his friends; at nightfall he would walk back to his room, cook his dinner, and read or work again. He was fond of music and occasionally attended concerts alone. He loved to "soak in the moonlight" as he said, and on clear nights would walk for hours in the parks or the Jersey woods. On his excursions into lower Manhattan he strolled through some of the vilest parts of the city—the Bowery in those days was gang-ridden and really dangerous—, but he was never molested. "People aren't so bad as they are supposed to be," he remarked. I daresay his venerable appearance was disarming. According to Frederic Fairchild Sherman, "he looked like one of the old apostles, . . . a great, rugged, bearded figure, with nobly symmetrical features, radiating kindliness and peace." The extant portraits of Ryder confirm this description. He seems never to have been in love, although there is a story to the effect that he was enchanted by the playing of a woman fiddler who lived next door to him in Washington Square, and that he proposed to her on very short acquaintance and was rejected. During the last decade of his life he was incapable of original work, and devoted himself to finishing or repainting old conceptions. In 1915, after a severe illness, he was taken to Elmhurst, Long Island, where he lingered on for two years more under the care of friends.

It is consistent with the limited scope of Ryder's genius that he should not have been greatly productive, that is to say, in the manner of Rembrandt and Daumier, whose inexhaustible creative vigor was stimulated by an enormous variety of experiences. His contribution to American art consists of less than 150 small pictures. He painted exclusively in oils and carefully destroyed all sketches, studies and preliminary drawings in black-and-white, a fact which has caused many doleful out-

cries among critics and dilettantes who cherish the silly notion that "an artist's true character is revealed by his sketches and unfinished drawings." It is precisely the completion of Ryder's work, the perfect realization of his ideas, that converts the encrustation of pigments on a piece of linen measuring fifteen by twenty inches into a living reality, a work of extraordinary size and grandeur. To achieve this end he kept his pictures by him for years, correcting them, altering the design, and refining his conceptions to the last degree. Unfortunately, owing to his unorthodox methods, many of his canvases are in bad condition. He used inferior pigments and cheap varnishes, and, worst of all, he would deposit thick patches of color upon a ground that was not thoroughly dry, and the unequal contraction of the two layers has resulted in cracks and fissures. His palette, compared to that of the Modernists, is a sombre scale of grays, neutral blues and greens, and siennas, but his surfaces, glazed again and again with transparent colors, shine out with the brilliant hardness of enamels.

Within recent years, after an interval of unaccountable neglect, Ryder has been arbitrarily claimed by several of the most advanced sects in contemporary art. The Expressionists, misinterpreting his independence, have cited him as the exemplar of lyricism—one of those spontaneous organisms that "see, feel and burst into expression." In his poetry—Ryder occasionally tried his hand at versifying—this may possibly be true, but his poetry is naïve and worthless. As a painter, he was a minute observer of life who consolidated his dreams and objectified them with the methodical industry of an Italian Primitive or a New Bedford cabinet maker. The Abstractionists, or exponents of "pure art," struck by his remarkable sense of design, have tried to forget that he was an American and a painter of ships, barnyards and rocky coves. In mortal terror of identifying themselves with bourgeois reactions to the subject matter of pictures, they have robbed his art of its primary human fun tion, namely, the conveyance of a mea ing, and have exalted it to an eminence i accessible except to specialists; they hav ignored one of the cardinal elements production—the motif, the character of scene, or object, which unlocks the e periences of the artist and solicits his cr ative energy; they regard his forms a geometric integers in a scheme of plast relationships, and are thrown into a spas of pure æsthetic ecstasy by these forma elements.

That Ryder was a remarkable designe is obvious to anyone who has seen h paintings, or the reproductions of h paintings; that his work is essentially pi torial—as devoid of literature and anecdot as the canvases of Cézanne—is equally b yond argument; but to assert that his d signs were dictated by a desire to establis bits of form in orderly sequences and n to give dramatic emphasis and meaning t his experiences is to talk nonsense. Ryde was lucky enough to feel certain aspect of life more fully and more profoundl than most people, and artist enough to see out exactly the proper symbols for hi moods and responses, in order to presen them with the maximum of communi cability. Hence the extreme simplicity c his pictures, the avoidance of detail, th absence of everything that might lead t contradictory emotions. In his own spher his art is flawless. His imagination is rigor ously controlled. He removes the capriciou and irrelevant matter from a given experi ence, and renders it in all its intensity; an he has a painter's eye for exciting shape and values peculiar to the visual arts.

There is no need to speculate on Ryder' ultimate position among painters; th ranking of artists is a useless pastime. I will suffice to indicate the boundaries o the particular field in which he is, unques tionably, a master. Puritan he was born and Puritan he remained. A large, full blooded, anthropological inquiry into th life and habits of man was as foreign t him as it was to his compatriot, Haw

thorne. Not that he was abnormal or exotic—the path of his emotional journey lay along the horizon of the world in which the reckless human comedy is played. Wine, women and song did not move him—it was always pity, terror, and the sea. The rarer and more uncertain states of the soul—the sudden fear of death, the pitiable yearning to escape the asperities of life, the intoxication of moonlight, the unattainable desire for the Forest of Arden—constituted the major part of his experiences. But his dreams did not disorganize him, or turn him into an æsthetic fool, as is generally the case with those who deal with the less common emotions. He retained his composure and his excellent good humor, and the soberness and routine diligence with which he painted tempered his mind and delivered him from manias and subjective absurdities. Ryder stands out today as one of the noblest figures in modern art. He was neither a Bohemian nor a slave to European cults. He was simply an American with good sense, a fine passion for paint, and the ability to discover dramatic material in his own country.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Harding as Don Juan.—A certain amount of blather has been written, a considerable amount more voiced and a perhaps even greater amount suppressed in the matter of the book called "The President's Daughter." By a woman named Britton, the tome, as everyone now knows, purports to chronicle the author's love affair with the late lamented Warren Gamaliel, an alliance which resulted in a bootleg baby. It has been argued against the publication of the book, first, that, even if wholly true, it is in deplorable taste; second, that a President of the United States, however slippery his foot, should, in the higher interests of the state, be held sacrosanct in such cases; third, that—but I need not enumerate; the objections are sufficiently typical to be recognizable. What is more, they are also uniformly idiotic. The book in question is in no more deplorable taste than, say, Sainte-Beuve's "Mes Poisons," yet there have been few yelps against the latter. It is, further, no more justly to be condemned for casting reflections on a President of the United States—and a very inferior one, to boot—than would be the several recent lives of George Washington, the greatest President the Republic has had. Objection to the book on these grounds and on the others that they connote are essentially dubious, and plainly hollow. There is just one sound objection that may be made against the book and that—brushing aside its spurious posture as a plea for more merciful laws in relation to illegitimacy—is that it offers itself as a great love story and contrives only to be a very cheap and very shoddy one. Harding may or may not have been an estimable man in other ways, but one thing is certain and that is that he was a dull lover. No forgetting momentarily my rôle of g lant and remembering only my rôle critic, does La Britton seem to have be any better. To offer to the public a bo recounting the mewings, purrings a back-fence *crim. con.* of such a couple, a at a price for which the public might b the "Divina Commedia," "The Autobic raphy of Benvenuto Cellini" or even "T Life of Gaby Deslys," is a leap far beyo the reasonable.

Automat Kultur.—Our friend, the strang from Mars, arriving suddenly in our mid would unquestionably be stunned by t unwonted air of culture which current pervades the republican scene. On sides, he would hear a familiarity wi hitherto dark subjects; on all sides, an a quaintance with terminology hithe wholly dissociated from the Americ vocabulary. Such words and phrases *brachycephalic*, *dolichocephalic*, *Homo neana talensis*, *Cro-Magnon*, *transcendental dialect creative evolution*, *hero-morality*, *Greek dem ology* and *behaviorism* would fall with promiscuous novelty upon his ear, and would be puzzlingly entertained by widespread and apparently intimate knov edge of such esoteric topics as the Dik teria, the causes of the Peloponnesian w the philosophy of Empedocles, the "Novu Organum," the bipolar attitude, the ero genetic theories of Oberholzer, the tec nique of Berlioz and the love life Benedetto Croce. His awe and bepuzz ment, however, would not last long, fo he hung around for more than a f minutes he would discover that beyo these impressive conversational Alps

only a wop numskullery, full of sound and significant of nothing.

During the last two or three years, the country has assimilated a superficial veneer of culture as high-sounding and as false as an April Fool's Day fire alarm. Countless Outline books, Stories of this and that, and other such short-cuts to knowledge have enjoyed a tremendous popularity and have been seized upon by the mob to acquire in a few hours the wisdom of the ages. Plato, Spinoza and Kant have been mastered during lunch; the history of mankind has been learned in the shower-bath; the mysteries of science and the arts, from the Copernican theory to the first movement of Beethoven's C minor, have been gobbled whole while changing shirts. The most casual conversation, formerly given over to jazz, baseball and the one about the Irishman and the Jew, is now interlarded with learned allusions to the Lamarckian view of evolution, Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding," the myth in primitive psychology, and the idiosyncrasies of the ego. The populace drops its money into the book-seller's slot and draws out educational sandwiches, mainly cheese. A homeopathic *Kultur* spreads from coast to coast. The world's literature is reduced to a five-foot shelf; the piano is mastered by mail in ten days; the whole history of civilization is compressed into a book shorter than a single novel by Knut Hamsun. And a comprehensive sophisticated ignorance decorates the countryside. Everybody is educated, like a coon debating club.

Interior Decoration.—Our above-mentioned friend, the Martian, turning from the conversation of the American people and entering their homes—at least the homes of those fairly well-off in the world's goods—would presently be unable to deduce from his surroundings whether he was in the houses of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Italians or Russians. It is the aim of every American who owns so much as two shares of General Motors to make the inside of his house look as un-American as possible. With the help of a fifty-cent illustrated magazine or a five thousand dollar interior decorator, depending upon the state of his purse, he sets about sedulously deleting from it every vestige of Americanism and garnishing it instead with absurd alien embellishments. Ransacking auction sales and imitation antique factories, he goes in for Louis XV bedrooms, Renaissance dining-rooms, Georgian libraries and Græco-Roman lavatories, with side-flings at Louis XIV drawing-rooms, Turkish dens and Spanish vestibules. Russian candlesticks, Hepplewhite commodes, Greek urns, Persian prayer-rugs, Wedgewood ash-trays, duplicates of Du Barry's bed and Henry VIII's clothes-tree, imitation Flemish tapestries, Chinese lamps, Japanese screens, Benedictine refectory tables, statues of Buddha, Delft friezes and German beer *Seidel* regale the visiting eye and, save for an occasional spittoon and such times as a parade goes by and *pater familias* puts out a flag, it would take a Dupin, suddenly released from blindfold, to guess where he was at.

The moment an American swindles a fellow American out of anything over $10,000 and his wife becomes privy to the news, there ensues an immediate moving out of Grand Rapids and a moving in of the Louis. Tudor paneling takes the place of the wall-paper with the red roses on it; a fake Florentine cabinet is installed where the old horse-hair sofa stood; a department-store version of a Sixteenth Century chasuble takes the place of the old crazy-quilt; and a Ming cake-box now rests on the table that held the sea-shell from Atlantic City and the souvenir hour-glass from Niagara Falls. Bogus Derbyshire chairs, counterfeit Queen Anne and Directoire mirrors, Woolworth Venetian glass, pseudo-Gothic brocatelle curtains and Della Robbia sitz-baths clutter up the seigniorial housescape, and Louis Quatorze, Quinze and Seize beds, chaises-longues and stools are rushed in to take the place of the former brass bedsteads, folding davenports and Morris and Roycroft chairs. An old

Spanish gateway, purchased at an auction sale of the household goods of the illustrious Castillian don, the late Irving Goldfarb, is put up where the folding-doors were, and the scene is further enriched with what one sees marvelously advertised in the interior decoration magazines as Chinese samovars and William and Mary corner cabinets of Chinese lacquer.

When one enters the home of a foreigner, one is able to recognize it at once, whether it be English, German, French, Italian or what not. When one enters the home of a well-to-do American, one feels as if one were on a Cook's Tour.

A Prize-Fight.—One hundred and fifty thousand suckers, laying out two and a half million dollars for the privilege, gather around a platform to learn which of two men is the greatest fighter in the world. One of the men smears vaseline all over his face so the other's blows will glide off and not hurt him. The second man is floored by the first man for the regulation count, but the latter forgets Rule No. 306 G., fails to walk to a corner previously indicated by the board of regents, and so the contest to determine which is the greatest fighter in the world must begin all over again. A rumor spreads that one of the contestants has soaked his gloves in a cement solution; another rumor has it that the other is wearing his pants an inch and a half below the belt line so that, if he feels things going against him, he may claim one in the belly to be a foul. No blows, or so-called rabbit punches, on the back of the neck are allowed, nor is it permitted that one man stand over the other in the event of a devastating wallop, as the man knocked down must be allowed ample time to get full on his feet again and be perfectly comfortable before the other is privileged to take a sock at him. A rumor is now heard that Sig Rothenberg, the Cincinnati gambler, has framed the fight by giving one of the men's sister-in-laws a hundred thousand dollars in Liberty bonds. The sports writer for the Bluebird Syndicate claims to have definite knowledge that the other man has five thicknesses of tire tape wrapped around his knuckles. One of the men, the one who lay on the floor earlier in the fight for four seconds more than the stipulated ten, hands the other, now thoroughly disgusted, a mild poke on the nose, the final bell rings, and the judges declare him champion of the world.

Meanwhile, a couple of two hundred pound truck-drivers over on Ninth avenue go to it and lick living hell out of each other.

First Ladies of the Land.—Whether by design or accident, the fact remains that with one small exception, no girl with a fancy Christian name has ever diverted the eye of a President of the United States to the matrimonial altar. Save for a single Dolly, no woman with an overly ornamental or cutie label has thus far, in the history of the Republic, shared the throne. The thirty-three spouses of the twenty-eight Presidents (one, Buchanan, remained a bachelor) have all borne plain, everyday first names. Two were Marthas, two were Marys, two were Abigails, two were Elizas, two were Ediths, two were Julias, two were Carolines, two were Ellens, and the rest were Sarahs, Louisas, Rachels, Hannahs, Annas, Margarets, Janes, Lucys, Lettys, Franceses, Idas, Alices, Helens, Florences and Graces. A Lucretia, it is true, became Mrs. Garfield, but the President never called her that; from his courtship days she was always plain Lucy to him. If Al Smith succeeds to the throne he will share it with a Catherine. If Lowden, sitting beside him will be a Florence. If inconceivably McAdoo, it will be an Eleanor. If Dawes, a Caro, and if Jim Reed a Lura may boggle statistics. But in the general run of things it apparently has always been a bad day for the Gladyses, Maes, Violets, Daisys, Pearls, Hazels, Maybelles, Bonnies, Trixies, Dots and other such little sunshines.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Trombone and the Derby

The mood of indignation tends gradually to disappear from the drama. Just as somebody or other invariably named Horwitz seems always to be writing indignant letters to the *Nation*, so in days past were dramatists habitually given to writing plays wholesale in resentment of this and that. It takes no veteran to remember the time when the bulk of drama, both good and bad, was not so much *for* something as *against* something, and when the opposition was couched in terms that clearly betrayed the playwright's animosity, and the animosity no less of the audiences he catered to. With the increasing sophistication of dramatic writers and theatre audiences, the era of huff has begun to fade, and the drama of today, as a consequence, is generally found to be one of relative equanimity and composure.

The theory that a dramatist must, because of the very nature of his medium, feel strongly if he would sway his audiences may be sound enough if one visualizes his audiences as a pack of dolts, but, with audiences somewhat worthier, it is a better theory that he must rather think strongly and then set about cautiously to filter his thought through characters who at least have the air of being nonchalant toward his conclusions. That the drama is fundamentally emotional may be true enough, but the definition has been manhandled out of all sense. There are many kinds of emotion, yet the definition coddlers almost uniformly think of just two: love and hate, conveniently overlooking the fact that some of the finest drama deals with emotions vastly more trivial, emotions that may be said, indeed, to be almost negative emotions and that often are far removed from the heart and the spleen. The best comedy written in France in the present century is founded entirely upon the emotion of physical irritation; one of the best comedies that has come out of Ireland in the same period is founded entirely upon the emotion of pleasurable self-gullery; the drama of Shaw, with small exception, is as unemotional as a mushroom, as is some of the best of Pirandello. But all this is somewhat beside the point. The point is that high emotion and the so-called taking of sides are bedfellows, and that indignation is their child. As high emotion has been relegated to the background in drama, the taking of sides has retreated into the background with it, and indignation has accordingly vanished.

The drama of today does not *tell* its audience something; it suggests to the audience that the latter may judge of what it says for itself. It gives it sly hints on the way, to be sure, but it no longer, in the aggregate, looks the audience straight in the eye and tells it to go to Heaven. The moralist tone has vamoosed, and so, too, has the index finger of admonition and warning. There is a soothing moral and philosophical *double entente* in the case of the former heroes and villains, and audiences are permitted to feel for themselves even if they are not always permitted to think for themselves. The stage gutter is no longer full of wayward women; gentlemen with black moustaches and sleek evening coats no longer inevitably end up either at Sing Sing or Frank Campbell's; blond bravos do not regularly marry their bosses' daughters; and capital and labor often come to decisionless dog-fall. Pistols are relegated to 10-20-30 melodrama, and handcuffs have passed out with Houdini. There used to be two sides to every question, unless it

were a dramatic one. That is changed now. So great has the change been, indeed, that the drama of today not only presents the two sides but periodically, as in the instance of something like Maugham's "The Constant Wife," generously and open-mindedly presents three!

Strong feeling is too often the mark of a weak dramatist. The inferior man is chronically an indignant one. There is small place for indignation in art. The Eroica, let us remember, was finished before its composer's momentary wrath caused him to change its title; nor was it surely save deliberately that the greatest tragic dramatist of all time put many of his most indignant speeches in the mouths of his clowns. The boiling acerbity of Strindberg has today become the material of light comedy and farce, and the passionate alarms of French problem plays find less and less favor even in France where, year by year, the Guitrys and Armonts and Gerbidons wean more and more customers away from the Batailles and Bernsteins and Hervieus. Sex, the chief ground of dramatic indignations of the past, has become theatrically largely a laughing matter, or if not precisely a laughing matter, most often a casual one. Even the occasional boob-bouncer that seeks deliberately to go after the old trade with the Jones and Pinero sex furors finds it necessary to add at least a sensational murder or some such circus-act to the business if it would effectively diddle its audiences. It is clearly thus that a "Mrs. Dane's Defence" of the earlier dispensation becomes a "The Letter" and that Iris Bellamy becomes Iris March. Wedekind, in his louder sex moments, is now snickered at even by the Germans, and what prosperity he still enjoys is at the hands of Berlin Greenwich Villagers still wet behind the ears. Hauptmann, sensing the change, abandons sex and turns to theology. Even the philosophical Elinor Glyn, Sudermann, waxes sardonic. Across the border, Donnay turns to satire and ironic comedy and the erstwhile paprika-schnitzel, Brieux, to economics and international amity.

Following the tendency of drama, stag direction has naturally come also to pacif itself. So far, indeed, has this directio gone that even where the drama still show traces of indignation it exerts itself to th utmost to conceal the fact. Even a murde in this day is staged something after th manner of a petting party, and loud voice are confined to musical comedy. Fiftee and twenty years ago, a play was regarde as dramatic in proportion to the racket i made; climaxes were indistinguishabl from college yells and evangelical sermons Actors like the late James K. Hackett an John Mason, who could shiver the ceilin with bull-roars, were never out of jobs, an stage directors without megaphones wer as rare as movie directors without puttee and polo shirts. All this is no more. Th stage of today, by and large, discharges it drama through a muffler; the old trombon has a derby hitched to its snout. There are, of course, virtues to the new order, but on cannot help feeling that there are also weaknesses. The thing has been carried too far. It is all very well for a certain specie of drama to be staged *piano*, but there i surely another species that may be staged thus only at the expense of absurdity. Ye melodrama and drawing-room comedy are often produced in an identical fashion with the result that the theatre is growing monotonous. The so-called natural, life like type of staging is taking the inheren bounce out of many an otherwise popping play. Too much naturalness is as bad fo the theatre as too much theatricality is bad for life. A toy bear that growls and walks when wound up is all right, but one tha would also bite one in the leg wouldn't do at all. The theatre, too, is a toy and, like a toy, though it may well improve itself should remain more or less the plaything it is and not try to make itself indistinguish able from the actuality it merely and prop erly pretends to be.

Mr Arthur Hopkins may be singled ou as one producer who arbitrarily seeks t reduce all plays, irrespective of thei nature, to gumshoes. Where this kind o

staging is excellent enough when the play in hand is that kind of play, it becomes grotesque and defeatist when the play no more calls for suavely quiet staging than the "Kaisermarsch" calls for the tempo of "Schmerzen." In the case of "Burlesque," the Hopkins staging has succeeded in converting what should be gay hoopla interspersed with periodic rearo-bumpings into something very much like a Hubert Henry Davies tea-cart comedy. And in the case of "The House of Women," though the staging is more appropriate, it succeeds nevertheless in ridding a drama already undramatic of what minimum of drama it possesses. It may be life; it may even be art; but I'll be good and damned if it isn't very bad theatre.

"The House of Women" is a play made by Louis Bromfield from his novel, "The Green Bay Tree." The job shows a sorry unacquaintance with the requirements of drama; it amounts simply to a reduction of the materials of the novel to the two and one half hours' theatrical span with no effort made to give the compressed materials dramatic life. The theme is handled in the even-tempered fashion of the day, a sort of Fanny Hawthorne with undertones of Nathaniel and played with the fingers crossed. The leading rôles were acted by Nance O'Neil and Elsie Ferguson. Every time Miss O'Neil made an exit, there was loud applause, which the actress doubtless accepted as a testimonial to her virtuosity but which seemed to me to be impolitely and critically significant. Miss Ferguson, judging from her laryngeal gurgles, is still apparently of the conviction that a dramatic rôle is an excellent thing to cure a sore throat with.

II

The Bane of the Entr' Acte

Something will have to be done pretty soon about this business of intermissions. Although the theatre has improved itself in all sorts of directions in recent times, it has, with negligible exception, overlooked its perhaps most senseless and damaging shortcoming, to wit, the custom of interrupting a play at two or more intervals during its course, sending the audience out into the lobby on furloughs, and messing up beyond repair both the audience's mood and the even tenor of the play. An example is to be had in the instance of "Porgy," the Theatre Guild's first production of the current season. Here we have what might have been an interesting dramatic exhibit almost totally ruined by three long intermissions, to say nothing of six shorter ones between scenic adjustments. Each of these pauses in the dramatic narrative acts as a wet blanket both upon the narrative itself and, even more so, upon the audience, for it is only by a severe self-imposed strain that the audience manages to recover its several moods once they have been doused out of activity by the breaks in the play's flow. The net impression of the evening, consequently, is of a series of intermissions periodically interrupted by a play, and when such an impression works its influence upon an auditorium no genius on earth can send an audience out into the night either fully persuaded or satisfied.

It is high time, it seems to me, that this foolish tradition as to the necessity of entr'actes be seized by the tail and got rid of. The theory that an audience's attention must be given periodic respites and that an audience asked to exercise its faculties for two straight hours without rest would gradually become weary and offer a poor percussion, is, I dare say, quite as hollow as most theories that cling like barnacles about the theatre. Even a moving picture audience, the lowest form of audience conceivable, willingly—even enthusiastically—sits at rapt attention for something like two straight hours at the so-called feature film productions displayed in the Broadway theatres. And if such morons can manage the business, I can see no reason why the intelligent audiences that the Theatre Guild and the better grade producers cater to cannot be expected to do

the same. The tremendous heterogeneous crowds that patronize professional baseball sit calmly for hours with their eyes glued to the rapidly shifting and often trying play on the diamond and, save for a moment's stretch in the seventh inning, never relax their absorption or their sterns. Yet the theatre believes that when these same people come into it to watch a play that begins at quarter to nine and ends at quarter to eleven, a period of two short hours, it is necessary to give them at least two substantial periods of truce.

The intermission idea is all very well in the case of musical shows, where the audience's mood and the show's continuity are not impaired by it, but in the case of drama it makes, save on rare occasions, for disaster. If a movie audience can stand the two-hour screen version of "What Price Glory?" without let-up, surely a theatre audience should be able to stand the two-hour stage version of the same play in the same way. That it can stand it and will stand it gladly, to its own greater enjoyment and to the greater prosperity of the dramatic manuscript, our impresarios will soon discover if they give it the chance. Many a play that now goes to pieces during the intermissions will thus gain an added quality of coherence, evenness and interest, and many an audience that presently doesn't know why it is that it gradually loses concern with a play will quickly be conscious of the nature of its previous difficulty.

"Porgy," a dramatization of the Du Bose Heyward novel by the author and his wife, is entertaining theatrical fare when the intermissions do not kill it. The Guild has astutely engaged real Negroes to play it, and if these Negroes are not especially good actors the Guild has exercised the cunning to make them seem so by the wily device of incorporating into the presenting troupe several white actors so extremely bad that the black ones seem Salvinis and Bernhardts in comparison. The staging of the exhibit by one Mamoulian, who has dabbled in opera productions, has been nicely contrived except for the seducti scene in the palmetto jungle, which h been directed as if it were something A. A. Milne.

III

This Business of Casting

There is a belief, still fondly nursed certain critics, that if an actor be talent enough he can play almost any part, ev one to which he may not physically suited, and by the sheer exercise of h skill make his audience unconscious of h corporeal unfitness for the rôle. To th belief, I have devoted well nigh a quart of a century to win myself, but with, regret to have to report, a very dubio success. I hope I do not boast unduly wh I say that I have perhaps as flexible imagination as the next man. I am, indee at least so far as the theatre is concerne able to hocus-pocus myself into imaginin things that would make any compete alienist who happened to be a stranger the theatre scratch his nose and shake h head meaningly. But this amazing imagin tion of mine rebels when it comes to gri with the problem of persuading myself th a fifty-year-old actor with a bald head a a sizeable belly becomes Little Lord Fau tleroy by the simple device of puttin on velvet knee-pants and a blond wig, a by bringing to his interpretation a rich a varied experience in "The Lyons Mail "Rosmersholm" and "The Marble Heart

Do I exaggerate? A bit, no doubt, b not so much as some may believe. F every season reveals casting almost ridiculous. Who fails to remember, for e ample, Mrs. Fiske's attempt to play a si teen-year-old girl in the first portion Edward Sheldon's "The High Road," Nance O'Neil's last year's effort to co vince the trade, in the play called "Fo Bound," that she was a wild young thi of seventeen or eighteen? And who doesn recall Frank Gillmore in a yellow tou trying to palm himself off as the youthf

Karl in the New Theatre's production of "Old Heidelberg," Otis Skinner as the fiery bull-fighter in "Blood and Sand," Robert Edeson as the college boy in "Classmates," Madame Nazimova as the aphrodisiacal flapper in "Dagmar," Jacob Ben-Ami as the American husband in "Welded," or the papa who was cast for the little boy in the memorable production of Wedekind's "Awakening of Spring" a number of years ago at the Maxine Elliott Theatre? To cozen the imagination to accept such jocosities seriously is a job either for lay idiots or for professional critics given to a lingering schoolboy adulation of actors and to a comprehensive faith in that most bogus of mummer monkeyshines, versatility. Although an actor may in his day play many parts, he is generally found to play those parts best for which he is physically and temperamentally most patly suited. Mansfield, when he tried Prince Karl, made a spectacle of himself; Bernhardt did the same when she tried Joan; Maude Adams became ridiculous when she essayed the rôle of the cocky rooster in "Chanticler"; Ethel Barrymore's late attempt at Juliet need not be recalled to you. Talent has nothing, or at best very little, to do with it; all the talent in the world can't duel successfully with stubborn Nature. Yet the actor is vain enough to try to remake God.

There was recently put on in New York a comedy by Alice Duer Miller called "The Springboard." The leading rôle in the piece was that of a handsome and invincible lady-killer, a magnifico at whose very sight women high and low frothed at the mouth, in Wilson Mizner's old phrase, like a cream-puff. Paving the entrance of the character, there were many lines attesting to his dismaying beauty, his Spring-like youth, his sleek look, his Casanova squint and his menace to the fair sex. The audience, particularly the feminine element in it, was agog. Surely, when the great moment came, there would be revealed a fellow to floor the auditorium! A twenty-five-year-old George Alexander with Valentino overtones, Byron undertones and something of Benvenuto Cellini in the middle register. A suave and silken one to put Adonis and Rupert Brooke to shame, and to send William Hickey back to his chambermaids. A gay and debonair one to bring about a revival of the old cigarette pictures, to set even Peggy Joyce's heart to pumping, and to make the movie magnates jump for contracts and the ink. A hush. A pause. An audible tremor. And then—and then out moseyed Mr. Sidney Blackmer!

This Mr. Blackmer is doubtless an estimable man in many ways (one of them, unfortunately, is not acting), but all the make-up and doggy tailors and haberdashers on earth can't combine to make him anything approaching the character that he was supposed to be in this play. With a middle that tends more and more to resemble a chianti bottle, with a manner as incalescent as a chilblain, with a speaking voice as flat as a rained-on drum, and with all the natural charm of address visible on the average picture post-card, the actor riddled his rôle and the play where they stood. No play can stand such casting. Life itself can stand no such casting. Mussolini must look his part to gain the favor of the world. The trouble with the Russian Bolshevists is that their leaders look too much like Trotsky and Lenin.

IV

The Passing of French Farce

The student of theatrical affairs must rapidly come to the conclusion that French farce has become a pretty dead thing outside of France, where the trite and stale have a habit of enjoying long life. The prompt failure of the boulevard farce, "The Matrimonial Bed," over here—it was Seymour Hicks, like all such favorite English actors, hardly the play, that ran on in London—brings to mind the fact that almost all the French farces that have been produced in America, England and Ger-

many in the last six years or so have come croppers. For one that has modestly succeeded, due to the appearance in it of some public pet, a half-dozen have failed. And the failures have been so abrupt that one is brought to speculate as to the causes.

There was a time, not so many years ago, when French farce prospered outside its own country and when French farce writers could look to foreign markets for substantial royalty returns. Today, it becomes increasingly evident that those markets are getting to be extremely cold and that a completely arctic temperature is in sight. As to the reasons, I offer a few guesses. In the first place, American, English and German theatrical impresarios have almost invariably during the last decade imported the least original and meritorious of the Gallic farces, neglecting entirely those manuscripts that might revive and stimulate the waning interest in this particular form of stage fare. Among the many amusing farces produced on the boulevards in the last fifteen years, I can't think of more than two that have been produced in any one of the three countries named. The farces that have been produced have been of the second, third and even tenth cut, without novelty, without bounce, without quality of any kind. The best work of such expert farce writers as Guitry, Dieudonné and Coolus has been neglected, and only the uninspired hack work of the rubber-stamp boys displayed to the alien gaze. It was not long, therefore, before alien audiences began to grow tired of the same old door-banging, bed-bouncing rigmarole and before they withdrew their trade.

In the second place, a change has come over thitherward audiences in a sex direction. There was a time when the sex didos of the French farce writers seemed very saucy and juicy, but today they have come to take on an air of conventionality, and not only of conventionality but, I dare say, of relative innocence. The so-to-speak more serious drama has gone so far with sex themes that the French farces, even at their naughtiest, begin to seem tame. What French farce in the last half dozen years, for example, has gone farther with sex than such a play as "The Captive," or "Women Go On Forever," or "Bride of the Lamb," or "Seed of the Brute," or—to speak of farces—the German ones called "The Werewolf" or "The Command To Love"? The days when a French sex farce seemed to a British or American audience something like a visit to a peep-show have disappeared down the chute of time. Not a single scene in any one of these farces produced in America in the last ten years has brought so pleasurable a blush to the boob cheek as the nymphomaniac episode in "The Shanghai Gesture," the scene between the clergyman and Sadie Thompson in "Rain," or the confession scene in "The Trial of Mary Dugan." And not one of the French farces has gone farther in a loud sex direction than fifty such locally exhibited dramatic affairs as "No More Women," "Gentle Grafters," "Creoles," "Scotch Mist," "An American Tragedy," "The Firebrand," "The Pearl of Great Price," "This Was A Man," "Sex," "The Virgin Man," "Pinwheel," "A Lady in Love," "A Very Wise Virgin," and so on. In Germany, the naughtiest French farce imaginable takes on the aspect of a strawberry festival beside such dramatic works as "Reigen," "Erdgeist," and "Vatermord."

With the sex bait diminished, the French farce writers find themselves in sore straits. But very few of them are really witty fellows and these few have been discouraged by the chilly attitude toward them of the American and English entrepreneurs. Until their farces are produced in America and in England—and in Germany—, French farce must remain in abeyance so far as these audiences are concerned.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Races of Man

ENVIRONMENT AND RACE, by Griffith Taylor. $6.50. 8½ x 5⅜; 354 pp. New York: *The Oxford University Press.*

Dr. Taylor, who is head of the department of geography at the University of Sydney, is convinced, like most other students of pre-history, that the human race originated in Central Asia. There the brothers of the gorilla and the chimpanzee first began to lose their hair, organize themselves into political parties, and practise magic. There grammar was invented, and adultery, and Service. Was the race composed, at the start, of a single pair, Adam and Eve? On the whole, it seems rather unlikely. The Negritoes (who are not to be confused with the Negroes) present so many anomalies that it is hard to fit them into the rest of the human species. It thus appears to be likely that they had different anthropoid ancestors. But all the other races are obviously related, and the differences separating them, however important they may look superficially, are found to be trivial on analysis. They all came out of Central Asia, in a long series of great waves, and the marks of those waves are still visible, not only in Europe, but also in Africa, Southern Asia, and the two Americas.

The nature of the men who came in the first wave is not clear, though we know that they were very primitive in type. The few skulls and other bones discovered so far indicate, indeed, that they were scarcely more than refined apes. But when Neanderthal man came in a genuine human being entered upon the scene, and upon his heels, though probably only after an interval of thousands of years, came Crô-Magnon man, a fellow fully equal, physically and mentally, to many of the races dominant in the world today. He brought Negritoes with him, probably as slaves, and for many centuries he was the master of Europe. But in the course of time he succumbed to later comers. Of these there were, according to Dr. Taylor, two waves, one making westward along the north shore of the Mediterranean and the other penetrating the more difficult country along the Baltic. The Mediterranean newcomers were a short, swarthy, long-headed race, and they survive today in Italy, Spain, Greece and Southern France, and along the coast of Ireland, Scotland and Wales. The Baltic immigrants were tall, blond and long-headed. They were the ancestors of the celebrated Nordics of our present age.

But that was not the end. After the Mediterraneans and the Nordics, between them, had driven Crô-Magnon man, who was much superior to either of them, into a few remote fastnesses, they were themselves beset by another immigration from Central Asia. This was the immigration of the Alpines, who drove a wedge between the Mediterraneans and Nordics, and finally forced them to the periphery of the continent. The Alpines were neither so short and swart as the Mediterraneans nor so tall and blond as the Nordics. They ran to chestnut hair, stout legs and broad shoulders, and the color of their eyes ranged from blue to a dark brown. They are the dominant race in Europe today, despite all the current gabble about the Nordics, and they seem likely to conquer America as well. Their heads are not long, but round. They are an industrious people, with a great capacity for learning, and they excel at war, though they do not appear to enjoy it as much as the Nordics.

Dr. Taylor believes that these Alpines represents the highest type that the human race has yet attained. They have relatives in Central Asia in the Mongols, and wherever they have gone, whether in Europe, in Africa, in Southern Asia and Oceania or in the two Americas, they have driven their predecessors out of the best lands and forced them to take refuge along bleak coasts and in high mountains. Men carrying the blood of these predecessors are plentiful along the edges of the European peninsula. Fleure, a Franco-English anthropologist, has found Neanderthal men in impressive numbers in Wales, and Crô-Magnon men are not infrequently encountered in the remoter parts of Southern France. The Nordics, as everyone knows, survive along the shores of the Baltic and the North Sea, and the Mediterraneans still people Southern Italy, Western Spain, most of Greece, and nearly all the islands of the Mediterranean.

Such were the main migrations into Europe, but there were also many minor ones, some of them of great importance. As a result the population of that continent is very confusingly mixed. Many ostensible Italians are almost pure Nordics, and many Danes and even Swedes are largely Mediterranean in blood. There is a great deal of Alpine blood in England, and more in Germany and France. Thus the pressure of the Alpines upon their predecessors is slackened by mixing. But in Asia and Africa, where the same waves rolled over the land, the conflict is still plainly visible. The long-headed races tend to be pushed out of the most desirable land by the broad-heads. They collect in mountain valleys and in swamps along the coast. They take to the sea and so find and people remote islands. The ethnological history of the Pacific is a history of their successive flights. Even among American Indians the process is visible. There are Indians, in Dr. Taylor's judgment, especially in South America, who represent very early races of men, and there are Indians (or, at all events, Eskimos) who belong to that same Mongolian immigration which flooded Central Europe with Alpines.

I commend this book to those persons who have been misled by the ethnological blather that has been loosed upon the world of late by sentimentalists and worse. Its speculations are not set forth as proved facts; they are submitted to a candid world as speculations only. But behind them lies an immense reservoir of knowledge. Dr. Taylor has made human geography his life-long study, and his contributions to it, especially in the Australasian field, are of the first importance. At the end of his book he ventures upon some prophecies regarding the probable future movements of population among the white races. His conclusion is that Europe has almost as many people today as it will ever manage to support, and that Australia is destined to be largely uninhabited forever, but that in the United States there is still room for many millions. In the end, he believes, Chicago will probably be the capital of the whole white race.

The Desert Epic

DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP, by Willa Cather. $2.50. 7½ x 5; 303 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

WOLF SONG, by Harvey Fergusson. $2.50. 7½ x 5; 206 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

THERE is a curious likeness between these two stories, though they are separated by some sharp contrasts. Both have to do with the taming of the Old Southwest, and both are character sketches rather than tales. The scene of each is the north central desert region of New Mexico, lying about Santa Fé and Taos, and each deals with the conflict between the old barbaric Mexican civilization and the new order. In "Wolf Song" the time is a century ago, and the old civilization, meeting the hard rush of a wild man from Yankeedom, floors and tames him. In "Death Comes For the Archbishop," which begins on an Autumn afternoon in 1851, the fortunes of war go the other way. Here

the antagonist, true enough, is not a Yankee mountain man; he is, indeed, not a Yankee at all, but a French priest. But it is the vast momentum of the new Republic that lies behind him when he flings himself upon what remains of the ancient Spanish *raj*, and it is a tight and well-ordered Yankee archdiocese that he leaves to his successors, and another that his chief of staff carves out of the mountain wilds to the northward.

I part from the Cather story with a certain regret that the author did not make this chief of staff the hero of it, instead of the gentler Monsignor Jean Marie Latour. Latour is a charming fellow, but only too often he stiffens into the austere and somewhat fatiguing attitudes of a plaster saint. Not once does he show any heat of honest archiepiscopal passion. There is pertinacity in him, and patience and understanding, and a steady if mild glow of zeal for the True Faith, but no steel. When rough work is to be done he turns naturally to Father Joseph Vaillant, indomitable vicar, gifted cook, hearty drinker, untiring traveler, and heavy weight champion of the Lord. Father Joseph should have been the apostolic delegate to those wilds, and Father Jean Marie a village *curé* back in Auvergne, tending his placid garden and reading and rereading his dusty books. But the desires of God, published through a committee of three Cardinals, all of them somewhat hazy about New Spain, run otherwise, and so it is not until late in life that Father Jospeh puts on a mitre of his own. What a gaudy glimpse we have of him in Colorado, policing the miners! What a story gone to waste!

But of the story that is told there is little complaint to be made. At times, it seems to me, Miss Cather takes the somewhat naïve view of a bishop's business that belongs properly, not to a novelist, but to a highly devoted member of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, and so her narrative drops to the level of a pious tale. But that is not often. If there is a devotée hidden in her, there is also an immensely skillful story-teller. What could be more dramatic, more waggish, more thoroughly amusing than the episode of Fray Baltazar and his tragic end on lonely Ácoma? Here, indeed, is a tale informed with all the high humor and washed with all the brilliant color of "The Three-Cornered Hat." The writing throughout is in Miss Cather's best manner. In her English there is no ornateness, but it is surely not monotonous. She has a fine feeling for the beauty of simple words. Her style flows in a quiet, unrestrained, melodious, almost Mozartian manner. She has done stories far richer in content, but she has never exceeded "Death Comes For the Archbishop" as a piece of writing.

"Wolf Song" is far different in manner. There are places where the fashioning of phrases seems to enchant the author, and even to make him drunk. He runs to elisions, inversions, and other rhetorical devices, sometimes to the good of the narrative but sometimes to its damage. That narrative, however, can stand the burden. It is a veritable riot of blazing color. The Old Southwest is made to palpitate with such light and heat that they are felt almost physically, and the people that gallop across the scene are full of the juices of life. No more real mountain man than Sam Lash has ever got upon paper. In him one senses the brobdingnagian harshness and lustiness of the whole species: he is half civilized man and half painted savage. The tale finds him roaring down upon sun-drenched Taos like some high wind from his own wilds—a hero meteoric, and almost meteorological. The dark-eyed Lola Salazar succumbs at once, and presently she is off for his mountains with him, her family in frantic pursuit. Sam is not afraid of Mexican knives, nor even of artillery. He is a hero of the cut of Jim Bridger or Paul Bunyan. When he wants a girl he takes her.

But there is something in Lola that is more than girl. She is the decorum of the city; she is the ancient assurance that is Spain. Lash, disdaining the hazards that

he knows by old experience, trembles before the new hazards that she presents. Once a married man, he is only two-thirds a man. His wife presently in flight, he is less than half a man. The tale deals with his gradual surrender. He comes home from hair-raising adventures among the Indians to sneak into Taos by the back way, and soon he is wholly lost in Lola's soft arms, and one gets a momentary, dreadful glimpse of a future Sam, docilely riding the Salazar ranges. It is an ironical tale, and full of acidulous humors. As a work of art, it is far beyond anything that Mr. Fergusson has done in the past. In it the high promise of "The Blood of the Conquerors," "Capitol Hill" and "Hot Saturday" comes to fulfilment. It is an extraordinarily brilliant and charming story.

A Comedy of Fig-Leaves

SOMETHING ABOUT EVE, by James Branch Cabell. $2.50. 7⅝ x 5⅛; 364 pp. New York: *Robert M. McBride & Company.*

"Every marriage," says Gerald Musgrave, "gets at least one man into trouble—and it is not always the bridegroom." The text may serve as good as another for "Something About Eve." Gerald, like all of the Cabell heroes, goes on a quest, and again like all of them, he returns from it sadly at fifty-eight, his neck scarred indelibly by the marks of that sinister rope which disguises itself as the naked female arm, and his shoulders burned and cicatrized by female tears. *So geht's in die Welt!* The story comes down to us from time immemorial, and in the form of a thousand tragedies, but Cabell prefers to view it (with sound sense) as comedy, and in the present version of it he adorns it with all the blooms of his singularly lively and corrosive wit. Who can match him at his diabolical best? If you have a candidate, then bring him on to equal the treatise on the articles of war for married ladies and their lovers, in the fourth chapter of "Something About Eve."

As year chases year the position of Cabell gradually solidifies, and it becomes manifest that his place among the American writers of his time, seen in retrospect, will be at the first table. It used to be the fashion to speak of him as an imitator of Anatole France, but that folly seems to be passing out. There are, in fact, few signs in his books that France has influenced him, save perhaps in non-essentials. His point of view is the result, not of viewing the world from Paris, but of viewing it from Virginia. No more thorough American lives and has his being among us. It was the grotesque quasi-civilization in which, coming to manhood, he found himself that sent him flying to Poictesme, and it is that civilization which he depicts from his exile there. The articles of war that I have mentioned would be unintelligible to a Frenchman, and I fancy that they would also puzzle an Englishman whose traditional answer to adultery on his premises is a suit in equity. But they must ring true to every American, and especially to every American who has lived in the charming wilderness below Wilmington, Del. The observation in them is of the first degree of accuracy, and they are set forth with all the lovely enchantment of a Vienna waltz.

The Cabellian style shows no sign of playing out. It is still caressingly dulcet, but it is by no means sing-songy. There is steel in it as well as attar of roses. It is capable of a phrase that stings as well as of a phrase that lulls. Cabell clings to certain mannerisms that, I confess, greatly irritate me—for example, his curious avoidance of pronouns, his piling up of proper names—, but that clinging is less amorous and irritating than it used to be—or maybe I have got used to it. In "Something About Eve" the narrative flows in beautiful cadences. There is no harsh improvising in it; it is all thought out to the last place of decimals. Cabell has done better books: I nominated "The High Place" at once. But few of his books are better done.

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A German Grandfather 280
Thompson, Lloyd S.: Montana Winds 103
Tompkins, Raymond S.: Princes of the Press . . 171
Tully, Jim: Bull Horrors 144
Walker, W. M.: Pittsburgh Plus 12
Weber, R.: Churches in the Moronic Mode . 344

Performance *is but one side of* ESSEX *value*

The Smoothness of Coasting

In outselling any oth[illegible] at or near the price, almost two to one, the signal thing is n[illegible]rely the overwhelming preference for the Essex Super-Six but the source from which it comes.

A great proportion of b[illegible]ers are owners, former and present, of big and costly cars. T[illegible] turn to Essex because they find:

The smoothness and [illegible]formance of their costlier cars.

Comfort and riding [illegible]e not excelled in any car.

The roominess and r[illegible]axation of their larger cars.

Traffic nimbleness [illegible] handling ease unmatched in larger cars.

Economy of operat[illegible]n and maintenance exclusive to Essex.

[illegible]-Passenger Speedabout $700 4-Passen[illegible]Speedster, $835 Coach, $735 Coupe, $735 Sedan, $835

All prices f. o. [illegible]Detroit, plus war excise tax

ESSEX *Super-Six*

If Your Bonds Show a Profit

Send for This Folder

Careful analysis of your holdings may show that you have bonds in one or more of the following classes:

1. Bonds selling at or near redemption price.
2. Speculative bonds that have enjoyed good advances.
3. Bonds about to mature.
4. Bonds bearing low interest rates or whose market values have advanced, reducing yield.

With further advances highly improbable, such bonds may be exchanged now at a profit for higher yield securities. Ask for folder which lists over 75 of these issues. Use the coupon. Send for your copy today.

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company

Oldest Real Estate Bond House

FOUNDED 1855—CHICAGO
OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Affiliated with Greenebaum Sons Securities Corporation, New York

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Greenebaum Sons Investment Co.
La Salle and Madison Sts., Chicago

Without obligation please send copy of your folder "Increase Your Income" and current list of Greenebaum offerings.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

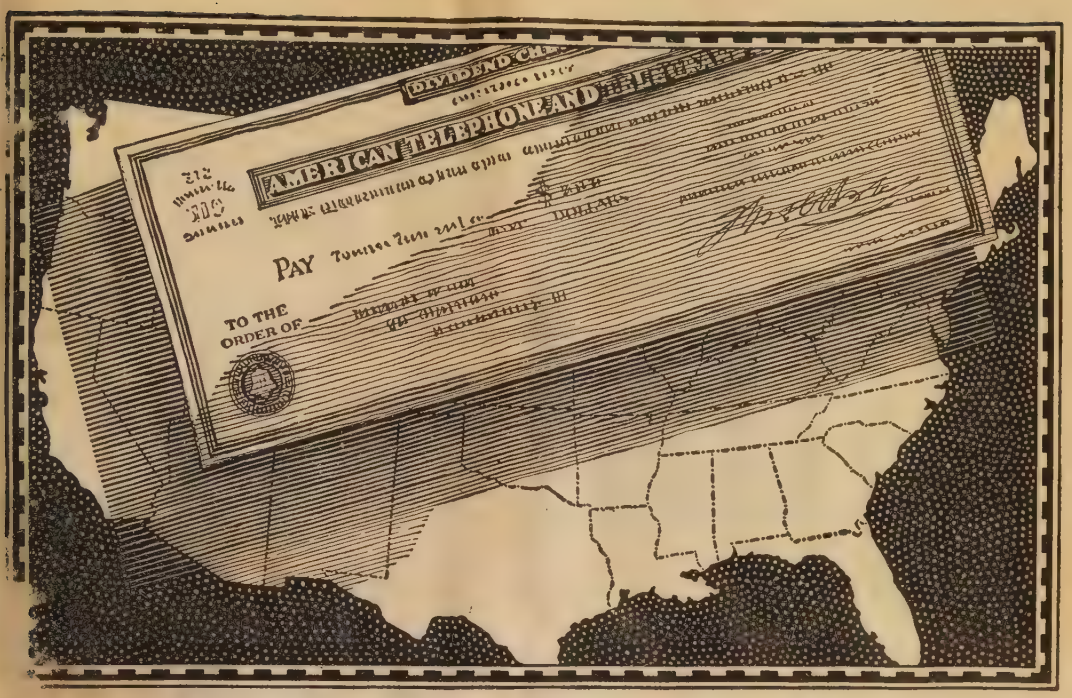
Safeguarded Bonds

Editorial NOTES

Mr. Chester T. Crowell has been one the most frequent and most valued co tributors to THE AMERICAN MERCURY. I has written articles on numerous subjects of public interest, and also fiction. But he is a specialist in the physiology and pathology of civilization in Texas. Two of his contributions to those sciences, "Strange New ...om Texas," in the March, 1925, iss... and "Journa... in Texas," in the April, 1926, issu caused small revolutions in that gre State. The public jobholders and th friends, the Baptist and Methodist clerg heaped maledictions upon him, and weeks stormed this office with blisteri letters of protest. They barred THE AMI CAN MERCURY from several of the pub lic libraries and from the so-called univ sities of the Baptist and Methodist evangelicals. Hardly had this uproar subsid than Mr. Crowell stirred up the animals another quarter with his article, "... Glance at the Public Schools," in t August, 1926, number. He has also co tributed the following: "American Jo nalism Today," June, 1924; "The De Born in Them," July, 1924; "Pariah August, 1924; "Notes of an Amat Father," October, 1924; "Davy Crockett January, 1925; "Mary Fisher's PH

Chester T. Crowell

Continued on page lxxxiv



How many are 421,000 stockholders?

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

On October 15th, America Telephone and Telegraph Company checks representing the 152d dividend were mailed to its 421,000 stockholders. That is the largest number of stockholders of any company in the world.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company is owned by a great investment democracy.

Its dividend checks are cashed at banks in every state in the Union, by people representing all trades, stations and professions.

No institution is more nationally or publicly owned than the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which in turn owns more than 91% of the common stock of the operating companies of the Bell national System. The average holding is 26 shares, and no one person owns as much as 1% of the total stock.

The Bell System was developed in the interest of telephone users and is owned by the public that it serves.

Which do you choose?

NO ONE chooses to be sick and weak. Of course not. But a number of your friends suffer needlessly because they neglected their health.

If they had only known their true condition in time they could have kept fit. But the damage is done now.

If you choose you can avoid such trouble.

In the early stages, before harm is done, most chronic diseases are easily corrected.

The National Bureau of Analysis is protecting the health of many thousands who choose to remain well.

How their health protection plan works, its effectiveness, convenience and economy is explained in their free booklet "The Span of Life." Write today for your copy.

National Bureau of Analysis
209 S. State St., Chicago

Send me your free booklet "The Span of Life," with particulars of your four-minute-a-year plan for better health and longer life.

Name .....
Street Number .....
City ..... State .....

AM—12-27

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lxxxii

osophy," May, 1925; "Untamed," Nov ember, 1925; "What Price Freedom?" January, 1926; "Cowboys," October, 192 "The Youngest Generation," April, 192 and "Now We Got Probeesh," in th current issue.

Mr. Crowell was born in Cleveland i 1888. His father was a pitcher for the hom baseball team, and his mother was th daughter of an English portrait painte who settled in Boston. The profession his father was, naturally, a source of gre delight to him. As he says:

> Having a big league pitcher as a father is great stuff. You not only see the games for nothing, but you change schools nearly every year. I cannot now recall even all the States in which I have gone to school. I went to high-school in San Antonio, Texas, and intended to study law, but landed a job as cub reporter for the San Antonio *Daily Express* during the Summer of 1905 and couldn't turn loose, partly because I loved the work, and partly because my father, whose baseball career had closed some years previous, had just failed in business. During the intervals between reporting fires, accidents, and police doings I continued to study law, but nothing ever came of it. In 1907 I went to the City of Mexico, and was news editor of the *Mexican Herald* until shortly before the reign of Porfirio Diaz closed.
>
> During the succeeding eight years I held a number of newspaper jobs in Texas, all with nice titles—some of them were even engraved on cards furnished by the management—but the highest salary attached to any one of them was $50 a week. My most thrilling recollection of newspaper work in Texas centers around the hectic day in Austin when the *Statesman*, of which I was then editor, announced for the fifth or sixth successive week that salaries couldn't be paid. I had to carry a typewriter around the corner to a pawnbroker's shop and raise five dollars in a hurry because the washwoman had just brought the family's clothes home (so my wife informed me by telephone) and was waiting for her money.
>
> I had written a few short stories from time to time and, oddly enough, sold all of them. The first I ever produced was published in *Harper's Weekly* about 1912, but short stories did not

Continued on page lxxxvi

Only *one* investor in *twenty* actually receives the entire yield from his securities

* * *

How 581 out of 612 investors discovered invisible and unsuspected losses

THE security holdings of 612 investors were analyzed recently by our Investment Service Department. These lists ranged in amount from $10,000 to $2,000,000. The greater number of them included between $50,000 and $150,000 of stocks and bonds.

Only 31 of these investors—about one in twenty—were actually *receiving* the entire income which their securities should have yielded. Even the experienced investor seldom takes full advantage of the earning power of his holdings. Invisible, unsuspected losses levy a toll upon the majority of investors.

Investing is more than buying and holding securities. Call features, conversion privileges, tax position, and proper diversification are only a few of the many details which investors often overlook. Such oversight means a needless sacrifice of income.

Now, more than at any time in the past fifteen years, careful management is urgent.

10% more yearly income from their securities

Few investors realize the value of careful management of securities—until scientific analysis and supervision have been applied to their holdings, and have brought the unnecessary losses to light.

In many of the cases where our Investment Service Department reviewed investors' security holdings, and where the investor made use of our facilities for more effective control, there has been an increase of more than 10% in the yearly income from his securities. In other cases, improvements were made toward greater safety, reducing income with a view to forestalling future losses of larger amount than the temporary advantage of a high return.

How to avoid hidden losses

Certain facts brought to light by these analyses will be of timely value to the majority of investors. For that reason they have been condensed into a booklet, "Investment Strategy," which gives an interesting cross-section of the essentials of efficient investing, based on actual experience.

The ten principles of investment selection and security management outlined in this new booklet are designed to prevent the more costly errors of oversight found in a surprisingly high proportion of the 612 lists analyzed.

The investor owning $25,000 or more of securities will find "Investment Strategy" useful in avoiding the various hidden risks of investment loss, and in shaping his entire security program along sound, profitable lines.

We shall be glad to send you a copy of "Investment Strategy" upon request.

The Compton Investment Service Department, an outgrowth of forty years of experience, has proved of substantial value to investors. You are invited to make use of its facilities in the analysis of your own investment holdings.

WILLIAM R. COMPTON COMPANY

Investment Securities

NEW YORK 44 Wall Street · ST. LOUIS Compton Bldg.

CHICAGO 105 So. La Salle St. · DETROIT Ford Bldg. · NEW ORLEANS Hibernia Bank Bldg. · CINCINNATI Dixie Terminal Bldg. · KANSAS CITY Dwight Bldg. · BOSTON 73 Water St.

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NOTHING FINER✦ NOTHING FASTER

Leaves Chicago
8:10 P. M. daily

Like a sojourn in a fine hotel—appointments and cuisine link luxury and high scenic diversion to make your 63-hour journey a pleasant means to the end—California! the year round playground out of doors. Los Angeles Limited* has barber, bath, valet, maid, manicure.

Seven other fine fast trains to California, including the 63-hour San Francisco Overland Limited*; Gold Coast Limited (Open-top observation car in Southern California); Continental Limited; Pacific Limited; Pacific Coast Limited.

Extra fare trains.

See magnificent, mysterious Death Valley en route. Only $40.00 additional for all-expense two day side trips.

For booklets describing California, Death Valley and these fine trains:

Address C. J. Collins
General Passenger Agent
Dept. 175, Omaha, Neb.

UNION PACIFIC

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lxxxiv

appear to be an easy road to fortune. In 1920 I went to New York as adviser on Mexican affairs, serving a group of large corporations having interests in that country. For the first time I had a fair amount of leisure and no financial worries, so I resumed writing fiction, but I saw no reason for offering it to editors. Just to see my name in print did not excite me. When my work as adviser on Mexican affairs was completed I accepted with delight a berth as editorial writer for the old New York *Evening Post*.

But this heavenly berth didn't last long. The *Evening Post* was soon sold, and I landed on the sidewalk with no idea of which way to go. It occurred to me that I might open my private and personally produced library and offer a few manuscripts for sale. I took the half dozen stories on top and sent them out. I might have sent seven, but six exhausted the sheet of stamps I had purchased. All of the manuscripts were purchased. The *Saturday Evening Post* took three. One, "Margaret Blake," published in the *Century*, was awarded second prize in the O. Henry awards in 1924. This happy outcome seemed to me a fair indication of what I ought to do from there on and I did it. I'm still doing it.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY, since its establishment four years ago, has bought MSS from 411 different authors, of whom seventy-seven have been women. Their place of nativity and present residence are shown in the following table:

	Born in	*Living in*
Alabama	12	12
Arizona	1	0
Arkansas	2	1
California	8	20
Colorado	0	0
Connecticut	5	10
Delaware	2	0
District of Columbia	6	22
Florida	2	1
Georgia	4	3
Idaho	1	0
Illinois	22	18
Indiana	10	3
Iowa	11	1
Kansas	9	4
Kentucky	8	0
Louisiana	2	1
Maine	4	1

Continued on page lxxxviii

NO MORE SELF-PUNISHMENT . . .

WHAT's become of the idea that unless a thing was unpleasant it couldn't be good for you? Is the civilized world growing up?

No doubt ENO has played a more or less modest part in the new attitude toward life.

Consider for a moment. You're a victim of the old school. Everything you have to take tastes awful. Being sick is a double punishment. And when you feel merely off color, some helpful soul is sure to recommend a dose of "salts." Nothing else will do. The taste is terrible, and that, for some obscure reason, certifies that the effects will be very good indeed.

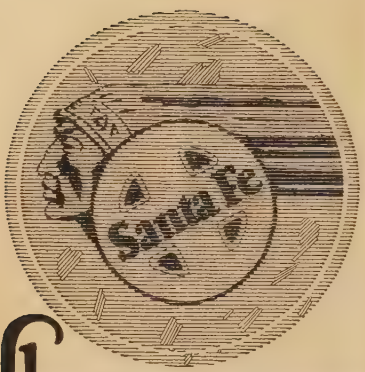
And then, one bright day, ENO comes into your life. You try a dash of it in water. The taste is delightful. Its sparkling effervescence stimulates your palate and cheers your heart. It's not a punishment, it's a pleasure. And you discover that its mild, gentle, grateful action is thorough beyond question!

After an experience like that no one could continue quite so sure that the good life must also be nauseatingly disagreeable.

Be odd—wouldn't it?—if ENO, in addition to saving endless unpleasantness, should have also influenced the course of human thought!

ENO, world-renowned for more than half a century, from all druggists, 75c and $1.25 a bottle. Prepared only by J. C. Eno, Ltd. Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Belmont Building, Madison Ave. at 34th Street, New York.

ENO
THE WORLD-FAMED
EFFERVESCENT
SALINE



flowers, sunny days *and* happy children playing out-of-doors *make* California a paradise

Five trains are operated by the Santa Fe from Chicago and Kansas City to California daily —The Chief, The California Limited, The Navajo, The Scout, The Missionary. A whole tribe of trains crossing the Indian country of the Southwest. All of them famous trains. And chief of them all, The Chief— *extra fine—extra fast—extra fare.* Fred Harvey dining service all the way. Remember Grand Canyon and the Indian-detour.

After California—Hawaii

Mail coupon

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe System Lines
1001 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Illinois

Am interested in winter trip to California. Send me free picture-folders and advise cost of excursion ticket.

Name_____

Address_____

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lxxxvi

	Born in	*Living in*
Maryland	9	12
Massachusetts	20	18
Michigan	10	6
Minnesota	5	3
Mississippi	4	2
Missouri	10	2
Montana	3	4
Nebraska	4	1
Nevada	1	0
New Hampshire	4	3
New Jersey	8	4
New Mexico	2	4
New York City	17	134
New York Rest of State	46	36
North Carolina	5	1
North Dakota	0	0
Ohio	21	8
Oklahoma	7	11
Oregon	5	14
Pennsylvania	26	12
Rhode Island	5	3
South Carolina	4	1
South Dakota	4	0
Tennessee	1	1
Texas	10	8
Utah	1	0
Vermont	4	0
Virginia	9	6
Washington	1	6
West Virginia	0	0
Wisconsin	1	0
Wyoming	0	0
Philippines	1	1
Porto Rico	1	0
Austria	3	1
Belgium	1	0
Canada	8	3
Chile	1	0
Czecho-Slovakia	1	0
Denmark	1	0
England	14	5
France	3	15
Germany	9	3
Holland	1	0
Ireland	5	0
Italy	1	1
Japan	2	0
Norway	1	0
Rumania	1	0
Russia	10	0
Scotland	1	0
Sweden	1	0
Yugo-Slavia	1	0

Continued on page xc

For Christmas Give Fragrance

Le Jade

Fleurs d'Amour

Pavots d'Argent

A gift of fragrance at Christmas is *more* than just a present; for the fragrances of Christmas are inseparable from its sentiment. In every recurring breath of a favored perfume is a sweet memory of the giver and the occasion.

The fragrant ***Gift Boxes and Perfumes*** of Roger & Gallet, Paris, are especially appropriate as Christmas gifts. The boxes contain selections of several most desirable toilet articles. They are works of art in fragrance and ultra-modern French in color and design. Three sizes, varying in number and size of the toilet articles contained. Priced from $6 to $12.

Offered in the fragrances of

Pavots d'Argent
SILVER POPPIES

Le Jade
The Precious Perfume

Fleurs d'Amour
FLOWERS OF LOVE

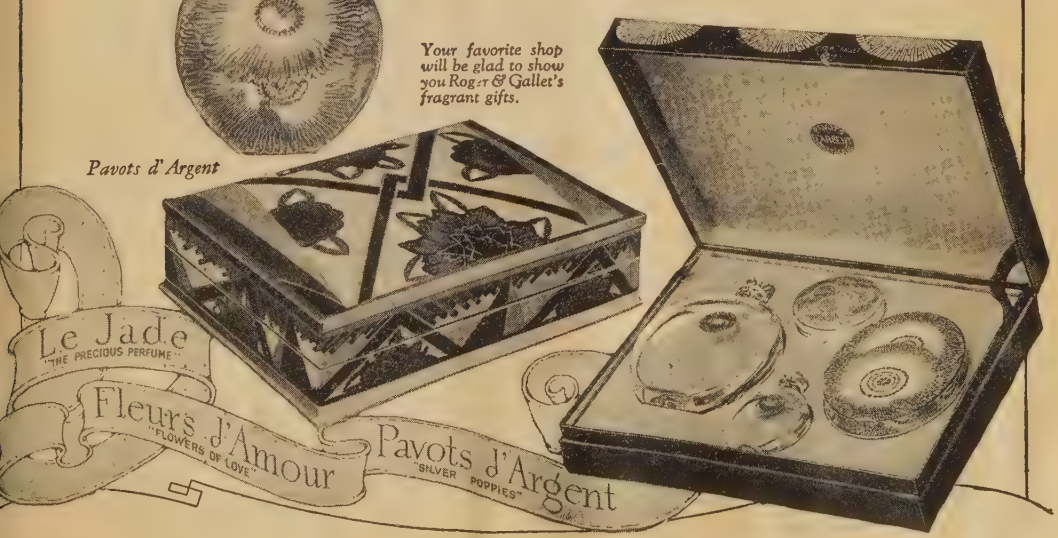
Single articles of fragrance in each of these perfumes – in *Extrait*, *Eau de Toilette*, *Poudre*, *Compact*, *Savon*, *Bath Salts* (*Tablets*), *Aftabath Powder*, *Talcum*. Each in an attractive gift box – priced from $1 to $12.50.

ROGER & GALLET

Parfumeurs

PARIS - - NEW YORK

Your favorite shop will be glad to show you Roger & Gallet's fragrant gifts.



Native Life in Curaçao . . .

. . . On the Cunard West Indies Cruise

Packed with native drama . . . sun-tinted vermilion walls . . . glimpses into courts smothered in bougainvillea . . . Shop for good things on a January morning . . . shawls . . . rare liqueurs . . . an armful of hibiscus . . .

14 other semi-tropical ports . . . Fort de France in Martinique . . . La Guayra and the road to Caracas . . . a piece of engineering magic . . . San Juan . . . Port au Prince . . . the brooding romance of Morro Castle at Havana . . . the far-flung fame of "Sloppy Joe's" cafe . . . 31 days of the most extraordinary tropical kaleidoscope this side of Suez . . .

And the ship . . . decks as white as a patio in a Spanish villa . . . an intimate, charming stateroom . . . the kind you would covet for yourself in a house in Connecticut . . . or in a Devonshire cottage . . . The smart atmosphere of a Piccadilly club all over the ship . . . It's CUNARD. Apply to local agents or 25 Broadway, New York.

FRANCONIA—15 days—
From N. Y. Dec. 20 . . . . . $200 up
CALIFORNIA—31 days—
From N. Y. Jan. 21 and Feb. 25 . . $300 up

CUNARD-ANCHOR West Indies Cruises

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lxxxviii

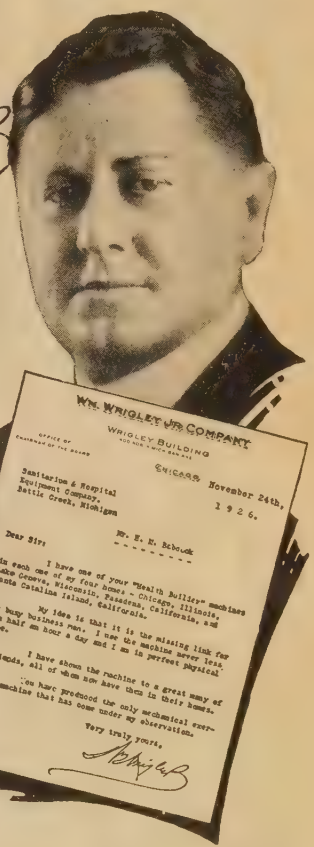
As will be noted, THE AMERICAN MERCURY has printed contributions by natives of every American State save Colorado, North Dakota, West Virginia and Wyoming, and residents of every State save Arizona, Colorado, Delaware, Idaho, Kentucky, Nevada, North Dakota, South Dakota, Utah, Vermont, West Virginia, Wisconsin and Wyoming. Its contributors have included fifty-eight natives of foreign countries and two natives of the insular possessions of the United States.

The foregoing table, like those that follow, shows a few unavoidable omissions. It has been impossible, in all cases, to establish the nativity of contributors, and in some even their present places of residence are uncertain. In the following table the occupations of contributors are given:

Anthropologists	
Architects	
Army officers	
Assessor	
Bacteriologist	
Barber	
Biologist	
Botanist	
Business men	2
Chemists	
Clergymen	
Dentists	
Dermatologist	
Editorial secretary	
Editors	1
Ethnologists	
Explorer	
Farmers	
Genealogist	
Geographer	
High-school principal	
Historian	
Hobo	
Housewives	
Journalists	6
Lawyers	
Librarians	
Linotype operator	
Medical instructor	

Continued on page xcii

"It's Fun to keep Fit this new Way"


WM. WRIGLEY JR. COMPANY
WRIGLEY BUILDING
CHICAGO
November 24th, 1926.
Sanitarium & Hospital Equipment Company,
Battle Creek, Michigan
Dear Sirs:
Mr. E. E. Schenck
I have one of your "Health Builder" machines in each one of my four homes - Chicago, Illinois, Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, Pasadena, California, and Santa Catalina Island, California.
My idea is that it is the missing link for the busy business man. I use the machine never less than half an hour a day and I am in perfect physical shape.
I have shown the machine to a great many of my friends, all of whom now have them in their homes.
You have produced the only mechanical exercising machine that has come under my observation.
Very truly yours,

KEEN business men realize the importance of keeping fit. They know the right kind of exercise is absolutely imperative. Wm. Wrigley, Jr., speaking about the Battle Creek Health Builder, says: "I have one of your 'Health Builder' machines in each of my four homes. I use this machine never less than half an hour a day and I am in a perfect physical shape."

Keep physically fit—radiantly healthy! You can now exercise and massage your whole body in this surprisingly simple new way right in your own home—*without any effort.* Thousands are doing it.

Oscillate Your Way to Health

THE rapidly oscillating girdles of the Health Builder give a combined massage-vibratory treatment better than a skilled masseur. No electric current touches you. The Health Builder vigorously massages the heaviest muscles, peps up sluggish circulation, aids digestion and elimination, strengthens muscle "tone" and improves the functions of the internal organs.

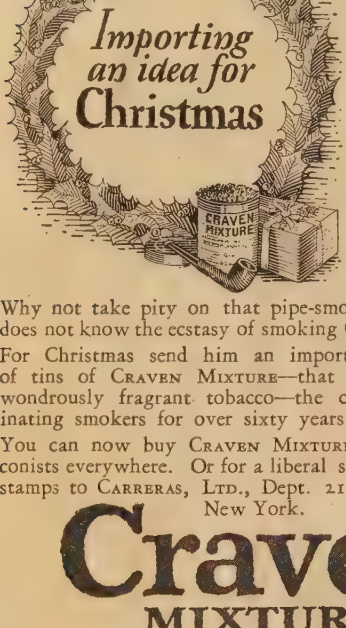
Over 50,000 men and women of all ages have used the "Health Builder" for health improvement upon the recommendation of their physicians! Used daily in countless private homes, large medical institutions, athletic clubs, gymnasiums, ocean liners, and by numerous physicians in their practice.

Send for "Keeping Fit in 15 Minutes a Day"—a valuable Free Book showing the "Battle Creek Health Builder" in operation—with complete series of home exercises, Sanitarium Equipment Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The Battle Creek Sun Arc Bath and "Mechanical Health Horse" are also made by the manufacturers of the famous "Health Builder."

The Health Builder Keeps You Fit

SANITARIUM EQUIPMENT CO.
Room S2736 Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me FREE Book "Keeping Fit"—Today.
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....



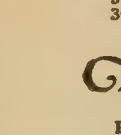
—and giving the pipe-smoker a new thrill.

Why not take pity on that pipe-smoking friend who does not know the ecstasy of smoking CRAVEN MIXTURE?

For Christmas send him an imported gift—a couple of tins of CRAVEN MIXTURE—that deliciously mild, wondrously fragrant tobacco—the choice of discriminating smokers for over sixty years.

You can now buy CRAVEN MIXTURE at better tobacconists everywhere. Or for a liberal sample, send 10c in stamps to CARRERAS, LTD., Dept. 21, 220 Fifth Ave., New York.

Craven
MIXTURE
Imported from London



Across the Atlantic
ENGLAND · FRANCE · IRELAND · GERMANY
Hamburg-American Line

Eighty years of progressive experience in rendering service to discriminating travelers. Now a fleet of new and splendid steamers—some de luxe liners with first, second, and improved Third Class accommodations. Other comfortable liners for Cabin and improved Third Class exclusively. All modern oil burners.

Around the World
S. S. RESOLUTE
Sailing Eastward from New York
Jan. 7, 1928 - 140 days
30 countries - 63 cities
Rates: $2000 up.

To the West Indies
S. S. RELIANCE
Dec. 17, Jan. 7 and Mar. 28
15 or 16 days—$200 up.
Jan. 25 and Feb. 25
27 days—$300 up.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
UNITED AMERICAN LINES, INC., *General Agents*
28 Broadway, New York, Branches in
Boston Chicago Philadelphia San Francisco
Or Local Steamship or Tourist Agents

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xc

Meteorologists	2
Miner	1
Music critics	4
Naval officer	1
Physicians	12
Playwrights	2
Prisoners	2
Professors	38
Public utility executive	1
Sanitarian	1
Scenic designer	1
Senator	1
Social workers	3
Sociologist	1
Statistician	1
Teachers	9
Typographer	1
Writers	200

The preponderance of editors, journ ists and other professional writers, not last year, continues. But it will also noted that the contributors to the mag zine during the past four years have lik wise included many business men, lawye medical men, and professors. The speci ties professed by the professors are giv in the following table:

Anthropology	1
Biology	2
Chemistry	1
Economics	1
English	15
History	9
Industrial medicine	1
Law	2
Mathematics	1
Music	1
Philosophy	2
Sociology	1

The occupations of the women who ha contributed to the magazine follow:

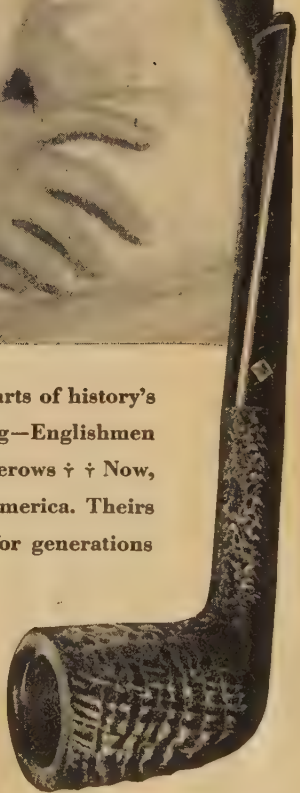
Business women	4
Editorial secretary	1
Ethnologist	1
Housewives	3
Librarian	1
Writers	52

Continued on page xciv

"C A R R Y I N G O N"

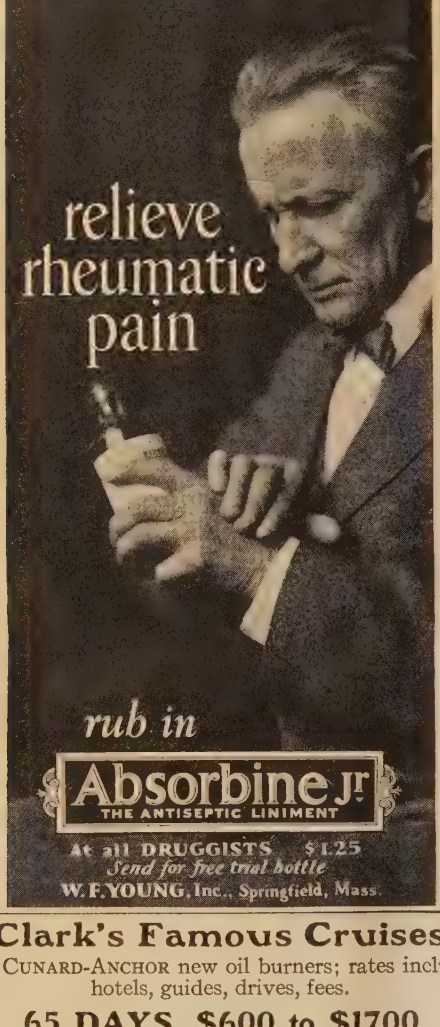
THE "BBB Own Make" Pipe holds a place in history, and in the hearts of history's makers. From Manchester to Melbourne—from Halifax to Hong Kong—Englishmen have seen in its smoke, visions of empire—and of home's green hedgerows † † Now, WDC have acquired the exclusive right to produce this fine pipe in America. Theirs to "carry on" the old BBB Individual Baking Process which has for generations made "BBB Own Make" the sweetest, most satisfying of pipes.

† † † †



BBB
OWN MAKE

The "BBB Own Make" Pipe is now available in a variety of shapes at the establishments of better tobacconists. $5 the pipe—plain or ripple briars. Wm. Demuth & Co., 230 Fifth Ave., New York City



Clark's Famous Cruises

By CUNARD-ANCHOR new oil burners; rates include hotels, guides, drives, fees.

65 DAYS, $600 to $1700

THE MEDITERRANEAN

ss "Transylvania," sailing Jan. 25

24th cruise, including Madeira, Lisbon (Madrid), Spain (Granada), Algiers, Tunis, Carthage, Athens, Constantinople, 15 days Palestine and Egypt, the Riviera, Cherbourg (Paris), Glasgow. Europe stop-over.

8th World Cruise (Westward)

Jan. 16, New York, and Feb. 2, Los Angeles;

4th Norway Cruise, June 30; 52 days, $600 to $1,300

125 days, $1,250 to $3,000.

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N. Y.

The New Books

of all publishers are announced in this issue of

The American Mercury

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xcii

Newspaper women 1
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Professors 1
Social workers 1
Teachers 1

The following protest against "Age the Farmer," in "Clinical Notes" October, comes from a reader in the g State of Missouri:

My residence in the Ozark wilderness is of suc recent origin that I do not feel that I am undul prejudiced by my surroundings, yet I marve frequently at the youth and stamina of old-time who would have succumbed years ago to a terio-sclerosis or something had fate interne them in a big city.

My principal mentor is a nearby neighbo sixty-four years old. He has a considerab estate, but chooses to work it himself, and fe younger men care to follow his pace. He is a pi lar of the Baptist church, and our main poin of social contact is recounting smutty storie in intelligence he is on a par with the averag Wall Street broker; in sophistication he greatly like a twelve-year-old city boy—it been a hearsay acquisition. Yet he enjoys a eyeful of feminine pulchritude quite as much the most confirmed musical show patron, an don't let them kid you into thinking there a no Follies girls in yokel-land. Why, that where most of them come from. The girls o here wear just as few clothes, just as short ha and just as much complexion aid as their respe tive classes do in Gotham.

The modern yokel hears via radio and phon graph the same music as your urban audience I imagine the average taste is quite as discri inating. Homebrew is abundant and there certainly no need of imbibing from a dirty ju

I don't mean to picture the yokel as possessi culture; God knows he lacks it quite as badly most shirtwaist manufacturers. But in his ow way he enjoys life quite as sanely as city Ba bitts. Of course, we rubes do neglect our person appearance; I deem it a luxury to miss shavi occasionally. What of it? Who cares? Healt and vigor are surely not lowered by such negle

Hard toil brings on age whether in city country but take it from me, the princip trouble with the farmers today is their aversi to sustained effort. They simply don't stick that daylight to dark stuff any more.

North Africa of Sunshine and Splendour

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section, page l

BIOGRAPHY: *The Literature of Personality.*
By James C. Johnston. *The Century Comp*
$2.50 7½ x 5¼; 312 pp. *New*

It quickly becomes manifest that Mr. Johnston nothing novel or apposite to say about his subj His thoughts upon biography are those that migh expected to occur to any somewhat literary sch ma'm. At the end he presents a series of definit that are mainly obvious, and sometimes childish.

THREE WOMEN POETS OF MODERN JAPAN
Translated by Glenn Hughes and Yozan T. Iwasaki.
The University of Washington Chapb
65 cents 7¼ x 5¼; 43 pp. *Se*

The poets whose work is here translated are Al Yosano, Akiko Yanagiwara, and Takeko Kujo biographical and critical note is prefaced to selection, and there is a general introduction. Hughes is assistant professor of English at the versity of Washington, and Mr. Iwasaki is fou and director of the Japanese Theatre in Seattle.

REPRINTS

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE.
By Ambrose Bierce. *The Modern Li*
95 cents 6¾ x 4½; 403 pp. *New*

SELECTED PAPERS OF BERTRAND RUSSELL.
Selected by Bertrand Russell. *The Modern Li*
95 cents 6¾ x 4½; 390 pp. *New*

The Bierce collection of short stories has an in duction by the late George Sterling, which was last piece of writing he did. There is nothing that is new as fact, but it has importance as the tribute to one of the true masters of American litera by his most beloved disciple. As for the Russell b it is very difficult to imagine how it could be better. It forms an excellent introduction to the v ings of one of the most intelligent men alive.

CREATIVE EDUCATION.
By Henry Fairfield Osborn. *Charles Scribner's*
$2.50 7¾ x 5½; 360 pp. *New*

This is a collection of stray educational pa some of them having been first published so long as 1893. Professor Osborn is a scientist of the water, but when he wanders into more specul fields of thought he sometimes becomes a bit tires There is very little in the present book that is ne thought or fresh in expression.

Continued on page xcviii

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xcvi

THE GOOD GRAY POET.
By William Douglas O'Connor. *Henry S. Saunc*
$2 7½ x 5; 75 pp. *Toro*

O'Connor first published "The Good Gray Poe in 1866, after Whitman had been thrown out of clerkship in Washington by the immortal ass, Jar Harlan, then Secretary of the Interior, but forme a Methodist preacher. The pamphlet was reprinted Dr. R. M. Bucke's "Walt Whitman," somewhat vised, in 1883. The latter text is here followed, a there is an introduction by O'Connor's widow, writ in 1911. (She died in 1913). The book was hand by the publisher, who has a private press in Toron and is issued in an edition of but 125 copies. There a frontispiece portrait of O'Connor.

JEAN-CHRISTOPHE.
By Romain Rolland. *Henry Holt & Compa*
$5 8 x 5¼; 504 pp. *New Y*

The three volumes of "Jean-Christophe" are h reprinted as one. They run to more than 1000 pa and the book weighs two-and-a-half pounds. paper is thin but very opaque, and so the text completely legible. The preface to the first volume, Gilbert Cannan, the translator, is prefaced to whole. So printed, its opening is somewhat confusi for it seems to refer to the whole work.

CASTLES IN SPAIN *And Other Screeds.*
By John Galsworthy. *Charles Scribner's S*
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 263 pp. *New Y*

This is a collection of fugitive literary essays, s of them having been first published as far back 1903. Their character is indicated by the chapter tit among which are "Reminiscences of Conrad," "Bo as Ambassadors," "A Note on Sentiment," "Faith of a Novelist."

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY TOWN.
By E. W. Howe. *Dodd, Mead & Compa*
$3.50 9 x 6; 361 pp. *New Y*

THE POETRY AND PROSE OF BLAKE.
Edited by Geoffrey Keynes. *The Random H*
$5 8 x 4¾; 1152 pp. *New Y*

The Howe classic was first published in 1882, since then has gone through over 100 editions. present edition is made from entirely new plates. T is a foreword by the author, relating how nearly the big publishers first turned the book down then, after Howells' review of it in the old *Cent* walked over one another in the struggle to get it b The Blake reprint contains all of his writings a few reproductions of his illustrations. It is printe India paper and is superbly and durably bound.

Continued on page c

Editorial Approval

In the October issue of this little Outlet for Egos, there is an article by **Frederick Bausman** entitled, amusingly enough, "Under Which Flag". For anyone having the mad ambition to be a successful contributor to the Mercury, we recommend a careful reading of this illuminating instance of editorial approval.

Even a casual reading will disclose the easiest way to arouse Mr. Mencken's attention. You must write well, of course, but if you bring out the feeling expressed in either "Under Which Flag" or "Notes for a Comic History", by **George Seibel** in the same issue, you should certainly get in. In our opinion, inaccuracies, exaggerations, or misinformation will not be a handicap.

We ask Mr. Mencken if he will admit that "Under Which Flag" reeks of racial prejudice.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xcviii

PROUDHON'S SOLUTION OF THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.
Edited by Henry Cohen. *The Vanguard Press*
50 cents 7¼ x 4½; 225 pp. *New York*

The body of this book is made up of extracts from the writings of Proudhon, but there are also included two essays on the man and his ideas, by Charles A. Dana, of the old New York *Sun*, and William B. Green, a Massachusetts Unitarian-idealist, who lived in the first three quarters of the last century.

THE THEATRE

THE ART OF THEATRE-GOING.
By John Drinkwater. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$3 8½ x 5½; 217 pp. *Boston*

THE THEATRE.
By Stark Young. *The George H. Doran Company*
$1.50 7 x 4½; 182 pp. *New York*

Both of these books are made up of short essays on the elements of the theatre, and neither has much to say. Of the two Mr. Young's is the more interesting; but every now and then he goes off in clouds of metaphysical rubbish.

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1926–1927.
Edited by Burns Mantle. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$3 8¼ x 5½; 563 pp. *New York*

Like its seven predecessors this is a valuable book. It is an excellent record of the doings in the past theatrical year in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Southern California. The plays reprinted are the following: "Broadway," by Philip Dunning and George Abbott; "Saturday's Children," by Maxwell Anderson; "Chicago," by Maurine Watkins; "The Constant Wife," by W. Somerset Maugham; "The Road to Rome," by Robert Emmett Sherwood; "The Play's the Thing," by Ferenc Molnar; "The Silver Chord," by Sidney Howard; "The Cradle Song," by Gregorio and Maria Martinez Sierra; "Daisy Mayme," by George Kelly; and "In Abraham's Bosom," by Paul Green.

EIGHT EUROPEAN PLAYS.
Selected by Winifred Katzin. *Brentano's*
$3.50 8⅜ x 5¾; 526 pp. *New York*

The eight contemporary French, Italian and German plays included in this volume are "Glamour" and "Martine" by Jean-Jacques Bernard; "The Stairs," by Rosso di San Secondo; "Fire in the Opera House," by Georg Kaiser; "The Nüremburg Egg," by Walter Harlan; "Madame Legros," by Heinrich Mann; "A Place in the World," by Carl Sternheim; and "Uncle's Been Dreaming," by Karl Vollmöller. The translations are by Miss Katzin and Barrett H. Clark.

PHOTO BY T. C. WOOD, JR.

ON Monday, January 2nd, 1928, the doors of Useppa Inn will open for another delightful season. Old friends will gather from the North and West. Old rivalries will be renewed on the links, on the tennis courts, and on the waters of the Bay. New trophies will be competed for and won. The biggest tarpon of the year will once more be weighed-in on the pier. When vacancies permit us we are happy to enlarge the circle of our friends. Detailed information will be gladly forwarded. Until December 20th, address Mr. J. F. Vallely, Manager, Useppa Inn, New York Office—220 West 42nd Street, and after that date—Useppa Inn, Useppa Island, Lee County, Florida.

Vol. XII No. 48

DECEMBER 1927

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

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of THE AMERICAN MERCURY
published monthly *at* Camden, N. J., *for* October, 1927

State of New York }
County of New York } *ss.*

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Samuel Knopf, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The American Mercury and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, Alfred A. Knopf 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
Editor, Henry L. Mencken 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
Business Manager, Samuel Knopf 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

2. That the owner is: The American Mercury, Inc. (Owner)
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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more or total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)
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SAMUEL KNOPF,
(Business Manager)

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VOL. X, No. 6 DECEMBER, 1927

The Borzoi Broadside

Published almost every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, *730 Fifth Avenue, New York*

VOS DONATUROS SALUTAMUS:

A HOLIDAY DIRECTORY

THE age is gone gun-shy in respect to dvertising; and it is especially in-ined to flippancy on the subject of oliday gifts and the "department-ore Christmas" that now flourishes estilentially through the twelfth art of each year. And no wonder! or the latter-day December is a time hen specious moralistic-sentimental says on the beauty of giving, on the credness of childhood and of the ome, appear as preludes to the an-ouncements of commercial gentry ho have things to sell, and who uld not imaginably care so much out anything on earth as about the sposal of their wares on the hugest ale at the highest prices. The poor mmoner, wrought upon by their guilements, is shamed into buying l it hurts, for home, for country, d for bigger and better business. It natural and wholly to his credit if finds himself progressively adopt-g a conscious cynicism as the only ssible retort to the unconscious nicism of his tormentors.

With what face, at such a time and r such exacerbated persons, is a pub-her to recommend his productions? not he too engaged in trade? Must not, by the nature of things, buy a cheaper to sell in a dearer market, ith a margin of profit? Does he not t out articles "for the holiday ade," and would he not undergo sappointment and loss if he could t succeed in vending these articles? ow, then, can he claim exemption from the charge of that commercial-ism that has turned the modern holi-day season into a by-word among the intelligent? Wherein are *his* wares either superior or different?

Well—to speak directly *pro domo*—we think we are in a position to make some headway against the cynical interpretation. We have, to begin with, a name (known, we trust, to readers of The Borzoi Broadside) for saying what we mean—for selling our wares in terms of truthful description, rather than of misleading nonsense or ecstatic superlatives. We expect, then, to be believed by the public, by readers of literature, by you, when we solemnly affirm that in the entire stretch of the year 1927 we have made no book or set of books to serve as a gift, or to be the subject of a letter of thanks, or to lie impressively on a center-table, or to decorate some allotted inches of shelf-room, or to impress beholder or recipient. There is not such an item in our entire catalogue as a "gift-book" in the ordinary and opprobrious sense; and when, lately, we issued a booklet about some new editions of established books specially suitable for either keeping or giving, we instinctively named this booklet, not "Holiday Books," not "Books—the Ideal Gift," but simply "The Proof of Permanence."* Our point is that a book, to be at all good for Christmas when no one has time to read, must be twice as good for all other times.

We are publishing sound writing by writers who want to be read, and we are trying to make the physical volumes enlist the resources of the designer, the typographer, the binder, in the service of one thing only—the intrinsic readableness of the writing. If our volumes are beautiful—and we

* Supplied without cost on application to the publisher.

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WITH RHYME AND RHYTHM
MUSIC AND ITS MAKERS
FORTIFIED BY TIME'S APPROVAL
"THE TRAPS IN WHICH EACH OF US IS CAUGHT"
LEST WE FORGET
OF WORLD-WIDE IMPORTANCE
AT THE LAST MINUTE
FINALLY

believe that the successful ones are—it is not because they are decorated by artifice: it is because their content is expressed in their form. Their appeal to the eye is implicitly a beguilement to the hand. We are aware of the profitableness of expensive books made to be sold to those who will never read them; but we have never aspired to that kind of profit. Our books are good to give away precisely because you always want to keep them yourself. All idealistic sentiment has agreed for ages and ages that the chief virtue of a gift resides in the generosity of the giver. Well, we are trying season by season to make the giving of Borzoi Books a real test of generosity; and we hereby issue fair warning that there are a good many of them which, as gifts, may cost you two prices—the second for the copy that you will insist upon living with.

So much is, you see, a kind of pledge. Let us add an even more specific clause to the pledge: *We are not to mention in this long article the title of a single book which the publisher, as a matter of his personal taste, would insist upon having in his library if it were under an entirely different imprint.*

What follows without more ado is a sort of condensed selective directory of a few Borzoi Books, chiefly of recent which can be trusted to gratify certain specified tastes. Based on a assumption that a lot of giving is going to be done this season, and a second assumption that *the right book is always the impeccable gift*, it is attempt to help you to reliable selections of the infinitely delicate prob-

WHICH BOOK FOR WHOM?

Lasting Works of the Imagination

For everyone, without exception, who has the slightest taste for sound writing in the English language—including those who "don't read novels":

DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP. *By* Willa Cather, *author of "One of Ours," "The Professor's House," etc.* $2.50 *net.*

For every world-citizen with a mind—especially those who have outgrown ordinary fiction, sociology, and psychology:

THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN (Der Zauberberg). *By* Thomas Mann, *author of "Buddenbrooks," "Royal Highness," et. Translated by* H. T. Lowe-Porter. *Two volumes boxed.* $6.00 *net.*

For normal persons a little inclined to wonder why modern life has to be so hectic and unbalanced:

LOVE IS ENOUGH. *By* Francis Brett Young, *author of "The Dark Tower," "Sea Horses," and "Cold Harbour." Two volumes boxed.* $5.00 *net.*

For everyone who is willing to face some American realities and who knows how to laugh without bitterness:

MATTOCK. *By* James Stevens, *author of "Paul Bunyan" and "Brawnyman."* $2.50 *net.*

For all intelligent enough to care about æsthetic theory, the form of the novel, and the deviosities of modern mental behavior:

THE COUNTERFEITERS. *By* André Gide, *author of "Strait Is the Gate," "Lafcadio's Adventures," etc. Translated by* Dorothy Bussy. $3.00 *net.*

For devotees of Scott, Dumas, Sienkiewicz, or any sort of costume romance with lots of thrilling ac

A PRINCE OF OUTLA (Prince Serébryany) Alexis Konstantinov Tolstoy. *Translated by* C ence Augustus Manni $3.00 *net.*

For persons inclined to a slightly donic or whimsical interpretatio the alleged miracles of religious tory:

THE MIRACLE BOY Louis Golding, *author of coast of Bohemia," "Day of A ment," "Store of Ladies," etc. interpretations in black and whi* Herbert Gurschner. $2.5

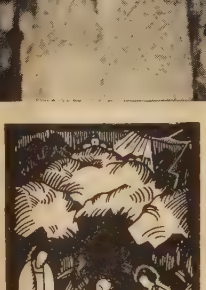
For the reader who can thrill reading of the universal qualitie womanhood more searching and r honest than ordinary novels have customed him to, and who is gusted with transience and trivia

KRISTIN LAVRANSD TER. *By* Sigrid Undset, *thor of "Jenny." Translated* Charles Archer *and* J. C. Sc *Three volumes ("The Bridal Wrea "The Mistress of Husaby," Cross").* $3.00 *net each. (Als the Lillehammer edition, the volumes boxed together,* $6.00

For those of us who have interes modern youth in general, and e cially in the youth of reborn p war Europe:

THE GATEWAY TO LI (Das Tor zur Welt). Frank Thiess. *Translated* H. T. Lowe-Porter. $3.00

For the tens of thousands of rea of The Peasants (Autumn, W ter, Spring, Summer), and th who have a general wish to know great Continental masterpieces modern times:



THE PROMISED LAND. *By* LADISLAS REYMONT, *author of "The Peasants." Translated by* MICHAEL H. DZIEWICKI. *Two volumes boxed.* $5.00 *net.*

r admirers of the curious and the quisite, as well as for readers of any the same author's other books:

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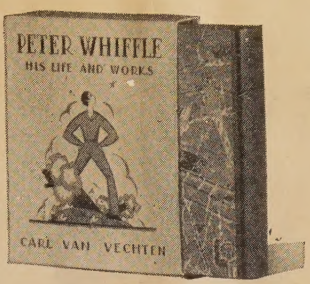

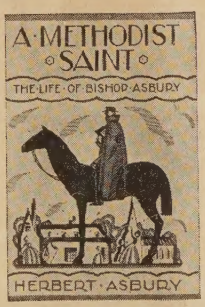

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The Borzoi Broadside for December 1927

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